



# OLD EDINBURGH

VOLUME II



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SIR WALTER SCOTT



# OLD EDINBURGH

BEING AN ACCOUNT OF THE ANCIENT  
CAPITAL OF THE KINGDOM OF SCOTLAND  
INCLUDING ITS STREETS, HOUSES,  
NOTABLE INHABITANTS, AND CUSTOMS  
IN THE OLDEN TIME

By  
Frederick W. Watkeys

IN TWO VOLUMES

VOL. II.

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*With Many Illustrations from Rare Old Prints  
and Photographs*



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MDCCCVIII

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# Old Edinburgh

Volume II

## CHAPTER I

### HOLYROOD

AT the foot of the Canongate we meet, as we go down to Holyrood, a significant arrangement of stones in the causeway — the “Girth Strand” — and our step across it brings us within the bounds of the old Sanctuary of the Abbey of Holyrood. Here upon its frontier in ancient times stood the “Girth Cross.” This boundary — the “Sanctuary Girth” — enclosed the “Abbey Lands.” In ancient times, many a hard-pressed criminal has fled panting over the boundary to claim sanctuary from his vengeful pursuers. Once over the line he was safe.

This privilege, however, was confined after the Reformation to impecunious debtors. It is estimated that between 7,000 and 8,000

persons sought protection from their creditors within the "Liberty of Holyrood" during the last two hundred years of its existence. Curious scenes have been witnessed by the ancient dwellings and inns near the Palace gates. Their lodgers were called the "Abbey Lairds," and were privileged to cross the bounds of the Sanctuary only between midnight on Saturday, and midnight on Sunday.

Many amusing stories are told of ingenious stratagems by watchful creditors to capture these gentlemen of fallen fortunes. Sometimes this was accomplished by putting back the hands of the tavern clock, thus lulling the thirsty victim who was joyously "moistening his clay," into a false sense of security. Again, a belated fugitive who was being chased hot-foot down the Canongate by the minions of the law, managed to throw himself prostrate across the boundary just as they clutched him from behind. As his "nobler parts" were in sanctuary, he was adjudged free. It is also related that the fugitive has sometimes been made the object of a tug-of-war between his friends on one side of the boundary, and the bailies





ABBAY STRAND.



on the other, greatly to his physical discomfiture.

An amusing incident occurred in 1724. A Mrs. Dilks being a booked inmate of the Abbey Sanctuary, one of her creditors formed a design of getting possession of her person. He sent a messenger-at-law, who, planting himself in a tavern within the privileged ground, but close upon its verge, sent for the lady to come and speak with him. She, obeying, could not reach the house without treading for a few paces beyond "the girth," and the messenger's concurrents took the opportunity to lay hold of her. This, however, was too much to be borne by a fair-play loving populace. The very female residents of the Abbey rose at the news, and attacking the party, rescued Mrs. Dilks, and bore her back in triumph within the charmed circle.

An official, called the "Bailie of the Abbey," was appointed by the Hereditary Keeper of the Palace to keep order, and to administer justice within the Sanctuary. Although imprisonment for debt was abolished in 1880, the privilege of sanctuary still exists. The foundation charter of the

Abbey of Holyrood records the right of trial by wager of battle, by water, by red-hot iron, and other ancient "privileges," including the right of "girth," or sanctuary, "quhilk privilege has bene inviolablie observit to all maner of personis cumand wythin the bounder aforesaid, not committand the crymes expresslie exceptit . . . past memorie of man." The crimes excepted were treason and sacrilege.

When David I. founded Holyrood Abbey in 1128 — the picturesque legend from which it derives its name being related elsewhere — he granted to its canons quite an extensive tract of land, which stretched between the town and the foot of Arthur's Seat. This was added to by the later monarchs, and at the Reformation the "Abbey Lands" embraced the whole of the present King's Park, from Duddingston to Greenside, and from "Placentia Brae," now the Pleasance, to Restalrig. The "Abbey Lands," so called, are a regality by themselves, and thus can never be entirely merged in the municipality of Edinburgh.

As we pass onward from the "Strand"



HOLYROOD AND ARTHUR'S SEAT.



and gray old Holyrood, the "House of Kings," confronts us, one who is at all familiar with its history cannot fail to be impressed. If this old "romance in stone and lime" had but a voice what a story it could unfold. It could tell us of the solemn chanting of the monks, and the sound of the vesper bell. Again, of the clash of steel, and of the leaping flame which found birth in the torch of the Southron invader. It could speak to us of brilliant festivities, and the magnificence of splendid processions; of solemn funeral pomp, and of ghastly tragedy. So great is the number of memorable events and names associated with this gray old pile, that we cannot look upon it without profound interest and reverence.

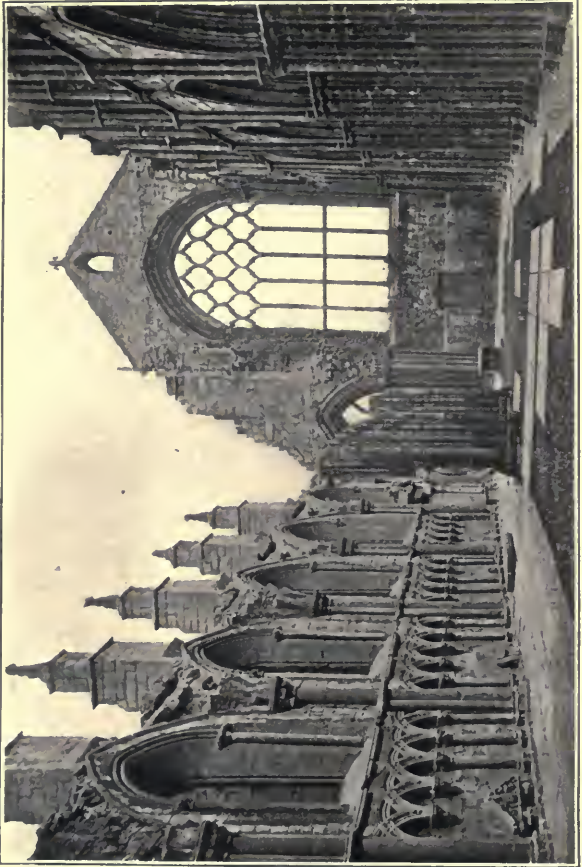
The approach to Holyrood from the Canongate has not its former stateliness, and on two sides a poor quarter of the city presses against these ancient walls. But on the other side are free air and the everlasting hills. The red crags of Salisbury and the seamed sides of the great Arthur's Seat remain unchanged from the time when David chose here the place to build his

Monastery; and in fact, half the domain remains as he saw it.

Probably no part of the remaining Abbey buildings go back to the time of David I. The Abbey through his munificence soon became one of the greatest religious houses in Scotland, and like all monasteries, had many apartments for the accommodation of visitors of every rank. Royalty looked upon it as a favourite place of abode, and it is not the only instance of a conventual building being taken possession of by the King and Court for a residence. James I. of Scotland was residing in the Blackfriars Monastery at Perth, we remember, when he was so cruelly murdered there.

Holyrood to-day is of interest almost solely on account of its connection with Mary Stuart. Two portions only of the ancient structure have remained since her time — her own apartments, and the ruins of the Chapel Royal — but these fragments are full of absorbing interest, and appeal more strongly to the imaginative mind, perhaps, than any other relics of her career. The panelled audience chamber, which witnessed





THE NAVE, HOLYROOD CHAPEL.



the stormy interviews with Knox; the fatal supper-room, where Rizzio was stabbed and then dragged from the presence of the terror-stricken Queen, and her bedroom, with its lofty canopied bed which is still dressed with its decaying finery. These are all pathetic reminders of the young and girlish Queen whose unhappy career has always so appealed to sympathy.

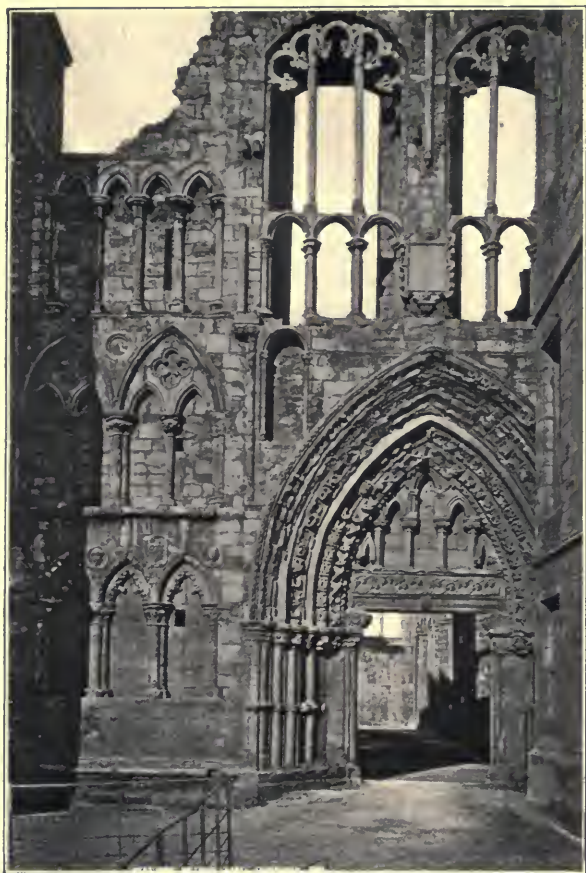
The ruined and mutilated nave is all that remains of the once magnificent old Abbey. The "Church of the Holy Rude" was cruciform in plan, and had a great central tower rising above the joining of the transepts with the nave and choir, in addition to the western towers. Very few fragments of these parts of the building remain. The cloisters were on the eastern side of the present Palace, and under the flying buttresses of the southern side of the Chapel Royal, we can see some portions of the cloister walk.

To obtain the best view of the entire building, we take our stand in front of the great western doorway. Over this is a tablet placed by Charles I., inscribed, "HE SHALL

BUILD ANE HOUSE FOR MY NAME,  
AND I WILL STABLISH THE THRONE  
OF HIS KINGDOM FOR EVER: BASILI-  
CAM HANC SEMIRVTAM CAROLUS  
REX OPTIMVS INSTAVRAVIT. ANNO  
DOM. 1633."

The roof of the nave remained until 1768, when the folly of an architect who in the course of repair covered it with flagstones in place of slates, resulted in its collapse during a heavy December storm. After this final catastrophe in its history of mutilation and neglect, nothing was left but the skeleton of the walls, a portion of the west front, and part of the vaulting of the south aisle. After withstanding the assaults of the English invaders for over six centuries, the grand old structure was fated to become a ruin through the mistaken efforts of its protectors.

During the fighting centuries which came after the War of Independence, the Church and Abbey were many times ravaged and burnt. Edward II. and Richard II. made sad havoc here, burning the buildings of the Abbey after first looting their treasures.



WESTERN DOORWAY, HOLYROOD CHAPEL.



The walls always rose again, however, when the storm of war had spent its force.

Abbot Crawford is said to have done noble work in his restoration of Holyrood at the end of the fifteenth century, and his handiwork is seen in the beautiful doorway, and in the buttresses and arches of the north and south aisles of the nave. In the shattered but beautiful remains of Holyrood Abbey many styles of Gothic are represented, but the parts added by Charles I. and James VII. are a nondescript attempt at conformity with the earlier work.

The Abbey witnessed a strange scene in 1429, when King James I. and his Queen were at mass on the Feast of St. Augustine. The priests suddenly in amazement ceased their chanting, as the figure of a half-clad man with a drawn sword in his hand appeared before the High Altar. This was Donald, Lord of the Isles, one of the most powerful of the wild Highland chieftains. He had defied the King's authority, taken arms against him, and burnt the town of Inverness. Holding now his naked sword with point towards himself he knelt, and in token of

his submission presented it to the astonished King.

Queen Jane in the same year bore twin sons to James in Holyrood Abbey. Seven years later, after her husband was murdered at Perth, it was here that the eldest, little James II., was crowned in haste.

Holyrood witnessed his marriage to Mary of Gueldres, and here also he was buried where he had been born, crowned, and married. In the Abbey, their son, James III., was married to little Margaret of Denmark, who brought as her marriage portion the Shetlands and the Orkneys. The union of the "Thistle and the Rose" took place within its walls, that splendid festival so long remembered; when James IV. wedded the fourteen-year-old Margaret Tudor.

From the days of Robert the Bruce, the Abbey has been the occasional residence of the Kings of Scotland. James I., the Poet-King, loved the place, living much in it, and to the Second James it was a favoured abode. James III. also spent much of his time here with his fiddling and other diversions.



During the Hertford Invasion in 1544, the Abbey buildings were entirely destroyed, all that remained being the northwest wing of the Palace, and the nave, choir, and transepts of the church. Charles I. made some effort to restore and beautify the church of his ancestors in which he was crowned King of Scotland. To what remained of the ancient fabric he gave the name of Chapel Royal. James, his son, gave it over to the use of the Knights of the Order of the Thistle of which order he was the founder, and had it fitted for the Roman ritual.

During the Revolution in 1688 the Abbey was attacked by a mob, who, after their work of vandalism was completed, left nothing standing but the bare walls. The monuments and decorations were destroyed, the roof stripped of its lead, and the altar and organ burnt at the City Cross. Even the Royal Vault and others were opened and desecrated. The bones of royalty and nobility were scattered about most barbarously, the coffins even being wantonly destroyed, and the head of Darnley stolen. Poor young Queen Magdalene's head, which retained much of

its life-like appearance and beauty, was handed about among the rabble. An examination of Darnley's bones at this time revealed the fact that he had been seven feet in height.

Very fortunately, however, some time previously a Commission had by authority opened the vault to find who had actually been placed therein. They found the bodies of James V. and his first queen, Magdalene, Dame Jane Stewart, Countess of Argyll, two coffins without plates and the coffins of two children. The embalmed bodies of King David Bruce, and James II. of Scots, were probably within the unmarked coffins. Darnley without doubt was buried in the Royal Vault, although some historians state that his remains now repose in Westminster Abbey. When Trinity College Church was taken down, the body of Mary of Gueldres, its foundress, and wife of "James of the Fiery Face," was brought to Holyrood and placed in the Royal Vault.

The only remaining monument, one to the memory of Alexander of the famous family of Mylnes, who were for many generations

Master Masons to the King, stands on the site of the ancient choir. To this "worthy man and ingenious mason," one of Scotland's great architects, is due the restoration of much of the Palace. Monumental slabs, some with almost effaced inscriptions, many of them old and quaint, pave the floor of the Chapel Royal and mark the places where repose some of the noblest of Scotland: Gordons, Sinclairs, Douglasses, Hamiltons, Campbells, and Kerrs. In the passage leading from the Chapel to the Palace, a flat stone, bearing almost obliterated carving, marks the grave of Rizzio.

Around the walls we read the epitaphs of many churchmen and nobles, and in the northwest tower is an imposing altar-tomb to Lord Belhaven, "Counsellor to King Charles, and Master of the Horse to Henry, Prince of Wales." A pillar in the south aisle bears a tablet with a Latin inscription in praise of the very doubtful virtues of Adam Bothwell, Bishop of Orkney, who married Mary and Bothwell; and here also Mary, dressed in a robe of black velvet, was married at five o'clock one Sunday morning in July

to the young and dissipated Lord Darnley.

The Royal Vault is said to have originally been near the High Altar in the chancel, which of course no longer exists. The "Black Rude" — a relic of the True Cross — which the saintly Queen Margaret left to her children, was reverently guarded at the High Altar until Edward I. carried it off and gave it to the great Church of Durham. This relic may be regarded as the most probable source of the name and holiness of the Abbey, rather than the mythical story of the "White Hart" which is common to the history of many religious foundations.

The western doorway is high-arched and deeply recessed, the eight detached shafts on either side being tied together midway with a band. The capitals are ornamented with leaves and grotesque heads, and with the fine floriated and dog-tooth mouldings, the whole is a good example of the Early English style. A row of cherubs on the architrave supports the five pointed arches of the tympanum.

The northern tower is an illustration of the

transitional period in Scottish architecture from the middle to the last of the twelfth century, when the First Pointed, or Early English, succeeded the Romanesque style. Four large windows, one on each side, lighted this tower, a single shaft dividing each window. On the west and south sides, below these, are two rows of arcades, one above the other, and between them a row of sculptured heads. The lower row of arcades is a beautiful piece of ornamentation, showing trefoiled arches which are borne by grouped shafts.

It is impossible in our space to go into an elaborate description of the remains of the once "magnificent Abbey-Kirk of Halirude," but it is of great interest architecturally as well as historically. Early examples of the Perpendicular style, peculiar to England, are seen in the central western windows; the stone window-mullions extending up into the window arch and apparently piercing it. The transoms break up the great window into square line, contrary to the rule of the best Gothic architects, who never allowed a straight mullion to approach the arch-head.

As we enter the chapel, bearing in mind the fact that what we now see is only the nave of the original church, we realize that the complete structure in its noble proportions must well have merited its title of the "magnificent Abbey-Kirk," as it was called in the olden time. The great window which occupied nearly the whole of the eastern end of the church, at once arrests the eye. This is 20 feet in width, and 34 feet high, being subdivided by four mullions and a transom, while for about two-fifths of its length it is filled with quatrefoil tracery.

After the Reformation, the eastern ends of the aisles were filled in with windows in order that the structure might be used as a Chapel Royal. The roof of the southern aisle and the pillars still remain, with some fragments of the clerestory and the arches of the triforium. The pillars are of the grouped Early English style, and sculptured heads and foliage adorn the capitals. A door — now built up — at the western extremity of the southern aisle formerly communicated with the Palace.

The doorway at the western end of the

northern aisle is richly ornamented in a style at least 200 years later than its other parts. A small doorway, now built up, may be seen at the back of the mass of masonry surmounting the Royal Vault. This communicated with the old cloisters, and this door with the wall immediately adjoining it are without doubt the most ancient parts of the building. They were built evidently in the closing years of the Romanesque period, for the doorway presents the round-headed arch with receding "orders" and the zig-zag and billet mouldings rest on two single shafts with a square abacus. In the niches of the lower stage of flying buttresses on either side of the building are the arms of Abbot Crawford.

Queen Mary's Dial, so-called, is in the garden to the west of the Chapel. This remarkable old horologe, which in reality dates from the reign of Charles I., has a separate gnomon on each of the twenty sides of the apex of the pedestal.

Queen Mary's Bath still stands near the site of the ancient "Water Yett" or Water Gate which guarded the entrance to the

Burgh of Canongate. In this quaintly shaped little building tradition asserts she was wont to bathe in milk and in white wine to enhance her charms, but, the presence of a spring of clear water under the structure perhaps would suggest that this was the fluid most often employed.

The house of Rizzio, Queen Mary's secretary, stood directly opposite the main entrance to the Palace on the site which is now occupied by the guardhouse.

The Fountain in the centre of the Palace Yard is an exact restoration of the ruined fountain which formerly stood in the Quadrangle of Holyrood Palace, and was erected by the late Prince Albert. It is an elaborate piece of work in the Gothic style, and of interest from its historical ornamentation. The statuary in the lowest range represents the Duke of Sussex, Ida Irondale, and George Buchanan stabbing the Duke of Devonshire; together with the heads of Edward I. of England, Shakespeare, Oliver Cromwell, and others. The second range shows Rizzio, Queen Elizabeth, Lady Crawford, the Earl of Stair, Queen Mary, Sir John Cope, Isabella



of France, and the old town drummer of Linlithgow. The third range shows four old Canongate heralds.

The monastic buildings once covered the ground now occupied by the Palace. The first Palace of Holyrood was built around a great principal inner court and at its back joined the Abbey. Other courts were connected with the building, making in all five in number. Its towered and pinnacled front looked upon a great outer courtyard, which separated the Palace grounds from the edge of the town; while a wall surrounded the whole Palace and its extensions, stretching to the foot of Arthur's Seat. Within this enclosure were included beautiful pleasure gardens and cultivated fields which supplied the dwellers within the walls with fruit and vegetables.

During the occupation of the Palace as a barracks by Cromwell's soldiers it was carelessly set on fire, and the most ancient portions, built by James III. and James IV., were destroyed, nothing being left but Queen Mary's apartments and the northwest towers. It is not quite certain when a royal residence

was joined to the Abbey, but James IV. however, we learn "bigged a palice beside ye Abbay of Haly Croce," to which royal nest he brought his fair young bride, Margaret of England. The northwest wing of the Palace, the oldest part which remains, was built by James V., and contains the rooms in which dwelt Mary, Queen of Scots.

The present palace was built in the reign of Charles II. by Robert Mylne, the King's Mason, after plans drawn by Sir William Bruce of Kinross, and the structure now consists of the State Apartments, with quadrangle and piazzas. The general style of the architecture of the Palace is French baronial, the structure being quadrangular in shape, and enclosing a central court 95 feet square. The main front is 215 feet long, with two towers at either end of the northern and southern wings. The grand entrance, columned and pedimented, and surmounted by the Royal Arms and Crown, is opposite the Guard House. A screen, lower than the rest of the façade, connects the entrance with the two great flanking towers that complete the

Palace front. These turreted towers at the corners are uniform, but one sees instantly that the northwestern one is much the older.

Within the Palace, the Picture Gallery — a noble space 150 feet long, 24 feet wide, and 20 feet high — has its walls covered with over one hundred reputed portraits of Scottish Kings, beginning with Fergus I. who flourished in the year 330 B. C. These were painted by contract — we are almost tempted to say by the mile — by a Flemish artist, De Witt, in the last year of the reign of the “Merry Monarch,” who built this addition containing the Picture Gallery.

De Witt agreed to furnish canvas and colors, and to paint in two years 110 portraits for £120 sterling. With these facts in mind the visitor will be duly prepared to admire the industry of the artist, if not his ability. The portraits, it is almost needless to say, are imaginary likenesses. After Hawley’s dragoons had been routed by the Young Chevalier’s despised Highlanders at Falkirk, they, in revenge, attacked the “long line” of Scottish Kings, slashing the pictures

viciously. The injuries were repaired but the dishonourable scars still remain.

Of greater historic and artistic interest are curious diptychs at the end of the room, believed to represent, on the obverse, James III. of Scotland, and his Queen, Margaret of Denmark, at their devotions; on the reverse sides are the Holy Trinity, and Sir Edward Boncle, Provost of Trinity College Church, with a figure representing St. Cecilia seated at an organ, which is said to be a portrait of Mary of Gueldres, Queen of James II. These paintings, supposed to have been originally an altar-piece for Trinity College Church, were taken by James VI. — with everything else he could lay his hands on — to England, where they remained until brought back from Hampton Court Palace in 1857. In this Picture Gallery during the eventful year of 1745 were held the receptions and balls of Prince Charles Edward, as described in “Waverley.”

Lord Darnley's rooms — consisting of Audience Chamber, Bedroom, and Dressing-room — contain some exquisite specimens of tapestry used as arras, as well as some

fine old paintings. One tapestry represents a lake with a castle at one extremity, while in the centre are two islands. In the foreground, nude boys are plucking fruit from a large orange tree. Another piece shows a vineyard, with nude Cupids playing on the ground, climbing in the branches, and plucking clusters of grapes: in the distance is seen a river, a bridge, and a hamlet. The remaining piece represents oak stems and climbing vines, with boys at play, while in a long perspective, seen through the trees, stretches a beautiful avenue with human figures thereon.

The paintings include Charles II. in armour; Anne of Denmark (Queen of James VI.); James Stuart, Earl of Moray; the Admirable Crichton; James VI.; the Queen of Bohemia; the King of Bohemia; James VII.; Charles II.; the children of Charles I., after Van Dyck; Queen Mary, and Henry, Prince of Wales.

In Darnley's Attendant's Room are also some fine tapestries. One shows the appearance of the cross in the heavens to Constantine the Great, on the eve of the battle

between him and Maxentius. The motto, "IN HOC (SIGNO) VINCES" appears prominently in this piece, while the companion piece shows the battle — A. D. 312 — where the soldiers of Constantine bear the emblem of the cross on their shields and banners. The best of the pictures in this room are the portraits of James VI. and James VII., Charles II., and Henry VI.

Darnley's Bedroom has in addition to the fine arras-tapestry — which is much like that in the audience chamber — a screen which belonged to Charles I., a few articles of ancient furniture, and some pictures. Of these latter, the most notable are Queen Mary, of Scots; Lady Reres, her confidante; Lord Darnley and his brother; John Knox; and Queen Mary, consort of William III. The little turret-room on the left which was Darnley's Dressing-room, contains nothing of special interest.

The portion of the Palace of greatest interest to the visitor, however, is that which contains the apartments of Mary, Queen of Scots. During that period of her career which was so full of dramatic and tragic

incident, this was her almost constant residence. Here she held her stormy interviews with John Knox, and the private staircase has echoed to the tread of Darnley and Bothwell; while in the tiny Supper-Room, Rizzio was murdered before her eyes.

The private stair to Queen Mary's apartments leads upward from a little turret-room on the right, and it was by this narrow passage that Rizzio's assassins entered the Palace on their murderous errand. This staircase is not now open to the public.

Queen Mary's Audience Chamber is of good size and lighted by two windows, while the walls are hung with ancient and faded tapestry. The bed in this apartment, once a magnificent piece of furniture, has held historic occupants. Charles I. slept in it during his residence in Holyrood; the Young Chevalier before Prestonpans; and the Duke of Cumberland — "the Butcher" — after Culloden. In this room Queen Mary had her stormy scenes with that fiery preacher John Knox, and the blurred old mirror may have reflected his stern form as he assailed the ears of his tearful and angry sovereign with his harsh admonitions.

In the fireplace stands the first grate used in Scotland, and the room also contains some elaborately carved chairs and tables of the time of Charles I. Of the pictures, the most notable are the "Bacchic Festival," the "Magdalen," and a portrait of the Regent Moray, which are all valuable. In the panelled compartments of the ceiling appear royal armorial bearings.

Queen Mary's Bed-Chamber, with the ancient bed, — its once rich crimson damask hangings and dainty finery now faded and decayed, — her work-box, and the pictures which were so familiar to her, are objects of thrilling interest and seem to bring us very near to her personality. In this bed she slept on the last night she ever spent in Holyrood.

The diamond and hexagonal-shaped compartments of the panelled ceiling bear Scottish armorial bearings, while the ancient tapestry on the walls depicts the "Fall of Phaeton," told in Greek mythology. The portraits in this room of Queen Mary, Queen Elizabeth and Henry VIII. are very valuable. A narrow door leads into the Queen's



Dressing-room, a small room hung with faded tapestry, and in the tiny private supper-room at the head of the secret winding staircase, we come upon the spot where Rizzio was so savagely murdered. Standing in this cramped little closet-like space which is of greater interest than any other room in the Palace, it does not require a very vivid imagination to picture the tragedy which here took place. The gloomy little cell-like room with its secret entrance seems somehow to suggest its fitness for such an event.

The blood-stain on the flooring where the body was found is still shown, and the partition which now encloses the spot was placed, it is said, by Mary's orders, so that while not visible to her, the marks "shulde remane as ane memoriall to quychen and confirm her revenge."

"Then Mary Stuart brushed aside the tears that trickling fell;

'Now for my father's arm,' she said, 'my woman's heart, farewell.'"

Holyrood has sheltered also beneath its roof Louis XVIII., and the exiled Charles

X. of France, while in later years it has been the residence of George IV., Queen Victoria, and Prince Albert Victor. King Edward VII. lived here when in 1859 he was studying under the Rector of the Royal High School, Dr. Leonard Schmitz. During a fortnight in the month of May each year, the Palace is occupied by the Lord High Commissioner, who represents the sovereign at the Royal Assembly.

The Royal Apartments, which are used by the sovereign when residing here, are in the southern wing of the Palace, and are not visible to the public without special order. While Holyrood is seldom now the abode of royalty it still provides befittingly dignified accommodation.

If there is any place where ghosts walk, it must be in the ancient and gloomy chambers of this gray old palace.

The lover of antiquity should not fail to visit the quaint old mansion-house which lies behind the buildings of Holyrood. This bears the curious Gaelic title of Croft-an-Righ — the “Kings Croft” — and is well remembered as “Croftangry” in the

“Chronicles of the Canongate.” This, as its name indicates, was a former enclosure within the royal demesnes. The ancient tenement near the Palace has its north front ornamented by dormer windows, while the angles of its southern gable are flanked with large round turrets in the castellated style of James the Sixth’s reign. This next-door neighbor to the Palace of Holyrood was the family mansion of the Earls of Airth, and at one time is said to have been occupied by the Regent Moray.

The boundaries of the Queen’s Park — the royal domain behind Holyrood — are nearly five miles in circuit. A fine road, the Queen’s Drive, encircles this area, which geologists say is one of the most interesting spots in the British Isles, showing as it does such striking evidences of volcanic energy. Almost from the Palace gates rise the imposing Salisbury Crags, named after the Earl of Salisbury (husband of the fair Countess in whose honour the “Order of the Garter” was instituted), which reach a height of 450 feet or more above the level. Still higher rises the lion-like form of Arthur’s Seat,

which at its top is 830 feet above the sea. Its cone is said to be strongly magnetic. This rugged bit of nature, with its lakes, and glens, and peaks, might be termed a Switzerland in miniature.

But the region of the Queen's Park is of more recent human interest from having been the scene of conspiracies and murders, duels and mutinies, with many other happenings, which to set forth would take a volume alone. Within its border or about its margin are holy wells and springs, with here and there the fragments of old religious houses.

If the visitor is a good walker, a little tour in this vicinity is full of interest. If weariness has overtaken him or if he feels luxuriously inclined, a drive about the Park will be found both picturesque and interesting, for this is said to be one of the finest carriage drives in Europe. Around about here Scott got much of his material for the "Heart of Midlothian," as will be seen presently.

Keeping to the south after leaving the outer gates of the Palace, ten minutes walk will bring us to St. Leonard's Hill, so called from



JEANIE DEANS' COTTAGE.



a hospital dedicated to St. Leonard which once stood on it. "Jeanie Dean's Cottage" with its stone seat and garden may be seen on its eastern slope, and near by are the "Dumbiedykes," long walls which stretch towards Holyrood. The "Laird of Dumbiedykes" according to Sir Walter Scott in "Midlothian" flourished hereabout. A little further on is the station of the "Innocent Railway," so nicknamed from the fact that no life has ever been lost thereon. This was of old the Edinburgh and Dalkeith Railway, its cars being drawn by horses long after steam was introduced. It is now the property of the North British Railway.

From this point we follow the sharply rising road which skirts the haunch of the leonine form of Arthur's Seat, and at the top of the steep ascent, to the left is the Hunter's Bog, a favourite hawking-ground in ancient days; in 1745 a portion of Prince Charles Edward's army made their camp here. Below us in a cottage garden near the lower road are the "Wells o' Wearie," the haunt of disconsolate lovers so often mentioned in Scottish ballads:

“ Wade in, wade in, my lady fair,  
Nae harm sall thee befall,  
Aft times hae I here watered my steed,  
Wi’ the Water o’ Wearie’s well.”

At the turn of the road a magnificent view greets our eyes. Immediately below is the pretty little village of Duddingston with swans and water-fowl picturesquely dotting the surface of its reed-fringed loch, and the square Norman tower of its ancient church rising above the treetops. On the churchyard wall still hang the “jougs,” a sort of iron collar formerly used to confine scolds and vagrants as a temporary punishment. Near the gate is a well-preserved “louping-on-stone,” for the convenience of stiff-jointed lairds in mounting their steeds. Sir Walter Scott was one of the elders of this church, and it is said he wrote several chapters of the “Heart of Midlothian” in the manse garden, while staying at one time with the Rev. John Thomson.

To the south rises above the trees the stately ruin of Craigmillar Castle, while between us and the distant blue line of the Pentlands, the Moorfoots, and the Lammermuirs,



are the most fair and fertile parts of the Lothians, and the valleys of the Tyne and of the Esk. Where we pass Dunsappie Loch and Hill further onward, is the point from which the ascent of Arthur's Seat may be most easily accomplished. If the day is clear this effort will be well repaid by a view which will not soon be forgotten.

After rounding the end of the lake the road skirts Whinny Hill and we pass Muschat's Cairn, — where in 1720 Nichol Muschat, a dissolute surgeon, cruelly murdered his wife — which we remember as the trysting place of Jeanie Deans and Geordie Robertson. It was here that Jeanie heard Madge Wild-fire's warning in the darkness: —

“ When the gled's in the blue cloud,  
The laverock lies still ;  
When the hound's in the greenwood,  
The hind keeps the hill.”

St. Margaret's Loch and St. Margaret's Well are passed on our way, the latter reputed to be the Holy Rood Well of miraculous virtues. On the left we pass the Haggis Knowe, from which Charles Edward first

saw the vast crowd assembled to meet him in the Park in 1745. The remains of St. Anthony's Chapel and Hermitage crown the slope of this hill, while in the vicinity is the well mentioned in "Lady Anne Bothwell's Lament" where Lady Anne declares,

" St. Anton's Well shall be my drink,  
Since my true love's forsaken me."

St. Anthony's Chapel is said to have been built in 1430 and to have been attached to the institution of the Knights Hospitallers of St. Anthony in Leith. The chapel was of Gothic architecture with a square tower forty feet in height. A light in this tower tended by the good monks guided mariners in the Firth of Forth at night.

We end our journey by the Duke's Walk, so named from its having been the favourite sauntering place of the Duke of York, afterwards James VII., during his residence at Holyrood. Around the base of the Salisbury Crags which rise above us, winds the romantic Radical Road. From its highest point, 575 feet above the sea-level, where the road seems almost to overhang the city, there is

an interesting bird's-eye view of Edinburgh. It was from this path that Reuben Butler saw the sun rise after his night in the city with the "Porteous Mob." This road, Sir Walter tells us, was his own "favourite evening and morning resort when engaged with a favourite author, or new subject of study."

## CHAPTER II

### AROUND THE COWGATE AND GRASSMARKET

THE Cowgate was in ancient times "a simple rural road" with hedgerows enclosing either side, which afforded communication between Holyrood and the old Church of St. Cuthbert's. The southern slope of the Cowgate, crowned by the ancient Blackfriars Monastery, was covered with the beautiful gardens and orchards belonging to this abode of the Dominican monks.

Next to the Canongate, the Cowgate was the most fashionable of the streets of the Old Town, and despite the changes which have so altered its appearance and inhabitants there are still evidences of an interesting historic past. In the time of James III. it was considered an aristocratic suburb, and in 1530, Alexander Alesse, a canon of St. Andrews, writes of it as a place "where nothing is humble or homely, but everything

magnificent." (" Ubi nihil est humile aut rusticum, sed omnia magnifica.") Nobles and judges, he says, and even princes resided in the Cowgate.

The present aspect of this ancient street gives little evidence of the former magnificence described by the holy father. Silks and jewels have been replaced by rags and corduroys. The Town Guard with their Lochaber axes no longer picturesquely patrol this historic thoroughfare, but have been replaced by sturdy "bobbies" who with martial tread promenade in pairs up and down the middle of the street. This display of legal authority is necessary from the frequent "tulzies" which arise among the present feudal nobility of the Cowgate. If the visitor wishes to envelop himself in somewhat of an Hogarthian atmosphere, let him take a walk through this Bacchanalian precinct at eleven o'clock of a Saturday night. Yet with all these changes, in the dim perspective of the tall old lands; in what remains of timbered front, and gabled end, and turnpike stair; in its old moulded doorways and narrow closes, and even with

the projecting poles which flaunt the dingy washing of its denizens, the Cowgate still retains more of the ancient air of an old Edinburgh street than can be found elsewhere.

The stream which in olden times wandered down the rustic glen still flows, but at some distance underground. This water, by the way, has peculiar properties which greatly contribute to the excellence of Edinburgh ale, and a site on the line of flow is eagerly sought by makers of the "barley bree." Breweries crowd thick and fast near the foot of the Cowgate, and it might be added that many of its denizens evince ample evidence of their deep appreciation of the product.

The houses in the Cowgate were mostly timber-fronted, being thus constructed by reason of the vast supply of oak to be had from the neighbouring dense forest of the Boroughmuir, and likewise because this style of architecture then prevailed in Europe. Up to the middle of the eighteenth century these quaint structures, with their projecting open galleries and piazzas, made the Cowgate an extremely picturesque throughfare, greatly

resembling Chester or Nuremberg as we know them to-day. It is understood that its origin was somewhere about 1460, when it arose as an aristocratic suburb; the Old Town at this time, which consisted of the High Street alone, being enclosed by a wall. It was to enclose this important suburb that the city wall was so hurriedly extended after the battle of Flodden.

The Cowgate extends from the northeast corner of the Grassmarket to the point where the Pleasance — so named from the Convent of St. Mary of Placentia, which of old stood near this spot — joins St. Mary Street, which in ancient times was St. Mary's Wynd. Here was the Cowgate Port, a fortified gateway like that at the Nether-Bow, and the principal entrance to the city from the south. During the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries the spikes which fringed its top were seldom without a grisly garnishment of human heads, hands, and quarters, according to the cheerful and humane custom of the times. It was through the Cowgate Port that Butler escaped after having unwillingly witnessed the lynching of Jock Porteous. The

Pleasance was in ancient times a suburb which in old deeds is sometimes oddly called "Dear-enough."

In No. 8 Cowgatehead, the windows of which look up Candlemaker Row, there lived in 1777 a widow named Syme, sister of Dr. Robertson, the historian. To her house a young English gentleman, Henry Brougham of Brougham Hall, went to lodge. He had met with a great sorrow, his intended bride dying suddenly on the eve of their wedding. He had brought letters of introduction to Robertson, and the latter, not being able personally to entertain him, asked his sister to take him under her roof. The mourning lover no sooner saw Mrs. Syme's daughter than from her extraordinary likeness to his deceased fiancée he fell in love with her. The young lady reciprocated his affection, the pair were married, and Henry, Lord Brougham, Lord Chancellor of England, was born of this union.

Almost at the entrance to the Cowgate stands the Magdalen Chapel, one of the most remarkable buildings in Edinburgh, whose little spire has been a landmark for over



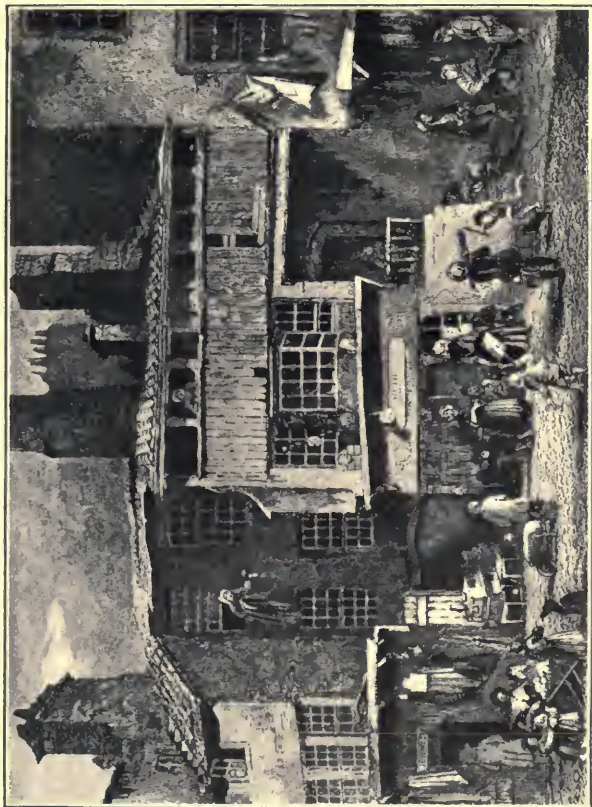
350 years. Its windows, it is said, have the only fragments of stained glass that survived the Reformation in Scotland. Besides the Royal Arms of Scotland, surrounded by a wreath of thistles, and those of the Queen-Regent, Mary of Guise, encircled by a wreath of laurel, are the shields of the founder and foundress within ornamental borders. The little chapel contains many objects of great interest to the antiquarian, among them being the tomb of the foundress, and a fine St. Bartholomew in stained glass which dates back to the middle of the sixteenth century.

The chapel has undergone little change since its erection, and its architecture is quaint and archaic. Around the spire are cannon-shaped gargoyles, each with a ball stuck into the muzzle, and these are pronounced by authorities to be unique of their type. In the steeple hangs an ancient bell bearing the legend, "SOLI DEO GLORIA MICHAEL BURGERHUYS ME FECIT — ANNO, 1632." Below is written, "God bless the Hammermen of Magdalen Chapel." Over the door of the chapel is the figure of

an Edinburgh Hammerman of the sixteenth century, with a hammer in his right hand; clad in doublet and hose and with pointed beard and moustache. The massive oak table on which the headless body of the Earl of Argyll lay after his execution in 1661 is still preserved.

After the Reformation the chapel became the meeting-place of the Incorporation of Hammermen, and here was kept the famous "Blue Blanket," the banner of the Edinburgh Crafts. John Craig, Knox's assistant, preached here in Latin until he had recovered the use of his native tongue, which had become unfamiliar to him after his long residence abroad; and here the National Covenant was prepared for signature in the adjoining Greyfriars Churchyard.

At the foot of Niddry Street, which stands nearly on the site of Niddry's Wynd of many memories, is St. Cecilia's Hall. In this once beautiful oval concert room, built in 1762 by Robert Mylne, Master Mason, after the model of the great Opera House at Parma, the music-loving élite of Edinburgh gathered weekly to listen and criticize. An English



SYMSON THE PRINTER'S HOUSE, COWGATE.



visitor once complained that you were lost in Edinburgh unless you were competent to talk about music all night.

The Horse Wynd, the College Wynd, and the High School Wynd were three famous approaches to the Cowgate from the south. The Horse Wynd is supposed to have been so-called as being the only thoroughfare leading from the southern suburbs which a horse could descend with safety. This, which now forms in its lower half a portion of Guthrie Street, was once a most aristocratic quarter, nearly all its denizens being titled. Here was the mansion of the Earl of Galloway, who kept a coach and six. His countess was so very ceremonious that she would order out her coach to make a call next door. When she stepped into the vehicle at her own door, the leaders were at the door she was going to. At the Cowgate corner once stood the quaint timber-fronted building in which Andro Symson, successor of Chepman, had his printing presses.

College Wynd, now Guthrie Street, was also a fashionable quarter, and like Horse Wynd gave direct access to the College in

days before the South Bridge existed. Here on the third floor of a house which stood at the head of the Wynd, Sir Walter Scott was born August 15, 1771. This house like its neighbours was of plain aspect, and in it for a century and a half many of the professors were wont to reside. The situation is said to have been unhealthy, and Sir Walter used to attribute the early death of several brothers and sisters born before him to this fact. When public improvements finally swept away the house, the elder Scott removed to an airier mansion at No. 25 George Square, where Sir Walter spent his boyhood and youth.

Sir Walter once pointed out the site of his birthplace to Robert Chambers during one of their walks, and mentioned that his father had received a good price for his share of the house when it was taken down for the public convenience. Mr. Chambers jocularly suggested that more money might have been made, and the public much more gratified, had Scott's birthplace remained to be shown. "Ay, ay," said Sir Walter, "that is very well; but I am afraid I should

have required to be dead first, and that would not have been so comfortable you know."

Up this narrow alley when the author of "Waverley" was a baby, Boswell and Principal Robertson conducted Dr. Johnson to view the "Town's College." We have no doubt but that the bearish Samuel at the time was grumbling and making unfavourable comments according to his pleasant custom.

Further east was the High School Wynd, where once stood the Black Friary until it was wrecked by the Reformation mob and its stones used "in the bigging of dykes." Later, here was the Grammar School of the Burgh with its ancient tower and spire. Hither the school had come from Blackfriar's Wynd, to which place it had been brought from Holyrood Abbey. For two centuries it stood in the High School Wynd; a narrow, turreted building, over the porch of which was a stone bearing the date 1578, and the words "MUSIS RESPUBLICA FLORET." Some of the teachers and scholars of the original High School, and its

more spacious successor erected in 1777, have prominent places in the history of learning and literature. The poet Drummond of Hawthornden was taught his letters and no doubt "birched" in the High School. Among the "old boys" were Walter Scott, Francis Jeffrey, and three Lord Chancellors of England — Erskine, Loughborough and Brougham. Henry Mackenzie, author of "The Man of Feeling," was of an earlier generation when the pupils were expected to present themselves for their Latin exercises at seven o'clock in the morning.

The lane called the High School Yards perpetuates the memory of what was once the playground of the school. This was the scene of the games and battles, in which young Walter Scott took so active a part notwithstanding his lameness, while his genius as a story-teller even then gained him fame among his mates. He is said to have made a brighter figure in the Yards than in the class. Among the memories of the place are the "bickers," in which Walter Scott took active part, between the High School boys and the "gamins" of the Cowgate and



Potterrow, who were led by the celebrated "Green Breeks," a noted fighter. Sir Walter writes that this cognomen was taken from the principal part of his dress being a pair of old green livery breeches.

At the head of High School Wynd was James Brown's "Jib House," as the shop was called wherein was made that famous delicacy called "jib," so dear to the heart of the school youth. This delectable compound was made of sugar and treacle boiled together for a certain time and flavoured with cinnamon or ginger, or from little bottles of essences, to suit the taste of the juvenile customer.

The "Parliament" or "Back Stairs" formerly descended into the Cowgate from Parliament Close. These were the thoroughfare daily for thousands, as they were the most convenient means of access to Parliament House. The beautiful young Mrs. Macfarlane, to whom Pope refers in a letter to Lady Mary Wortley Montague, lived in a house whose entrance was on the stairs. The death of a young English officer, Captain

Cayley, at her hands during his attempt at outrage created a great sensation in 1716. She escaped and found a temporary shelter in Swinton House, Berwickshire, in a secret room behind a sliding panel. In "Peveril of the Peak" Sir Walter Scott introduces this incident.

Tailors' Hall, with its lofty gable pierced by a double tier of windows, presents an imposing front to the Cowgate. Over the massive archway is the craft insignia, a huge pair of shears, with the date 1644 and the legend: —

**"ALMIGHTIE GOD, WHO FOVNDED BVILT AND CROVND  
THIS WARK, WITH BLESSINGS MAK IT TO ABOVND."**

The quadrangle still shows traces of former stateliness though now used as a brewer's yard. A pediment which surmounts the east wing of the building shows the emblem of the shears again, with the date 1621, and the appeal, "God give the blising to the Tailzer Craft in the gude toun of Edinburgh." Over the entrance to the Tailor's Hall was the inscription: —

“ TO . THE . GLORE . OF . GOD . AND . VERTEWIS . RENOWNE .  
THE . CVMPANIE . OF . TAILZEOVRS . WITHIN . THIS . GUDE  
TOVNE .  
FOR . MEITING . OF . THAIR . CRAFT . THIS . HAL . HES . ERECTED  
WITH . TRUST . IN . GODS . GOODNES . TO . BE . BLIST . AND . PRO  
TECTED . ”

Within this hall met the 300 clergymen in February, 1638, to discuss with Earls Loudon, Lindsay and Rothes, the renewal of the National Covenant, which next day the people flocked to sign in Greyfriars Churchyard. It was also used as the Court-house of the Scottish commissioners whom Cromwell appointed for the administration of the forfeited estates of Scottish Royalists. Later, from 1727 to 1753, the hall was used as a theatre by itinerant players.

A moulded doorway of Charles the First's time to the west of this bears the inscription:

“ R. H. — O MAGNIFIE THE LORD WITH ME — J. H.  
AND LET US EXALT HIS NAME TOGETHER — AN. DOM.  
1641.”

This, tradition states, is the original residence of the Carmichaels, afterwards the Earls of Hyndford. Here lived also at the end of the

seventeenth century, John Damien, an Italian wizard of marvellous powers, according to vague and uncertain report.

Where are now the southern piers of George IV. Bridge stood the massive mansion of Thomas Hamilton, first Earl of Haddington, who in 1612 was Secretary of State for Scotland. His master, James VI., with whom he was a prime favourite, gave him the nickname of "Tam o' the Cowgate." The Earl had risen through high legal offices to the peerage, and was noted for his great legal acumen and industry. His talent for amassing wealth was such, that King James firmly believed him to possess the "Philosopher's Stone." Tam did not dispute his belief, but offered to tell his secret to secure wealth and success to King and courtiers at a dinner on the morrow. Filled with curiosity they awaited his important disclosure, which was, "Never put off till to-morrow what can be done to-day; never trust to the hand of another what your own can do."

An anecdote is related that one night after a day's hard work in the public service, the Earl was enjoying himself with a friend over

a flask of wine in his house in the Cowgate, comfortably arrayed in night-gown, cap and slippers. Suddenly there arose a terrific din under his window, which proved to be a "bicker" or fight, between the High School boys and those of the College, which latter were getting the best of the argument. This was too much for the Earl to quietly endure. He had been himself brought up at the High School, but having completed his education at Paris had no reason to favour the College. Rushing forth, attired as he was, he assumed command of the High School warriors and took a most animated share in the combat. The sight of their formidable opponent — a Privy Councillor and the President of the Court of Session — combined with his strange attire and great prowess in arms, struck terror to the hearts of the College youth who fled in dismay. The Earl at the head of his forces chased them through the Grassmarket and out at the West Port, the gate of which he locked against their return, thus forcing them to pass the night in the fields. He then proceeded home in triumph to the company of his friend and bottle.

A younger son of "Tam o' the Cowgate" was popularly known for some reason or other by the nickname of "Dear Sandie Hamilton." He was a man of great ingenuity, and had a foundry in the Potterrow where he made the cannon used in the first Covenanting war in 1639. These were made very largely of leather, but withal did considerable execution. They were commonly called "Dear Sandie's Stoups" (jugs), and were carried swivel fashion between two horses.

Candlemaker Row, one of the most ancient streets in the city, was of old the road which lead to Bristo and Powburn. It was down this way in 1335 that a body of the routed Flemings, with Guy of Namur at their head, fled towards the Castle Rock after their defeat on the Boroughmuir. On the western side at the foot of the Row was the "Cunzie Nook," the early Mint, which was afterwards established in Mint Close. Near here is the old entrance to Greyfriars' Churchyard, and a tablet over the archway originally bore these lines:—

“REMEMBER MAN, AS THOU GOES BY,  
AS THOU ART NOW, SO ONCE WAS I,  
AS I AM NOW, SO SHALT THOU BE :  
REMEMBER MAN, THAT THOU MUST DEE.”

At the head of Candlemaker Row where it joins Bristo, we still may see the Hall of the ancient Corporation of Candlemakers. We may note also the drinking fountain erected to the memory of “Greyfriars’ Bobby,” a small terrier which followed his master to his grave near by, and for twelve years afterwards visited it daily. He died lying stretched upon his master’s grave, which by special permission was opened that the faithful little creature might be laid beside him he loved so well. The Baroness Burdett-Coutts, to commemorate the fidelity of loyal little “Bobby,” placed this token.

Many and grim are the associations which hover about the great quadrangle of the Grassmarket, which extends from the West Bow to the entrance to the West Port. Still picturesque, we can imagine what it must have been when the square was lined with timber fronts, quaint peaked and crow-stepped gables and dormer windows. Some

of the houses had projecting turret or "turnpike" stairs, while from the fronts of others "forestairs" boldly advanced into the causeway. These last were favourite points of vantage from which to witness the public executions that were so frequent here. Overhanging this place of sinister renown towers the huge mass of the Castle.

At the northeast end of the Grassmarket was the termination of the West Bow or "Bow-foot" so-called, where the public executions took place, and a Saint Andrew's Cross in the pavement still marks the spot where the gibbet reared its dismal shape. Here it was that so many of the "Martyrs of the Covenant," from Guthrie to Renwick, met their fate. With the merest semblance of a trial, or even without it, these unfortunate men were condemned to death for their faith, and murdered here by scores. Each execution seemed only to whet the bloodthirsty ferocity of those Scottish Alvas of the "Killing Times," Lauderdale, Rothes, Dalziel, Sharp, Grierson and Claverhouse.

Into the Grassmarket on the night of September 7, 1736, there poured from the



West Port a vast, surging multitude who bore among them a shrinking, miserable mortal on his way to death by lynch-law. By the light of flaring torches the rope was fixed to a "dyster's" (dyer's) pole on the south side, and there Captain John Porteous was hanged. This was the vengeance taken by the Edinburgh mob on one whose fiery and savage temper had caused the ruthless slaughter of some worthy citizens a short time before. An Edinburgh mob, it may be here remarked, has always been noted as the fiercest to be found in Europe.

The Grassmarket, which commands such a romantic view of the Castle, was long the place for the sale of horses and cattle, the custom having been initiated in 1477 by the monks of the Greyfriars Monastery, whose buildings and gardens covered all the ground south of the Grassmarket to the Boroughloch, or South Loch. This large sheet of water, so-called in contra-distinction to the North Loch on the other side of the town, was drained in 1722, and thus the "Meadows" came into being.

The weekly sale of horses is still held in the

Grassmarket, but the sheep and cattle market has not been held here for nearly a century. At the lower end on the north side is still the ancient White Hart Inn mentioned by several writers in the sixteenth century, and even as late as the eighteenth, from it started the coaches bound to the north or northwest of Scotland. This was the rendezvous in its day of the West Country gentry and of Highland lairds and drovers who came to town, the Grassmarket being their nearest and most convenient terminus. In 1803 William and Dorothy Wordsworth put up at the White Hart, and found it "cheap and noisy." In Plainstane's Close, at the back of the inn, was the "Cockpit" built for the purpose of that sport. The old Corn Exchange stood on the west side of the square.

The "Temple Lands," which Scott describes as bearing on their fronts and gables the iron cross of the Orders of the Templar and Hospitaller Knights who owned them, stood not far from the "Bow-foot Well" and the site of the scaffold. The house of Graham of Claverhouse, deadly foe of the

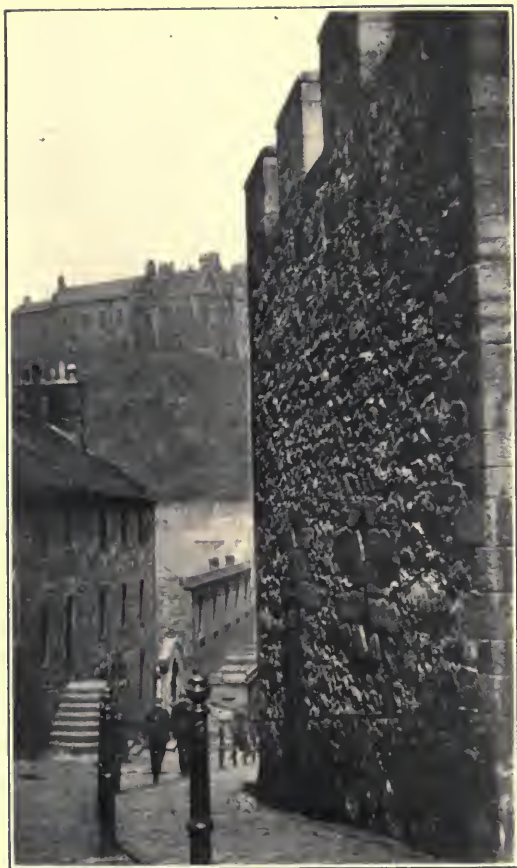
Covenanters, is the only house of historic interest now remaining. This, now a lodging-house, is at the northeastern end of the Grassmarket. From his window Claverhouse was wont to watch the execution of the Covenanters whom he had caught in his toils. It is claimed he was not the bloodthirsty fiend represented by some historians, but like grim old General Dalziel thought the execution of Charles I. so great a crime, that death was the only punishment fit for upholders of the principles of the regicides. "Bonnie Dundee" was greatly beloved by his own friends.

The "West Port," still a darksome, narrow way, leads from the western end of the market-place, and on the left we climb the steep lane called the "Vennel." Along the eastern side of this alley ran the City Wall, which terminated in the "West Port," the chief entrance to the walled city from the west, and somewhat similar in appearance to the Nether-Bow Port. Its battlemented gateway never lacked the same ghastly garnishment of heads and limbs of traitors, criminals or martyrs. Through this "West

Port " Mary of Guise entered her city for the first time on St. Margaret's Day in 1538. Here also were received her daughter, Mary, Queen of Scots; Anne of Denmark; Charles I.; and other royal personages.

Here we may still see a portion of the old "Flodden Wall," of which about eighty yards are still intact with one bastion. It may readily be observed that it was built in haste and by unskilled hands, from the character of the material and its clumsy construction. But this was a time of great stress and sorrow, when women and even children helped in this work of prime necessity. The plague was in the city, while the English enemy threatened without.

In 1827 and 1828 the West Port was the scene of the hideous series of murders committed by those fiends in human shape, William Burke and William Hare, who had their den in Tanner's Close. Outside the "Port" lay Wester Portsburgh, pre-eminently the Trades' suburb of Old Edinburgh, as the Royal burgh of Canongate outside the Nether-Bow Port was its Court suburbs. With Easter Portsburgh, which was outside



THE FLODDEN WALL, IN THE VENNEL.



the Bristo and Potterrow Gates, it was a distinct municipality, having its own court, and its own incorporated trades.

The King's Stables Road leaves the Grassmarket at the point where the City Wall met the foot of the Castle Rock. This road derived its name from the Royal Mews, which from the time of Robert II. were situated here. Three hundred feet above us from the battlements of the Castle, and from the windows of the Banqueting Hall James IV. often viewed the sports in the jousting-ground below. The house of Thomas Borland, one of the finest old houses in Edinburgh, with its picturesque crow-stepped gables and dormer windows, long stood in King's Stables Road. Over the fine old moulded door was written, "FEAR GOD; HONOUR THE KING. T. B.; V. B. 1675." There was also near here in ancient days, a small chapel devoted to the purpose of shriving knights about to engage in combat.

A little way further along King's Stables Road and we come to St. Cuthbert's or the West Kirk, which has a history reaching

further back into the mists of antiquity than any other sacred edifice in Edinburgh. "St. Cuthbert's-under-Castle" occupied this site as early as the eighth century, being dedicated to St. Cuthbert, Bishop of Durham, who had died in 687. The present building was erected in 1775, but was later altered and enlarged. In the churchyard is buried with many distinguished sons of Scotland, Thomas de Quincey, the "Opium-eater."

Divided by a wall only from St. Cuthbert's graveyard is the cemetery of the Scottish Episcopal Church of St. John's. The church was erected in 1817 after the model of St. George's Chapel at Windsor. The genial Dean Ramsay, who compiled a volume of most interesting anecdotes of Scottish life and character, was long its incumbent. A Celtic cross stands here as his memorial; and here rest also Sir Henry Raeburn, the great Scottish painter; Sir William Hamilton, one of Scotland's greatest philosophers; Catherine Sinclair, the novelist, and many others.

It may be of interest to mention that



Lothian Road which here joins King's Stables Road, was built in a single day.

“ A gentleman, said to be Sir John Clerk of Penicuik, laid a bet with a friend to the effect that he would, between sunrise and sunset, execute the line of road, extending nearly a mile in length by twenty paces in breadth. This scheme he concerted with address and executed with promptitude. It happened to be the winter season when many men were unemployed. He had no difficulty in collecting several hundreds of these on the ground at the appointed time, when he gave them all a plentiful breakfast of porter, whisky, and bread and cheese, after which, just as the sun rose, he ordered them to set to work, some to tear down enclosures, others to unroof and demolish cottages, and a considerable portion to bring earth wherewith to fill up the natural hollow (near the churchyard gate) to the required height. The inhabitants, dismayed at so vast a force and so summary a mode of procedure, made no resistance. And so active were the workmen that, before sunset, the road was sufficiently formed to allow the bettor to

drive his carriage triumphantly over it, which he did amidst the accumulation of a great multitude of persons, who flocked from the town to witness the issue of this extraordinary undertaking."

Behind the Royal Scottish Museum of Science and Art in Chambers Street, the finest of its kind except that in London, may be seen another fragment of the Old City Wall. This is in a narrow alley and is part of the section which ran between the old Bristo, or Greyfriars, and the Potterrow Ports, the two city exits to the south. Some idea of its thickness may be formed by observing how it has been cut for the windows of the quaint building with which it is ingeniously combined.

Just within the Bristo Port was the George Inn — the "Hole-in-the-Wall" — where Colonel Mannering and Dandie Dinmont put up. Very near here stood the Old Darien House, the headquarters of that great Scottish company which was to make untold riches by colonizing the Isthmus of Darien — the scheme which brought ruin to so many. This later became the City Poor House,



THE POTTERROW.



and here, a raving maniac at the early age of twenty-four, died Robert Fergusson, the poet.

Passing through Nicholson Square into Marshall Street, we see on either side the Potterrow, from which in the times of sorcery many reputed witches were dragged to torture and death at the stake. This squalid thoroughfare was of old an aristocratic quarter, and retained until very recently some of the old timber-fronted houses.

In times gone by, the Earls of Moray and Stair and the Duke of Douglas had their town residences in the Potterrow. Lady Jane, the Duke's sister, was the heroine of the great "Douglas Cause" which so stirred Scotland in the middle of the eighteenth century. She had made a secret marriage, but the stern old Duke repudiated her twin sons, his nephews, and withdrew the sole income of the newly-wedded pair plunging them into the greatest poverty. The adverse decision of the Court of Session led to a series of popular riots almost equalling that of the Porteous Mob. The cause of young Douglas,

however, was ultimately won by appeal to the House of Lords.

It was in a lodging in the Potterrow that the notorious "Casket Letters" were discovered — if we believe the Regent Morton — which gave such fatal evidence against Queen Mary after the murder of Darnley. They were said to have been smuggled here from the Castle by Dalgleish, Bothwell's henchman.

The two divisions of Potterrow used to be connected by a small court called Alison Square, and in one of its houses Thomas Campbell wrote his "Pleasures of Hope." Another house in the square was known as "General's Entry," from having been the residence of General Monk while he was Governor of Scotland. It was in this house at a later time that Burns' "Clarinda" lived while she was carrying on the famous correspondence with her "Sylvander" — the poet.

George Square, a short distance away, was once a highly fashionable neighbourhood, and here lived many famous men. At No. 25 was the residence of Walter Scott, father of Sir Walter, who here passed his youth and

early manhood. At No. 20 lived "Timothy Tickler" of the "Noctes Ambrosianae," who was in real life Robert Sym, uncle to "Christopher North." Sir Noel Paton, the famous painter, resided at No. 33. His collection of arms and armour, one of the finest in the country, is now to be seen in the Royal Scottish Museum, Chambers Street.

No. 27 George Square was the residence of Sir Ralph Abercromby, one of the most gallant of Scottish soldiers, who fell at Aboukir in 1801. An amusing incident is related about a pet ape of his which he had taught to wear a sort of uniform, of which a cocked hat with a feather in it was a prominent part. An ancient maiden lady one day called at his house, and seeing the animal for the first time exclaimed, "Oh, Sir Ralph, that will be one o' these awfu' French prisoners, I'm thinkin."

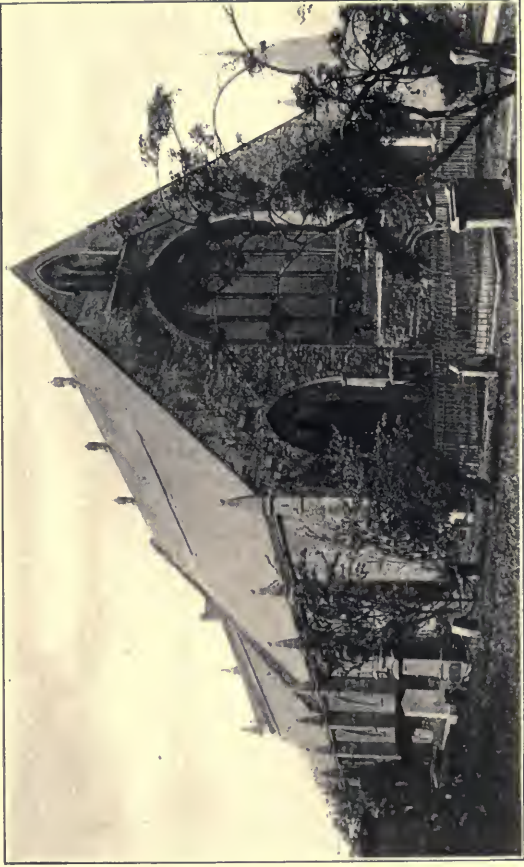
## CHAPTER III

### OLD GREYFRIARS

THIS remarkably plain edifice has no history beyond the year 1612. In 1721 the "New Greyfriars" was added to it as the older church became too small to accommodate the inhabitants of the parish. This spot was once the garden of Greyfriars Monastery, founded about 1429 by James I., from which the church derived its name. The old church formerly had a spire, but this being strangely used for the storage of gunpowder, was destroyed by an explosion in 1718.

In the newer building was placed the first organ — or "kist of whistles" — ever used in a Scottish Presbyterian Church. The church to-day presents the appearance of one long barn-like structure which a partition divides into equal lengths. Of itself, it claims interest chiefly from the association





OLD GREYFRIARS' CHURCH.



with eminent men who have preached or worshipped within its walls.

The Greyfriars — the main entrance of which is almost opposite the end of George IV. Bridge — is undoubtedly one of the most interesting as well as the most dismal of Scottish churchyards. Its “quaint and smoke encrusted tombs, its many headstones sunk deep in the long rank grass,” have been often described. Stevenson says in his “Picturesque Notes,” speaking of its strange medley of associations: —

“Here a window is partly blocked up by the pediment of a tomb; there, where the street partly falls far below the level of the graves, a chimney has been trained up the back of a monument, and a red pot looks vulgarly over from behind. A damp smell of the graveyard finds its way into houses where workmen sit at meat. Domestic life on a small scale goes on visibly at the windows. The very solitude and stillness of the enclosure, which lies apart from the town’s traffic, serves to accentuate the contrast. As you walk upon the graves, you see children scattering crumbs to feed the

sparrows; you hear people singing or washing dishes, or the sound of tears or castigation; the linen on a clothes-pole flaps against funereal sculpture; or a cat slips over the lintel and descends on a memorial urn."

About 1566, the Churchyard of St. Giles and even St. Giles itself had become so overcrowded with the remains of mortality, that the Town Magistrates, by a charter from Queen Mary, acquired the Greyfriars Gardens as a burying-ground. For the succeeding two hundred years it was here that most of the eminent citizens found their final resting place, and in December, 1879, several tons of human bones which had been gathered from under the floor of St. Giles during its process of restoration, were placed in boxes and buried here under the direction of the city authorities. At this time Dr. William Chambers caused strict search to be made by expert anatomists of the University for the mutilated remains of the Marquis of Montrose — buried in St. Giles 1661 — but no trace of them could be found. During the visitation of the plague in 1568, it is recorded that

the dead were interred in "the Greyfriars' Kirkzaird" in "ane muckle pit."

Around the walls of this "Theatre of Mortality" are doleful adornments and mottoes of death, many of the sculptures being most interesting to the visitor of antiquarian tastes. In early days "every mason," says Stevenson, "was a pedestrian Holbein; he had a deep consciousness of death and loved to put its terrors pithily before the churchyard loiterer; he was brimful of rough hints on mortality, and any dead farmer was seized upon to be a text. The classical examples of this art are in Greyfriars." As you enter by the gateway opposite Bristo Port, one such grim and fantastic symbol faces you, a skeleton Death life-sized — to use a paradox — "capering against the eastern gable of Old Greyfriars Church."

This spot will ever be memorable as the scene of the signing of the Covenant on the Sunday of February 28, 1638. The document having been first produced in the church after a sermon by the Rev. Alexander Henderson, the famous Scottish divine, and

signed by all the congregation, was handed out to the multitude gathered in the churchyard. As it was laid upon the flat tombstone of Boswell of Auchinleck, the crowd surged excitedly about it to sign their names, some writing in their own blood. In the Antiquarian Museum, and in the Advocates' Library, copies of this famous document may be seen.

The inscriptions on the stone of Alexander Henderson were ordered by Parliament to be erased at the Restoration, and it is said this was done by the bullets of the soldiers, the marks of which are still pointed out. Near by, in a once splendid but now grimy mausoleum rests Sir George Mackenzie, King's Advocate in the time of persecution, and next to Claverhouse most abhorred by the Covenanters. For many years afterwards his troubled spirit was supposed to haunt this spot. In old days small boys used to prove their daring by marching up to the ponderous doors of his tomb and crying in at the keyhole: —

“ Bluidy Mackenzie, come oot if ye daur,  
Lift the sneck, and draw the bar,”



MARTYRS' MONUMENT.





after which they would scuttle away as if pursued by hobgoblins. It was in this dismal refuge that young James Hay, a boy of sixteen under sentence of death for burglary, hid for six weeks after his escape from the Tolbooth. He had been a Heriot Hospital boy, and many of his mates lived in this neighbourhood. They loyally braved "Bluidy Mackenzie's" ghost, and secretly fed their schoolmate until a chance favoured his escape abroad.

The Martyrs' Monument, which replaces the original slab, bears the inscription so expressive of the sorrow and bitterness which filled Scottish hearts during the "Killing Time." It runs thus:—

“Halt paffenger! take heed what you do fee,  
This tomb doth fhew for what fome men did die.  
Here lies interr'd the duft of thofe who ftood  
'Gainft perjury, refifting unto blood;  
Adhering to the Covenants and laws,  
Eftablifhing the fame; which was the caufe  
Their lives were facrific'd unto the luft  
Of Prelatifts abjur'd. Though here their duft  
Lies mixt with murderers, and other crew,  
Whom juftice, juftly, did to death purfue;  
But as for them, no caufe was to be found

Worthy of death ; but only they were found  
 Constant and stedfast, zealous, witneffing  
 For the Prerogatives of Christ their King :  
 Which Truths were seal'd by famous Guthrie's head  
 And all along to Mr. Renwick's blood.  
 They did endure the wrath of enemies,  
 Reproaches, torments, death, and injuries.  
 But yet they're those who from such troubles came,  
 And now triumph in glory with the Lamb.'

“ ‘ From May 27th, 1661, that the most noble Marquis of Argyll was beheaded, to the 17th of February, 1668, that Mr. James Renwick suffered, were one way or other Murdered and Destroyed for the same Cause about Eighteen thousand ; of whom were executed at Edinburgh about an hundred of Noblemen, Gentlemen, Ministers, and Others, noble Martyrs for JESUS CHRIST. The most of them lie here.’ (For a particular account of the cause and manner of their Sufferings, see the ‘ Cloud of Witneffes,’ and Cruikshank’s and Defoe’s Histories.) ”

The oblong enclosure at the southwest of the churchyard, is the place where over 1,200 of the Covenanters captured at Bothwell Brig in 1679 were herded together like cattle in the open air during five months of bitter winter weather. The jails were already filled to overflowing with the adherents of this cause, so these unfortunates were hud-

dled here, where many of them died from cold and exposure. Night and day they were guarded by soldiers who had to answer with their lives if any escaped. Such was their vigilance in consequence, that if a prisoner rose from the ground during the night he was shot at. Their food was four ounces of bread daily, with a small allowance of water. They were allowed, however, to receive in addition food or clothing brought to them by some noble-hearted women.

In this connection, a romantic story is told of an attachment which sprang up between a young Covenanter and a young lady during her daily visits of mercy to Greyfriars. He was transported to the Plantations, but long afterwards managed to make his way back to Edinburgh to his faithful and tender-hearted loved one. They were married, and lived happily ever after, leaving behind them many descendants. Of the Covenanters who were shipped to the Plantations, was one body of over 250 who were put on board ship to be sent to the Barbadoes. The vessel was wrecked on the Orkney Islands, and as they were given no oppor-

tunity to save their lives, all but forty were drowned.

Old Greyfriars Churchyard may well be called the Westminster Abbey of Edinburgh, for here repose a great number of her eminent sons whose reputations are far beyond being merely local. Among these are Allan Ramsay, author of the "Gentle Shepherd;" Henry Mackenzie, "The Man of Feeling;" George Buchanan, Scotland's greatest scholar; George Jamesone, the Scottish Van Dyck; Allan Ramsay, the younger, portrait painter of royalty; George Heriot, goldsmith to James V., and father of the founder of Heriot's Hospital, who was goldsmith and banker to James VI.; and Principal Carstares, friend and chaplain of William of Orange and minister of St. Giles, a leading spirit in the Revolution of 1688.

It is impossible to detail them all, so let it suffice to say that among the illustrious dead are Lords President of the Supreme Court of Scotland; Lords of Session; the most brilliant lawyers of their time, one of them Vice-Chancellor of England, and

Master of the Rolls; and twenty-three principals of the University, many of them of world-wide fame. Among the host are thirty-seven chief magistrates of the city; many eminent divines; among them, Dr. Hugh Blair, Dr. Robertson, Dr. John Erskine, and Alexander Henderson, the great Covenanted preacher. Dr. Archibald Pitcairn, physician and poet, and Creech, the great publisher of olden days, have graves within this hallowed ground.

Many old families notable in the annals of Edinburgh have imposing vaults and tombs in the Greyfriars; the Byres of Coates, the Trotters of Mortonhall, the Littles of Craigmillar, the Chiesleys of Dalry, and the Fowlises of Ravelston. Near the entrance gate, and close to the spot which tradition associates with the signing of the Covenant, is the tomb of the Mylnes, for generations "Master Masons" to the Scottish Kings, as the quaint inscription records:—

"Reader, John Mylne, who maketh the fourth John,  
And by descent from father unto son,  
Sixth Master Mason to a royal race  
Of seven successive Kings lies in this place."

Somewhere about here, in a place once reserved for common criminals, the headless corpse of James Douglas, Earl of Morton, was huddled under ground by night, and Captain John Porteous of the Town Guard was here buried. Back of the old Candle-makers' Hall, which has degenerated into a public-house since the days of better illumination, are some quaint epitaphs. One magistrate of the Old Town reposes beneath the legend:—

“ Twice Treasurer, twice Dean of Gild I was,  
To Edinburgh's fair town and publick cause.”

Near the entrance to the Heriot's Hospital grounds the father of Sir Walter Scott is buried. It was in Greyfriars that Sir Walter first fell in love on a rainy Sunday, when he offered his umbrella and his escort home to the fair Miss Stuart. His long courtship, however, was fruitless, and it nearly broke his heart when she married Sir William Forbes, the eminent banker.

Near Greyfriars stands the grand memorial to George Heriot the younger — “ Jingling Geordie ” of the “ Fortunes of Nigel.” This

is Heriot's Hospital, a magnificent edifice which stands within large and beautiful grounds once included in the Greyfriars' Monastery and gardens. George Heriot, son of the goldsmith to James V., was born in Edinburgh in 1563, and in 1588 was admitted to the craft, speedily becoming the foremost man in the trade in Edinburgh. He became appointed goldsmith and jeweller to Anne of Denmark, and later to James VI. whom he followed to London. There his business in Cornhill became so enormous, that on one occasion by royal proclamation all the Mayors of England were ordered to assist him in procuring workmen at the current rate of wages.

He was twice married, but having lost both wives without issue he left the bulk of his wealth — about £24,000, a vast sum in those days — to be used in the foundation of a hospital “for the education and upbringing of puir orphans and fatherless children of decayit burgesses and freemen” of his native town. So enormously profitable became the original investments, that the large revenues, which far exceeded the

demands of the Hospital, made it necessary to enlarge the charity of the pious founder; hence the establishment of the Heriot-Watt College and School of Art, and the Heriot free schools.

This Hospital, of mixed Gothic design, — the wonder of the age in which it was built, — has its architectural front to the Grassmarket, where under the tower is a pillared entrance of quaint design leading to the inner court. The side fronting the thoroughfare to Lauriston, having in its centre the Gothic windows of the Hospital Chapel, is perhaps the most familiar. The whole building — begun in 1628 and not finished until 1659 — forms a quadrangle 162 feet on each side enclosing a central court, the outer corners being embellished with corbelled turrets having cupola roofs and vanes. It is believed that the architect was the celebrated Inigo Jones, but this strangely enough cannot be verified. At all events, the fine old structure shows its design to have been drawn by no common hand, and holds its own with any example of Scottish architecture of the period. Its bold beauty and symmetry are very striking





HERIOT'S HOSPITAL FROM GREYFRIARS' CHURCHYARD. VIEW ALSO INCLUDES THE CASTLE.



from any point of view. A remarkable feature of the building is that of its 213 richly ornamented windows no two are exactly alike. In the time of the Commonwealth, Cromwell used it as a shelter for his troops. In 1785 Vincent Lunardi, the famous aeronaut, made his ascent from the Hospital Grounds in presence of eighty thousand spectators.

## CHAPTER IV

### CALTON HILL

“OF all places for a view,” says Stevenson, “the Calton Hill is perhaps the best; since you can see the Castle, which you lose from the Castle; and Arthur’s Seat, which you lose from Arthur’s Seat;” and it may be truly called one of the finest views in Europe.

Calton Hill with its monuments forms a striking termination of the vista eastward along Princes Street, and it may be here interesting to note that the foot of the Hill was once a boundary of the Nor’ Loch. The hill is crowned by the National Monument, modelled from the Parthenon of Athens, and intended to be a memorial of the gallant deeds of Scotland’s sons during the great war with France. The foundation stone was laid in 1822 by George IV. during his historic visit to Edinburgh, but after the completion of the



EDINBURGH IN 1560. CALTON HILL IN RIGHT FOREGROUND.



base, and the erection of the twelve columns with the architraves — and each block of stone in the twelve columns weighs from ten to fifteen tons — the undertaking proved so enormous that lack of funds compelled the abandonment of the idea so enthusiastically taken up. It stands unfinished to this day, and probably many future generations will see no addition to it. However, even as it now appears in its pathetic incompleteness, it is perhaps sufficiently impressive to fulfill its purpose. From the Firth of Forth, travellers say, it appears much like the present Parthenon, and thus helps to perfect the similarity between Edinburgh and Athens.

Turning to the eastward from Waverley Bridge, passing the Post Office we enter Waterloo Place, formed in 1815 — a significant date — and cross the Regent Bridge, opened in 1819. On the right-hand side we pass the entrance to the “Old Calton Graveyard,” one of the oldest in the city. Here under a circular mausoleum resembling an ancient “brough,” sleeps David Hume, historian; David Allan, the Scottish Hogarth, is buried here; and William Blackwood and

Archibald Constable, great publishers and rivals in life, lie quietly almost side by side; the latter well remembered as the publisher of Scott's novels. There is also a memorial of the representative of "Bailie Nicol Jarvie," and in an unmarked grave lies the dust of Burns' great crony and fellow-lodger, Willie Nicol — "Willie," who "brewed a peck o' maut."

Particularly prominent, two monuments at once arrest the eye; one a lofty obelisk erected to the memory of five political martyrs — Muir, Palmer, Skirving, Gerald, and Margarot — who were banished in 1794 for their efforts in the cause of popular freedom. The other monument, erected to President Abraham Lincoln, owes its origin to the Honourable Wallace Bruce, late United States Consul in Edinburgh, and serves the purposes both of paying a tribute to one of the greatest Americans, and of a memorial of the gallant deeds of Scottish-American soldiers who fell in the Civil War. It represents a freed slave kneeling on the pedestal, and looking gratefully up to a life-size bronze statue of the great President.



A few steps beyond, we pass an imposing pile of buildings — the Calton Jail — partly built about the time that the “Heart of Midlothian” was torn down. This stands on that part of Calton Hill called the “Dhu Craig,” and is often joyously hailed by the tourist entering the city from the south, as the Castle. Its turreted and battlemented aspect readily suggests a stronghold of the ancient time.

Across the street, a flight of steps ascends to the main portion of the Hill, and on the highest point is the National Monument already mentioned. Nelson’s Monument, shaped like a “Dutch skipper’s spy-glass, or a butter-churn,” is on the southern slope, and in it are many relics of the great admiral. The monument is connected electrically with Greenwich, and with the dropping of the large “time-ball” comes simultaneously the boom of the one o’clock gun from the Castle. This is the signal for the housewives to set their clocks, and for the male portion of the population to draw forth, as at the word of command, more or less tried and trusty timepieces, upon the faces of

which they gaze with approving or reproachful interest. Some Russian cannon captured at Sebastopol are placed at the foot of the monument.

The monument to Dugald Stewart, one of Scotland's greatest philosophers, stands near the head of the steps leading up from Waterloo Place; further on is a memorial to Professor John Playfair, the mathematician, which stands at the south-eastern end of the New Observatory; the New, together with the Old Observatory — built in 1776 — are under the charge of the city astronomer.

The Royal High School, a fine example of the Grecian Doric style, which follows even in the smallest details the Athenian Temple of Theseus, is at the foot of the south-east corner of Calton Hill. On the opposite side of the road from the High School Hall is the monument to Robert Burns, which, although a pretentious "Corinthian cyclostyle of twelve columns and a cupola, crowned by winged griffins supporting a tripod," fails to please. Near this monument a long flight of steps climbs up from the North Back of the Canongate, giving the denizens of that

humbler quarter an opportunity to ascend to a purer atmosphere. In the "New Calton Graveyard," a short distance away, the gentle Dr. John Brown, author of "Rab and his Friends," reposes peacefully.

A Lepers' Hospital, which before the Reformation had been a Carmelite Monastery, stood in olden days on the north-western spur of the Hill, and it is here interesting to note that until recently there was in the Convent of Carmelites at Rome, an official who bore the title of "Father of the Priory of Greenside." The barbarous rules of the time, born of fear of the dread disease, ordered that any of the lepers who strayed beyond bounds, or who, between sunset and sunrise, even opened the door, should be hanged on the gallows beside the gate.

The "Rood of Greenside," where witches and sorcerers were burned at the stake, stood under the Hill in this quarter, where now in the deep hollow we see a forest of chimney pots and many quaint gables. Here were held also on festive occasions, sports, tournaments, and open air dramatic performances; vast multitudes witnessing these spectacles

from the surrounding heights. Sir David Lyndsay's "Pleasant Satyre of the Three Estaits" was acted on this spot, until the prelates of the Ancient Church, incensed by the free references to the vices of the clergy, forbade its performance. And tradition has it, that here the Earl of Bothwell first attracted the bright eyes of Queen Mary, by galloping down the steep hill and leaping his horse into the tilting-yard.

The magnificent panorama from the top of the Hill is worth a journey of many miles to see, and he needs must be a bold man who attempts with either pen or pencil to describe it, for to accomplish this adequately seems well-nigh impossible.

"Yonder the shores of Fife you saw,  
Here Preston Bay and Berwick Law,  
And, broad between them rolled  
The gallant Firth the eye might note,  
Whose islands on its bosom float,  
Like emeralds chased in gold."

On a fine day, one can, looking down the Firth of Forth, trace the outlines of both its shores a distance of twenty miles, although

twelve miles of water lie between them. Nearer at hand, where the Port of Leith looks towards the coast of Fifeshire, the width of the Forth narrows to six miles, with the island of Inchkeith midway. To the westward, on a clear day the scenic beauty is enchanting.

From the base of the Nelson Monument we get the vista — best seen from this point — of Princes Street and the overhanging mass of the Castle. This, after nightfall, affords even a more charming spectacle, with its fairy-like points of light twinkling away into the darkness beyond. Then before us lie gray Holyrood, the “House of Kings,” brooding in the hollow, so tragically associated with the unhappy Mary Stuart; and Arthur’s Seat, “a couchant lion, watchful over Scotland’s honour and Scotland’s religion.” On the top of this, tradition says King Arthur sat and watched his victorious Britons drive back the hated Picts. And here rear Salisbury Crag, towering ruddily in the sun, or hanging black and menacing in foul weather; eloquent evidence of the prehistoric time when all about here was a centre of volcanic

energy. This imposing mass, one of the most interesting geologically in the British Isles, rises sheer above the roofs of the Canongate, while about its base winds the romantic Radical Road; favourite morning and evening haunt of Sir Walter Scott when mentally evolving some of his immortal tales.

Perhaps the scene from the southern crest of the Hill — whether viewed by day or night — may impress the observer most strongly: the towering houses of Old Edinburgh rearing in ragged outline against the sky with the graceful crown of St. Giles in their midst; and, grim and massive on its crag where it has watched for a thousand years, supreme over all, looms the great Castle.

“Return thither,” says Stevenson, “on some clear, dark, moonless night, with a ring of frost in the air, and only a star or two sparsely in the heavens, and you will find a sight as stimulating as the hoariest summit of the Alps.”

## CHAPTER V

### SIR WALTER SCOTT'S EDINBURGH

THE name of Sir Walter Scott is linked for all time with Edinburgh. Everywhere there is something to bring him to mind. His beautiful Gothic spire, next to the Castle, makes most appeal to the eye, and his is the name, next to Queen Mary's, that is most often mentioned in connection with the town.

Chambers in his inimitable "Traditions of Edinburgh" gives us a fascinating picture of the Old Town as Sir Walter Scott knew it. He says:— "Edinburgh was at the beginning of George III.'s reign a picturesque, odorous, inconvenient, old-fashioned town of about seventy thousand inhabitants. It had no court, no factories, no commerce; but there was a nest of lawyers in it attending upon the Court of Session; and a considerable number of the Scotch gentry — one of whom

passed as rich then with a thousand a year — gave it the benefit of their presence during the winter.

“ Thus the town had lived for some ages, during which political discontent and division had kept the country poor. A stranger approaching the city, seeing it piled ‘ close and massy, deep and high ’ — a series of towers rising from a palace on the plain to a castle in the air — would have thought it a truly romantic place; and the impression would not have subsided much on a near inspection, when he would have found himself admitted by a fortified gate through an ancient wall, still kept in repair.”

Then he tells of the High Street of which the town chiefly consisted, with its massive and lofty houses mingled with more lowly but also more interesting structures; St. Giles, “ a huge and irregular but venerable Gothic church ” with its aerial crown; and the Castle esplanade, from which could be seen half a score of counties stretching to the blue Grampians. Everywhere in the town was a dense population; the open High Street one vast market, and throngs of



people everywhere. The ear would have been assailed by a tumult of various sounds, but on the whole the eye would have been pleased, "whatever might have been the private meditations of the nose."

It would have been only in descending to the material question of personal accommodation that the stranger would begin to think that this picturesqueness had its serious drawbacks. He would have had to seek shelter in the "White Horse" in the Canongate, or in the "White Hart" in the Grassmarket, neither of which would have furnished luxurious quarters to say the least. If he chose a private lodging, which he would have very likely done under the guidance of a ragamuffin called a "caddie" who spoke more Gaelic than English, he would have fared little better, if at all. His retreat would have then been reached by four or five stories of a common stair to the domain of some Luckie Fergusson, where a closet bed in the sitting-room would have been alluringly displayed as the acme of comfort. The attractions of this domicile would have been found on further inspection to be

enhanced by a great prospect of chimney-pots from the window, while upon the walls of the room would probably appear prints of the four seasons, a sampler, and a portrait of the Marquis of Granby.

When the stranger came to mingle in the society of the town, however, he might conclude that his accommodation compared with that of some of the first people was not so inferior after all. He would have found on going to tea at the house of Mr. Bruce of Kennet — country gentleman and lawyer — in Forrester's Wynd, that the family lived in "a region of profound darkness and mystery" at an annual rental of fifteen pounds.

"Had he got into familiar terms with the worthy lady of the mansion, he might have ascertained that they had just three rooms and a kitchen; one room, 'my lady's' — that is, the kind of parlour he was sitting in — ; another, a consulting-room for the head of the family; the third, a bedroom. The children with their maid had beds laid down for them at night in their father's room; the housemaid slept under

the kitchen dresser; and the one manservant was turned at night out of the house." The stranger would have found the domestic quarters of the tradespeople even more restricted when he visited Mr. Kerr, a wealthy goldsmith in Parliament Square. Here the living space consisted of two small rooms above his little booth-like shop which clung like a swallow's nest to the wall of St. Giles, while the nursery and kitchen were in a cellar under the level of the street.

But while things were on such a homely and narrow scale, "the town was nevertheless a funny, familiar, compact, and not unlikeable place." The College had its approach through a narrow alley, the College Wynd; the churches were chiefly clustered under one roof, that of St. Giles; the jail or Tolbooth was a narrow building half-filling up the breadth of the street, and the public offices generally were obscure places in dark narrow closes. The wits and men of letters, with a proportion of men of rank, met as "clubs" in various taverns, to which dark retreats our stranger could have scarcely found his way without a guide. In the

Assembly Rooms during the proper season, he would have found "a congregation of ladies met for dancing, and whom the gentlemen joined rather late, and rather merry." The only theatre was a dingy resort situated in the depths of the Canongate.

But there was much kindly feeling and hospitality to atone for the discomforts and inconveniences of the Old Town. Aristocrat and plebeian living within the narrow limits of a single close, or even a single house, knew and were interested in each other. "Acquaintances might not only be formed Pyramus-and-Thisbe fashion through party-walls, but from window to window, across alleys narrow enough in many cases to allow of hand coming to hand, and even lip to lip."

There was no great elegance, but a great amount of modest sociality. "Provokingly comical clubs founded each upon one joke were abundant." The ladies had tea-drinking at the primitive hour of six, from which they cruised home under the care of a lantern-bearing, patten-shod lass; or perhaps of a bad night in Saunders MacAlpine's sedan-chair. Each forenoon, for several hours, the

only clear space in town, which was about the Cross, was crowded with loungers of all classes in society. Gay — the “pleasant little man in a tye wig” — who wrote,

“How happy could I be with either,  
Were t’other dear charmer away!” —

found great amusement in surveying this lively scene from the windows of Allan Ramsay’s shop near by.

“The jostlement and huddlement was extreme everywhere. Gentlemen and ladies paraded along in the stately attire of the period; tradesmen chatted in groups, often bareheaded, at their shop-doors; caddies whisked about bearing messages, or attending to the affairs of strangers; children filled the kennel with their noisy sports. Add to this, corduroyed men from Gilmerton bawling coals or yellow sand . . . fishwives crying their caller haddies from Newhaven; whimsicals and idiots going along, each with his or her crowd of listeners or tormentors; chimney sweeps with their bags, town-guardsmen with their antique Lochaber axes; water-carriers with their dripping

barrels; barbers with their hair-dressing materials, and so forth, made up a scene perfectly unique, which once contemplated was not easily forgotten."

It is not difficult to trace the Edinburgh life of the great novelist from door to door. His birthplace in College Wynd where he was born on August 15th, 1771, has vanished it is true, with the Wynd itself, but this was his home only for a short time. The other Edinburgh dwellings of the "Wizard of the North" are still left to us as objects of interest, and to these shrines of genius many a literary pilgrim wends his way.

The home of his youth and boyhood stands to-day at 25 George Square looking exactly as it did when young Walter Scott lived there. His father, Mr. Walter Scott, writer to the Signet — one of the three great divisions into which the Scottish legal profession is separated — is described by Lockhart as "a most just, honourable and conscientious man . . . who passed from the cradle to the grave without making an enemy or losing a friend." Far from having any prescience of his son's future greatness,

he once said when young Walter expressed a taste for wandering, flute in hand, like Goldsmith over Europe, "I greatly doubt, sir, you were born for nae better than a gangrel scrape-gut (fiddler)." That the display of any such leaning towards artistic vagabondism should horrify the staid legal mind of the worthy and practical sire, we can have no doubt.

Here the little lame boy lived and grew up to young manhood. In his early youth a swelling in his ankle which later developed into a permanent lameness, kept him long confined to the house. This first led to his love of reading, and the acquisition of a great store of knowledge which his retentive memory made afterwards a most valuable possession. He wandered far and wide through the enchanted fields of mediæval romance, which to his young mind of natural antiquarian bent were fascinating above all others.

From the house in George Square young Walter limped back and forth to the High School, and despite his lameness held his own commendably in the rough sports of his

mates. He was always a valiant figure in the famous "bickers" between the school boys and theurchins of the Potterrow and Cowgate. Between "town" and "gown" there was a deadly feud, and sometimes the battles would rage fiercely around aristocratic George Square. In the High School yard he gained fame among the boys as a teller of exciting stories of the past, and this led to rambles far and wide to the historic spots where these wondrous things had happened. In their long rambles the little limping historian would only ask that his fellow pilgrims accommodate their pace to his, and he would go as far as they.

Scott's youthful days were not passed in idleness, for we have abundant evidence of his industry and activity in the pursuit of the history of bygone times which exercised over him such a fascination. It appears, however, that literature was not so engrossing as to interfere with play hours, which it seems were marked by unusual hilarity. Lady Cumming, their next door neighbour, sent in to petition the parents "that the boys might not all be flogged at the same



time, as though no doubt the punishment was deserved, yet the noise was dreadful."

After his school-days Scott entered the old "Town's College," which was then described as "a mass of ruined buildings of very ancient construction." It was towards the end of his short university career when he, then a lad of fifteen, met Burns at the house of Professor Adam Fergusson. Young Walter, who was much interested in his poetry, would have given the world to know this bright new light among the literati of Edinburgh, but the manners of that period bade youth to sit silent and listen.

Burns' attention was attracted to one of the pictures on the wall, and the lines beneath it so affected him that "he actually shed tears." This simple print, now preserved in the Chambers Institute at Peebles, represents a soldier lying on the snow, his widow with a child in her arms on one side, and his dog sitting mournfully on the other. None of the literary gathering knew whose the lines were until Scott whispered to a friend that they were written by Langhorne. The friend told Burns, who, turning his brilliant eyes

upon the boy, said, "You'll be a man yet." Thus briefly met and spoke each other in passing these two great poets of Scotland.

In deference to the wishes of his father, who saw with alarm the spell which trumpery romance and balladry were weaving about the mind of his son, young Scott began the study of law under the parental eye. He tells how while studying with a friend, William Clerk, for mutual benefit, they arranged alternate early morning meetings at each other's houses. Clerk's resolution, however, failed when the time came for him to sever himself from his couch, so Scott says he agreed every morning to go to his house, which was at the extremity of Princes Street, New Town — a walk of two miles — and beat him up to his task before seven o'clock.

He kept on with the study of law in deference to his father's wish, but far different matters filled his mind during his long rambles over Blackford Hill, and the country roundabout. Many were the excursions to historic spots, and many and curious were the ancient tales and traditions beguiled from "auld wives" and moss-grown gossips. All

this lore of the past sank deeply into his eager retentive mind, which absorbed all hungrily and ever asked for more. Thus it came to pass that his brain became a vast storehouse of strange half-forgotten history and curious legends, most of which but for the trend of his genius would undoubtedly have perished. If there ever was an illustration of the man and the hour this was one.

Scott at this time is described as a young man of many friends, deep enthusiasm, and slovenly dress. When Francis — afterward Lord — Jeffrey called on the young student after Scott had read a paper on "Ballads" at the Speculative Society, he found him "in a small den in the sunk floor of his father's house surrounded with books." Lockhart's description of the "den" is as follows: "Walter had soon begun to collect out-of-the-way things of all sorts. He had more books than shelves; a small painted cabinet with Scotch and Roman coins in it, and so forth; a claymore, a Lochaber axe given him by old Invernahyle mounted guard on a little print of Prince Charlie; and 'Broughton's Saucer' was hooked up

against the wall below it. Such was the germ of the magnificent library and museum at Abbotsford."

This relic, "Broughton's Saucer," was a memento which young Walter had carefully preserved of a scene which took place between his own father and mother — the latter said to have been a lady "short of stature and by no means comely." Her curiosity became excited by the mysterious visits of a person carefully muffled in a mantle who arrived in a sedan chair at a certain hour every evening, and was immediately ushered into her husband's private room. Feminine inquisitiveness at last could stand it no longer, and one night Mrs. Scott came uninvited into the room just as the mysterious visitor was on the point of departing, on the pretext of bringing tea, as their interview had been so prolonged.

The stranger, of distinguished appearance, and richly dressed, bowed, took one of the cups and drank, but her husband, turning aside, neither drank his tea nor introduced his guest. As soon as the latter had departed, Mr. Scott threw the empty cup out of the window, and in reply to the lady's exclama-

tion of dismay at the loss of her china said, "I can forgive your little curiosity, madam, but you must pay the penalty. I may admit into my house on a piece of business persons wholly unworthy to be treated as guests by my wife. Neither lip of me nor of mine comes after Mr. Murray of Broughton." Murray was Prince Charles Stuart's traitorous secretary, who afterwards gave evidence against the Cause.

Scott's first serious attempt at verse was a bold rendering of Burger's weird "Lenore," which was written when he was twenty-four and deeply interested in German literature. His friendship with Skene of Rubislaw, which ended only with death, began in their mutual love for the German romances. In these days there were also long rambles into the Highlands or the Borders, to historic spots and houses, with the result of an ever-increasing store of knowledge for the future magical tales. He was ever welcome at the table of the manse, or at the rude but hospitable board of the peasant. Among these scenes he made his studies of Scottish character.

His reading for the Bar, while his mind was filled with wondrous tales in the process of evolution, and with the *Wanderlust* continually calling him to the open, was a drudgery which he hated. At last he and his friend Clerk were called to the Bar together, and together, after the dread ordeal was over, they stood about the great hall in imposing array of wigs and gowns. After awhile Scott's humour rose to the occasion, and imitating a servant-lass waiting at the Edinburgh Cross to be hired, he whispered to Clerk, "We hae stood here an hour by the Tron, hinny, and de'il a ane has speered oor price." Scott's first fee of any consequence is said to have been spent for a present to his mother — a silver taper-stand.

The young advocate for the first few years had little professional work. He had plenty of time to drink claret at "Fortune's" and eat oysters at "John's Coffee House." Now and again he had an odd case given him which was more ludicrous than lucrative. His maiden effort as counsel was at a criminal trial at the Jedburgh Assizes, where he was successful in helping a notorious poacher to

escape punishment. When the verdict was pronounced Scott whispered to his client, "You're a lucky scoundrel." "I'm just o' your mind," answered the desperado, "and I'll send ye a maukin (hare) in the morn, man."

Scott's most important case as an advocate was in the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland, when he was counsel for a clergyman accused of drunkenness and immorality. The House was crowded naturally with many divines, and forgetting their presence as he progressed in his speech, the young advocate quoted in a rollicking manner an indecent and irreverent remark which it was alleged his client had made. The Assembly immediately concluded that Scott was taking unwarrantable liberties. The leader of the House at once arose, called him to order, and administered a stern rebuke. The House cheered, and that cheer was the death-knell of Scott's future hopes as an advocate. His sensitive spirit never got over this rebuff. He finished his address, but in a voice trembling with emotion. Some of his young legal friends in the gallery,

thinking their colleague had been too severely treated, gave him a cheer which only increased the confusion, for they were at once turned out. As a result Scott not only lost his case, but his good name as a speaker of taste and judgment.

His subsequent career in law amounted to a small practice which came principally through his father's hands. In 1799 he obtained through the influence of his friend the Duke of Buccleuch, the office of Sheriff-substitute of Selkirkshire, with a salary of £300 per annum. This position was considered at the Bar to indicate a graceful shelving of the recipient. In 1806 he received his appointment as Clerk of the Court of Session, which was likewise looked upon as a sinecure. It was humourously said that to fill the office satisfactorily required no special faculty except the faculty of not sleeping, or of sleeping gracefully — in other words not to snore so as to disturb the business of the Court.

A little story is told of Sir Walter's successor in the clerkship, who in later years was somewhat somnolent. One day just



before the Court rose, his lordship on the bench looked down with features expressive of deep concern, and inquired with inimitable gravity, "Mr. B—, are you quite well to-day?" "Perfectly, my lord," replied the worthy clerk; "why do you ask?" "Because," said his lordship, "I did not observe you sleeping so soundly as usual."

In 1790 young Scott astonished his friends by suddenly doffing his negligent manners and attire, becoming by comparison quite a dandy. The young lady was the pretty daughter of Sir John and Lady Stuart of Invermay, and he first met her in the churchyard of Greyfriars. One Sunday as the congregation were dispersing, a heavy shower came up—or rather down—and Scott noticed a young lady without an umbrella. He gallantly offered his, which the fair one accepted with his escort to her home. The courtship begun under an umbrella blossomed into an intimate acquaintance, and the pair walked home Sunday after Sunday from old Greyfriars.

These were not their only meetings however. In this same year he attended his first

ball in the Assembly Rooms, where gathered the rank and fashion of Edinburgh. Scott could not dance, but he could talk. He afterwards said: "It was a proud night for me when I first found that a pretty young woman could think it worth her while to sit and talk to me hour after hour in a corner of the ballroom, while all the world were capering in our view." The pretty young woman was the same lady of the umbrella. His long courtship, however, came to nought. There were objections, chiefly of difference in wealth and rank, and when she married Sir William Forbes of Pitsligo, Scott says it broke his heart. He avoided meeting her for years. Sir William Forbes was afterwards a true friend to the author of "Waverley" during his dark days of financial stress.

Edinburgh is Scott's own city, for here his youth was passed and here happened most of the great events in his life. Here were his group of friends. Clerk — the original of "Darsie Latimer;" Skene of Rubislaw; Adam Fergusson, "the merry knight," as Sir Walter called him; Thomas Thomson, the

legal antiquary, with all the others who loved and admired him. He was not without his women friends, for there was Miss Cranstoun, to whom he brought his first poem before breakfast, and who had already been his confidante in his early love affair. Then there was his young kinswoman, wife of Hugh Scott of Harden, "the first woman of real fashion that took him up," he says.

In 1797 Scott married and brought his pretty little half-French bride to lodgings on the second floor at 108 George Street. This vivacious little lady, *née* Miss Charlotte Charpentier, he had met while on a holiday, becoming at first sight a victim to her charms of person and manner. She is described as a brunette of the piquant and dainty order. Lockhart tells us that the landlady was greatly shocked at the custom of the young bride in using the best rooms to sit in on ordinary days.

It was at this period of his life that Scott took such great interest in the Edinburgh Volunteer Light Horse, which he had been instrumental in organizing when he lived in George Square. They paraded on Porto-

bello Sands in preparation for the expected French invasion. We are told that the "blare of the trumpet, the flashing of steel, and the tramp of the hoofs" so excited the spirit of the poet, that during the intervals of drill he composed some of his most stirring stanzas. These he would usually repeat to his friend Skene of Rubislaw on the march home.

Between the pretty little pastoral retreat at Lasswade — still unchanged — and the house in Castle Street, the young couple lived comfortably and with simple hospitality on their combined incomes. It was at Lasswade that William and Dorothy Wordsworth arrived at the early hour of "before breakfast," on September 17th, 1803. But it was at 39 Castle Street — that wizard's workshop whence issued so mysteriously those wonderful tales to delight an astonished world — that Scott lived and worked for twenty-eight years. Abbotsford was his "show-place" and his pride; but "No. 39" was his literary laboratory, where his vast mental stores of ancient lore were combined with his marvellous fancy, with such wonderful results.



LASSWADE COTTAGE.



It was here a greater part of his literary work was done, from the "Lay of the Last Minstrel" to "Woodstock." Here he lived the life of a sturdy, high-spirited citizen of Edinburgh, proud of his birthplace and of his townsmen. Here his children grew up around him, and here his friends were welcomed with the gracious hospitality which made him so beloved. Lord Cockburn says of him, "Scarcely, however, even in his novels was he more striking than in society; where the halting limp, the burr in the throat, the heavy cheeks, the high Goldsmith forehead, the unkempt locks, and general plainness of appearance, with the Scotch accent and stories and sayings, all graced by gaiety, simplicity and kindness, made a combination most worthy of being enjoyed."

"He was a most extraordinary being," says Hogg; "how or when he composed his voluminous works no man could tell. When in Edinburgh he was bound to the Parliament House all the forenoon. He never was denied to any living lady or gentleman, poor or rich, and he never seemed discomposed

when intruded on; but always good-humoured and kind. Many a time have I been sorry for him, for I have remained in his study in Castle Street in hopes to get a quiet word out of him, and witnessed the admission of ten intruders forbye myself."

The celebrated first visit of the Ettrick Shepherd was paid here, when Hogg, feeling sure that etiquette bade him copy the lady of the house, comfortably laid himself out at full length on the sofa opposite hers. The plebeian poet, with his rustic manners, "dined heartily and drank freely, and by jest, anecdote and song afforded merriment." As the wine circulated about, the affection and enthusiasm of the honest "Shepherd" became apparent in the increasing familiarity of his addresses to his host, who first "Sir Walter," became "Shirra," then "Scott," "Walter," and finally "Wattie." The climax was reached, however, when he addressed Mrs. Scott as "Charlotte."

Another droll scene took place in Sir Walter's town house at the time of George IV.'s visit to the city. Among the many visitors who paid their respects to the great



novelist was the poet Crabbe. In the drawing-room Crabbe found three Highland chieftains in all the glory of their national dress, talking with great volubility in a language he did not understand. Thinking they would know no English, he tried them in French.

The gentlemen in kilts, seeing an elderly, clerical individual with antiquated shoe-buckles, took him for some learned *abbe*, and when Sir Walter came into the room shortly after, he found them exchanging most painful civilities in a language which none of them were at all proficient in. Standing for a moment amazed, he suddenly burst into a hearty laugh. "Why," he cried, "you are all fools together. This is an Englishman, and these Highlanders, Mr. Crabbe, can speak as good English as you, sir."

Scott's happiest days were spent in Castle Street — "poor 39" as he lived to call it in the sad last years. A number of his familiar friends lived close at hand; Skene of Rubislaw in the same street; Captain Basil Hall, the famous traveller and author

of the "Abbotsford Journal," in St. Colme Street; and Lord Chief Commissioner Adam in Charlotte Square. To his hosts of friends and to all of worth Sir Walter's genial welcome was ever extended. His gaiety and genuine kindness made his hospitality a mutual delight to himself and to his guests. The famous dinners all took place in "39," including the informal ones on Sunday to his intimates, when "silver dishes" were dispensed with.

These merry gatherings included his old school friend Clerk; Skene of Rubislaw; Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe, the distinguished and eccentric antiquarian, most caustic of tongue, but fond of merriment; William Allan, the artist; "Bozzie's" son, Sir Alexander Boswell of Auchinleck, who wrote "Jenny Dang the Weaver;" Sir Alexander Don of Newton, and many others beside. The walls of Scott's dining-rooms, both here and at Abbotsford, echoed to the voices of many whose names are famous, for many were the pilgrims who came from all corners of the earth to sit at his board and hear him talk.

Behind the dining-room was his study, which, says Lockhart, had "a single Venetian window opening on a patch of turf not much larger than itself, and the aspect of the place was sombrous." The only table was a massive piece of furniture which had been made for him on the model of one at Rokeby. On either side of it stood a desk with all its fittings, so that when inclined, amanuenses could relieve him of the manual drudgery of his literary work.

A good day's work, from Scott's own account, was about 9,000 words. Leaving composition out of the question, the mere operation of putting this number of words on paper would occupy at an estimate, seven or eight hours. How trifling besides this output seems the fractional part which the degenerate scribbler of modern times considers an ample daily task. But it is a matter of wonder even when we consider the whirlwind pace at which Scott wrote, that he should have been able with his official duties and his social life to accomplish the tremendous tasks he set for himself.

The opinion has been advanced that Scott

— as Dumas is said to have done — sketched the outlines of his works, which were left for inferior hands to finish. This idea has no foundation to sustain it, except that there is reason for believing that James Ballantyne, his publisher, a man of great literary taste and ability, corrected and polished the manuscript of the Waverley Novels, which Sir Walter wrote at lightning speed. This, however, does not in any way diminish Scott's fame and genius. His alone was the brain which could conceive those master-pieces.

The literary "den" at Castle Street is further described as having its walls lined with books, there being no space for pictures except one. This was an original portrait of Claverhouse — "Bonnie Dundee" — which hung over the chimney-piece; having at either side a Highland target, or shield, with broadswords and dirks — each with its own history — arranged star-fashion about them.

By means of a ladder, low, broad, well carpeted and guarded with oaken rails, the great author reached the books on the higher shelves. Before opening one, he carefully

brushed the upper edge with a fox's tail mounted on an antique silver handle. When he lent a book, its place on the shelf was filled with a wooden block of the same size, on the front of which was tacked a card having the name of the borrower and the day of the lending written upon it.

Sir Walter's own desk was a richly carved old one of box-pattern, and lined with crimson velvet. A dozen reference books at a time would lie within easy reach before him, while neatly tied up with red tape, in orderly rows, were his bundles of papers. After finishing half of what he called a good day's work — about twelve pages of print — he often walked in Princes Street Gardens with Skene, and very likely before returning home would drop in to see his friend Blackwood at 17 Princes Street, or his publisher, Constable, at No. 10.

To illustrate the rapidity with which Scott worked, we have the description given by William Menzies of the tireless hand he could see night after night writing in Sir Walter's study, the window of which fronted the back of the Menzies' house on George Street. He

tells of the hand which never paused; how it threw page after page on the rapidly growing pile of manuscript and still kept on unwearied. This was the master's hand writing "Waverley" for the delight of his own and future generations. It was in this same study, in 1818, that Scott's great self-control and courage saved his life from the attack of a madman. This man, named Webber, had been befriended in a literary way by Scott, but in a fit of temporary insanity conceived a murderous hatred towards his benefactor. He suddenly appeared before him armed with pistols, and insisted on a duel in the room. Sir Walter calmly suggested that such a proceeding would disturb the ladies of the family, and proposed that they dine first. Then locking up the pistols, he coolly took the lunatic to the dining-room, and there while they dined with the unsuspecting family, Scott sent for the friends of the unfortunate man.

There was never so close a connection between literature and the Scottish Bar as at the end of the eighteenth and beginning of the nineteenth centuries, but the other

men of letters became dwarfed when compared with the great intellect of Sir Walter Scott. In Parliament House we can still see the table at which he sat with kindly face recording carefully the decisions of the First Division. Much of his time was spent in Parliament House, for after his official duties were over for the day, were there not the vaults below, filled with rich treasure in the shape of ancient parchments covered with dust and mold?

The old proverb, "Truth is stranger than fiction," was the secret of Scott's magical spell. He searched for years among the ancient Scottish literature, old ballads and black letter writings, to which was added much he obtained from the lips of "human documents" which had otherwise been lost. Thus we get in his fascinating pages the quintessence of this ancient lore, mingled with the fancies no one but he could weave. Well may it be said that some of Scott's romances can be compared, with their quaint figures and richness of colouring, to splendid mediæval tapestry.

Sir Walter may have actually composed

part of the Waverley Novels amid the judicial atmosphere of Parliament House. At all events, he had the pleasure of hearing them quoted from the bench. Judge Hermand, who is elsewhere spoken of as one of the old school of Scottish lawyers, was completely infatuated with the "Novels." Lockhart says that for weeks after "Guy Mannering" came out, the old judge talked from morning till night about Pleydell, Dandie Dinmont and the "high jinks." One morning in court he even lugged the subject in bodily in the middle of some dry legal speech, and in spite of all the objections of his brethren, read aloud a whole passage for their edification. Throughout this scene Sir Walter Scott — then the "Great Unknown" — was in his official capacity seated close to the old judge.

It was during the great novelist's life that the Old Town of Queen Mary's time became merged in modern Edinburgh. First came some fashionable squares south of the Cowgate; then, when easy communication with the northern suburbs came about by means of the North Bridge and the Mound, the



New Town rapidly sprang up and absorbed the surrounding villages. Then afterwards came the removal of the "Krames" which clung about the skirts of St. Giles, and the destruction of the "Heart of Midlothian" and of the Luckenbooths, which were torn down as obstacles in the way of traffic. From its favoured situation, however, which is only equalled by few cities in the world, Edinburgh expanded without losing much of its picturesqueness; indeed, in the Old Town even from an æsthetic point of view, some of the changes were for the better, as affording fascinating glimpses of land and sea from the busy streets.

Scott was a true son of Dun-Edin, and his interest in his "own romantic town" only ceased with his life. All about the Old Town, from the Castle to Holyrood, are the spots made memorable by their connection with either the great writer or the characters he alone could draw. It was in the Crown Room of the Castle, we remember, that the discovery of the long-lost Scottish Regalia affected him so profoundly that he walked home afterwards to Castle Street leaning on

his daughter's arm, his own trembling with excitement, and speaking not a word on the way.

In Brown Square, near the neighbourhood of his birthplace, in the fine mansion of Lord Glenlee (now the Dental Hospital) the author of "Redgauntlet" located the Fairfords. From this stately dwelling issued the fair "Lady Green Mantle" with the rustle of her silken farthingale; her hood coquetishly adjusted, and a faint odour of eau-de-luce about her. We remember also how from this same door the maudlin Peter Peebles was handed by worthy James Wilkinson to the grinning Dugald, the caddie.

The Lawnmarket and St. Giles bring to mind the "Heart of Midlothian" and the "Porteous Mob," while Parliament Square and Parliament House, witnessed for many years Sir Walter's familiar form briskly hobbling back and forth under the shadow of St. Giles. Near here also was the little workshop of "Jingling Geordie" of the "Fortunes of Nigel," who made the costly fire of bank-notes for the edification of his impecunious patron King James VI.

In Covenant Close off the High Street, was Nanty Ewart's lodging on the sixth floor. Readers of "Redgauntlet" will remember how "Nanty" in crossing the Solway Firth gives Allan Fairford a bit of personal history. He thought his father had been wiser if he had kept him at home than to send him at nineteen to study divinity at the head of the highest stair in Covenant Close. "It was a cursed mistake in the old gentleman." In Writers' Court was the famous tavern mentioned in "Guy Mannerling." Craig's Close, close by, was visited almost daily by Sir Walter, when Constable was printing here the first edition of the Waverley Novels, while among the historical associations of the Canongate, Scott was never weary of lingering.

In 1818, when Scott was forty-seven, Lockhart says in speaking of this time: "At this moment his position, take it for all in all, was, I am inclined to believe, what no other man had won for himself by the pen alone. His works were the daily food not only of his countrymen, but of all educated Europe. His society was courted by whatever England

could show of eminence. Station, power, wealth, beauty, and genius, strove with each other in every demonstration of respect and worship. Whenever he appeared in town or country, whoever had Scotch blood in him, 'gentle or simple,' felt it move more rapidly through his veins when he was in the presence of Scott."

Lockhart further says: "descending to what many looked on as higher things, Scott's annual profits for several years from his novels alone had been not less than £10,000." His Castle of Abbotsford was assuming form, and "few doubted that ere long he might receive from the just favour of his Prince, some distinction in the way of external rank such as had seldom before been dreamt of as the possible consequences of mere literary celebrity." When the Prince Regent became King, the distinction came, and in 1820 Scott went to London to receive the baronetcy conferred upon him. Edinburgh in addition showered honours on her favourite son, and he became President of the Royal Society, Professor of Ancient History to the Royal Scottish Academy, and

first President of the Bannatyne Club, of which he was founder.

Now was his greatest period of activity as citizen and author, and many were the calls upon his time and talent. His form limping busily about the town was familiar to all as he bustled to and fro; from Parliament House, from his printer's, from his many public meetings, pausing every now and then to make the centre of a group which clustered eagerly about him. Many a child or stranger had his rugged form pointed out to them; "Look! there is the great Sir Walter Scott."

George IV. came in state to Edinburgh in 1822, and the fortnight of his stay was the proudest period of Sir Walter's life, for it was his influence which had brought about the royal visit. On the rainy day when the "Royal George" dropped her anchor in Leith Roads—near where the galleys of Queen Mary made mooring in the heavy mist which greeted her arrival in 1561—Scott was rowed alongside and came on board. In native whisky the King toasted him, and Sir Walter enthusiastically asked

to keep the glass, which he deposited in his coat-tail pocket and went back to Castle Street carefully holding the skirt of his coat before him. But his precious relic was doomed, for on arriving home he found Crabbe, the poet, waiting to greet him, and Scott in the warmth of his hospitality forgot all else temporarily. He sat down beside Crabbe, and the historic glass was no more.

Great was the reception given to George IV., and Sir Walter was at the head and front of everything. He was with the King at the levees at Holyrood, at St. Giles on Sunday, at the special performance of "Rob Roy" given by Murray's company at the Theatre Royal, and at the great banquet to the King at Parliament House. It was Scott who arranged the splendid procession from Holyrood to the Castle to represent the ancient "Riding of the Parliament," and as he stood with the pleased monarch on the "King's Bastion" he made the earnest request that the old Scottish national relic "Mons Meg," then in the Tower of London, be returned to her former place on the Citadel.



THE CANONGATE DURING THE PROCESSION OF GEORGE IV, AUGUST 22D, 1822, SHOWING CANONGATE TOL-BOOTH.





Meg came back from her long exile, to Sir Walter's great joy and satisfaction. The royal visit had other good results, among them being the knighting of Raeburn, the great Scottish painter, and of Sir Walter's friend, Adam Fergusson, Deputy-Keeper of the Regalia; and the restoration of the Scottish peerages which had been forfeited in 1715 and 1745.

The ill-starred business venture with the Ballantynes, his publishers, which led to his financial ruin and ultimately to his death, we will not go into. On a cold January morning in 1826, his old friend Skene arrived at the house in Castle Street in response to his summons. Scott said to him, "My friend, give me a shake of your hand; mine is that of a beggar." Offers of assistance were forced upon him from every hand, testifying to the love and veneration in which he was held; from the city banks, his friends of all degrees, his children, and foremost of all Sir William Forbes, his old rival in love. Scott wrote in his diary, "It is fated our planets should cross, though, and at periods most interesting to me."

His proud nature would accept no help. "This right hand shall pay it all," was his answer to every one, and he kept his word at the cost of his life. He simply worked himself to death to pay his debts. How much he was attached to his home is shown by the entry in his diary two months later: "March 15, 1826 — This morning I left No. 39 Castle Street for the last time. 'The cabin was convenient' and habit made it agreeable to me . . . so farewell poor No. 39. What a portion of my life has been spent there! It has sheltered me from the prime of my life to its decline, and now I must bid good-bye to it."

At a public dinner given in the Assembly Rooms in George Street in February, 1827, in aid of the Theatrical Fund, Sir Walter Scott occupied the chair, and the occasion was made memorable by his public avowal that he alone was the author of "The Waverley Novels." While heroically working, no longer as the "Great Unknown," to pay his vast indebtedness, Sir Walter first took shabby lodgings, all alone, at No. 6 North St. David Street. Next day there, as if

fate had not used him harshly enough, he heard of his wife's death at Abbotsford.

Next winter, he lived alone with his youngest daughter in a furnished house at No. 3 Walker Street, and finally at 6 Shandwick Place, his last fixed residence in Edinburgh. As a white-haired, feeble old man he was often seen slowly limping along, leaning on the arm of the gray-plaided Ettrick Shepherd, or that of Lockhart, his son-in-law. In Athole Crescent — No. 6 — the house of Cadell, his publisher, he stayed for a few days, and made his will before starting on the voyage to Italy. When he came home from this last sad journey to die at his beloved Abbotsford, his last night in his "own romantic town" was passed in unconsciousness at the old Douglas Hotel, then the chief hostelry of the New Town, in St. Andrew Square.

In Dryburgh Abbey the simple inscription shows us the last resting-place of Edinburgh's most beloved and illustrious son:— "Sir Walter Scott, Baronet, died September 21, A. D. 1832." His name will ever stand in glowing letters on the pages of Scotland's history.

## CHAPTER VI

### LITERARY EDINBURGH AND THE UNIVERSITY

THE minstrels and troubadours who in early times were numerous about the Courts of Europe, were not unknown at the Courts of Scottish kings, in contradiction to the statements of some early writers who contended that Scotland was a wilderness peopled by barbarians. Dr. Dickson in his "Accounts of the Lord High Treasurer of Scotland" says: "Minstrels as contributing largely to the general enjoyment were not forgotten, a gratuity usually of 9s. to 18s. being given to each one present, whether they were in the king's service or not." That wandering minstrels were always welcome numerous entries show in the Treasurer's accounts: "1495 — Item, to ye English menstrellis be ye Kingis command, £13. 6s. 8d.;" "1497 — Item, to ye minstralis for their Pasche (Easter) reward;" and

“ Item — yat samen daye giffen to twa fithelaris (fiddlers) yat sang Greysteil to ye Kyng, ix.” “ Greysteil ” was the name of an ancient ballad.

In early times the great religious houses were the principal sources of education, which was by no means strikingly manifest even among the wealthy and noble. Until the end of the fifteenth century and even later, great illiteracy prevailed throughout Scotland, and the children of the nobility were equally ignorant with those of the common people. It was a rare accomplishment to be able to read, and more rare to be able to write.

By degrees, however, the schools attached to the cloisters of the monasteries throughout the country wherein the children were taught by the learned monks, began to show their enlightening influence. As illustrations of these schools were the Royal High School, founded by the Augustinian monks of Holyrood in the thirteenth century, and the celebrated school of the Franciscans attached to their monastery of the Greyfriars in the Grassmarket; with the equally noted one

of the Dominicans or Black Friars in the Cowgate.

From almost the first years of the Stuarts they made Edinburgh the centre of learning and of culture. St. Andrews was the home of the oldest Scottish university, but this institution was more of a religious than literary character. With the invention of printing, Edinburgh, through the enterprise of its early craftsmen Chepman and Myllar, at once took the lead in the spread of letters in Scotland.

Several of the six Jameses were not only supporters of letters but were themselves writers of some literary ability. The Poet-King James I. (1394-1437), whose education had been in England, was familiar with the best literature of his time, and especially with the poems of Chaucer and of Gower. His learning is well shown in his noble poem the "King's Quhair."

James III. (1451-88) we remember was a student and philosopher, being in culture far in advance of his age. Entirely out of touch with his people, who deemed his culture a sign of weakness, he lived the life

practically of a recluse except for the companionship of a few men of letters. Among the authors of his time were Sir Mungo Lockhart of the Lee; Sir John the Ross; Clerk of Tranent; Roull of Corstorphine; and Robert Henryson, "Chaucer's aptest and brightest scholar," all of whom were associated with Edinburgh.

From the time of William Dunbar, the friar of many wanderings and "King's Makar," or Laureate, of James IV., down to the days of Scott, Aytoun, and Wilson, Edinburgh may well be called a city of song. The "romantic town" where poets were born and bred has in turn inspired the lays which have made indelible imprint on the pages of the world's literature.

William Dunbar — deep thinker and wise man of the world was he, as his writings plainly show — "as a courtier," says Mr. Oliphant Smeaton in his interesting "Life of Dunbar," "boarded at the King's expense, and received each year his robe of red velvet edged with costly fur." Dunbar's "Flytings" (scoldings) with his rival poet and "kindly foe," "Gude Maister Walter Ken-

nedey," which were written for the diversion of James IV. and his Court, doubtless passed as the essence of humour of that age. They are amusing even now as examples of horse-play in rhyme, wherein each poet by mutual friendly agreement, heaps the most scurrilous abuse on the head of the other with comic intent.

But William Dunbar must not be judged by his "Flytings," which were only done in frolicsome mood to amuse King and Court. The beautiful "Thistle and the Rose," his "Epithalamium" on the marriage of James IV. with Margaret of England, shows his rank as first in the list of tuneful poets in that age. Others among his principal works are "The Golden Targe," "The Lament for the Makars," and the "Dance of the Seven Deadly Sins," with a number of pungent satires.

Walter Kennedy, Dunbar's friend and "fellow-flyter," was a poet of no mean order, but next to Dunbar must be named Gawain Douglas, Bishop of Dunkeld, with his "Palace of Honour," and translation of the *Æneid*. The reign of James IV. (1473-



1513) was not only the golden age of the Stuarts, but a brilliant period in the literary history of Edinburgh as well. Then in the reign of James V., himself a poet of ability, came Sir David Lyndsay of the Mount with his "Pleasant Satyre of the Three Estaits," which it is claimed did much to bring about the Reformation.

King James V. among other pieces wrote "The Jollie Beggar," which judging from its conclusion has probably some reference to his own adventures in his wanderings about in disguise among his people. At all events, it seems to be characteristic of the "King of the Commons" as he was called, and Sir Walter Scott pronounced it the best comic ballad in any language. The first lines are as follows:—

"There was a jollie beggar,  
And a begging he was boun,  
And he took up his quarters  
Into a landart toun:  
He wadna lie into the barn,  
Nor wad he in the byre,  
But in ahint the ha' door,  
Or else afore the fire.  
And we'll gang nae mair a roving,

A roving in the night ;  
 We'll gang nae mair a roving,  
 Let the moon shine e'er so bright."

A greater era of culture prevailed during the reign of Mary and of her son James VI. James himself was a poet, and one of his pieces, the "Poem of Time," may be given honourable mention: —

"For what hath man but tyme into this lyfe,  
 Which gives him dayis his God aright to know."

But the great poet of this epoch was William Drummond of Hawthornden, whose charming lyrics are unequalled among the poetry of his age, as his madrigal, "A Kiss," shows: —

"Hark, happy lovers, hark,  
 This first and last of joys,  
 This sweetner of annoys,  
 This nectar of the gods  
 You call a kiss, is with itself at odds,  
 And half so sweet is not  
 In equal measure got  
 At light of sun, as it is in the dark.  
 Hark, happy lovers, hark."

Sir Robert Aytoun was another graceful poet who wrote the oft-quoted "Forsaken Mistress:" —



WILLIAM DRUMMOND OF HAWTHORNDEN.



“ I do confess thou’rt sweet, yet find  
 Thee such an unthrift of thy sweets,  
 Thy favours are but like the wind,  
 Which kisses everything it meets,  
 And since thou canst love more than one,  
 Thou’rt worthy to be loved by none.”

Alexander Hume was another poet of merit whose “ Day Estivall ” (Summer Day) is given — or rather the first few lines of it — in an old form: —

“ O perfite light! quhilk schaid<sup>1</sup> away  
 The darkness from the light,  
 And set a ruler ower the day,  
 Ane uther ower the night.”

Alexander Montgomerie’s “ Cherrie and the Slae ” <sup>2</sup> is likewise of quaint interest: —

“ About ane bank with balmy bewis,<sup>3</sup>  
 Quhair nyctingales thair notis renewis,  
 With gallant goldspinks <sup>4</sup> gay :  
 The mavis,<sup>5</sup> merle,<sup>6</sup> and progne <sup>7</sup> proud,  
 The lintquhyt,<sup>8</sup> lark, and laverock <sup>9</sup> loud  
 Salutit mirthful May.”

<sup>1</sup> Shed.    <sup>2</sup> Sloe.    <sup>3</sup> Boughs.    <sup>4</sup> Goldfinches.  
<sup>5</sup> Thrush.    <sup>6</sup> Blackbird.    <sup>7</sup> Swallow.    <sup>8</sup> Linnnet.  
<sup>9</sup> Lark. (Repeated for the measure.)

George Buchanan, the great Scots historian and Latinist, who was for a time the tutor of James VI., was one of the great literary lights who dwelt in Edinburgh. As author and reformer his influence was widely felt.

In 1582 Edinburgh University was founded, and next year Robert Rollock, a professor at St. Andrews, became the first "Regent and Master of the New College." Four years after the foundation of the college the staff consisted of a principal and three regents, each of whom carried his classes through all the subjects: Latin, Greek, Philosophy, Divinity, Hebrew and the sciences.

From the length of the term and of each working day, we can readily infer that college life in the Old Town did not mean one continuous round of pleasure. The term lasted from October until the end of August, when the Town Council examined the students. Classes met at 5 A. M. in summer and 6 A. M. in winter and studied until 9. After a recess of one hour they met again at 10 and continued till noon, at which time

the disputations began, lasting until 4 P. M. A recess was allowed until 6 P. M., when examination began which continued until 8. It is impossible to estimate the influence of the University upon the culture and learning of Edinburgh. Among the names of its principals and professors may be found many illustrious ones.

Taylor, the "Water Poet," made his journey on foot from London to Edinburgh in 1618, and makes many waggish comments anent the Old Town and its inhabitants.

The Revolution of 1688 was a great stimulant to the poetic life of the Old Town, and many were the satires published by both the Jacobite and the Royalist factions. Allan Ramsay was at this time writing his "Gentle Shepherd," and Dr. Archibald Pitcairn was describing the quaint life of the Old Town in his fascinating "Latin Eclogues."

The half century from 1725 to 1775 was the period of "convivial Edinburgh;" the time when clubs were so numerous, and when if a man did not do his share of the prevalent deep drinking he was looked upon as most eccentric and unsociable. David Hume in

this era wrote his "History of England;" Home wrote his "Douglas," which cost him his position as a minister in the Church of Scotland, and William Robertson gave to the world his brilliant "History of Scotland," and the "History of America."

Among the other great writers were Adam Ferguson, author of the "History of the Roman Republic;" Tytler, who gave a different view of Scotland's history from that of Robertson, and Dr. Hugh Blair, the brilliant preacher. This epoch in the literary life of Edinburgh shows many great men of letters, among them Lords Hailes, Kames, and Monboddo, who wrote not only in legal vein, but upon other subjects with equal facility.

Among the poets were Robert Ferguson, whose poems in the vernacular were the inspiration of Burns; Falconer, who wrote the "Shipwreck;" Dr. Blacklock, the blind poet, who wrote the beautiful descriptions of scenery which his eyes had never beheld; and Henry Mackenzie, author of the "Man of Feeling."

With the bright advent of Scott, all other



contemporary literature became for the time being unimportant; still there were John Wilson — “Christopher North,” — Thomas Campbell, author of the “Pleasures of Hope;” Robert Pollock, who wrote the “Course of Time,” and others of note. The establishment of “Blackwood’s Edinburgh Magazine,” and the “Edinburgh Review,” to which John Wilson, James Hogg, Lockhart, Jeffrey, and other geniuses contributed, drew fresh attention to Edinburgh as a literary centre. In addition Thomas Chalmers’ fame as scientist, philosopher and theologian was world-wide, while Dr. Thomas M’Crie’s reputation as historian and theologian was scarcely less.

With the death of Sir Walter Scott in 1832 the literary fame of Edinburgh speedily diminished, and London became more and more the centre to which men of letters were drawn. Yet Edinburgh still had among its residents many distinguished men in literature and in science. Thomas De Quincey lived here in his later days and did much of his best work. The scenes in and about Edinburgh were familiar to that genius

Robert Louis Stevenson, who passed away so untimely in distant Samoa. Here lived also Miss Ferrier, who so delightfully depicted Scottish character; Aytoun, who wrote "Lays of the Scottish Cavaliers;" John Hill Burton, historian and "Book-Hunter;" W. F. Skene, the historian of Celtic Scotland; and David Laing, the profound antiquarian, who edited so many ancient Scottish works, in verse and prose. These are but a few of the many who might be quoted.

To the literary pilgrim, some mention of the houses in which dwelt the more famous of Edinburgh's authors may be of interest. The homes of Sir Walter Scott are spoken of in the section devoted to the great novelist.

In Allan Ramsay's house on Castle Hill where the author of the "Gentle Shepherd" died in 1758, John Galt, the novelist, dwelt in later years, and there wrote his "Annals of the Parish." The Ramsay house is now a part of the University Hall. In the West Princes Street Gardens is the fine statue of "Honest Allan" by Sir John Steell.

At 42 Lothian Street is the house where



Allan Ramsay

J. Smibert P.

G. Vertue Sc.



De Quincey the "Opium-eater" lived for many years, and where he died in 1859. The house was kept by a Mrs. Wilson, a widow, and her maiden sister Miss Stark. We are told that "this maiden sister seems really to have been a mature guardian angel to De Quincey. More than once she said she had 'put him out,' when he had fallen asleep with his head on the table, and overturned a candle on his papers. She used to buy his apparel for him piecemeal; now a pair of socks, now a pair of boots, now a coat, now a waistcoat — never a whole suit." When he had an engagement to dine out, she had to keep him up to it, and to call for him afterward, lest he should forget to come home at the hour fixed, as he was apt to get liveliest in the early hours.

De Quincey is described as a small quaint figure attired in a voluminous garment which was made much too large, and which served the purpose of both under and overcoat. He at one time lived for many months with Professor John Wilson when the latter resided in Ann Street. Mrs. Gordon, Wilson's daughter, gives us a description of the

“Opium-eater’s” habits:— “An ounce of laudanum per diem prostrated animal life in the early part of the day. It was no infrequent sight to find him in his room lying on the rug in front of the fire, his head resting on a book, with his arms crossed over his breast in profound slumber. For several hours he would lie in this state, until the torpor passed away. The time when he was most brilliant, was generally towards the early morning hours; and then, more than once, in order to show him off, my father arranged his supper-parties so that sitting till three or four in the morning, he brought Mr. De Quincey to the point at which in charm and power of conversation he was so truly wonderful.”

At No. 21 in old-fashioned Crichton Street lived Mrs. Cockburn of Ormiston, who wrote the later version of the “Flowers of the Forest.” “In her little parlour used to assemble,” says Scott, “a very distinguished and accomplished circle, among whom David Hume, John Home, Lord Monboddo, and many other men of name were frequently to be found.” Mrs. Cockburn was a friend of

Scott's mother, and wrote her a prophetic letter about him when he was but a child of six.

No. 8 St. David Street (New Town) was the house in which David Hume spent his last years, and where he died. Says Burton in his "Life of Hume:" "When the house was built and inhabited by Hume, but while yet the street . . . had no name, a witty young lady — daughter of Chief Baron Ord — chalked on the wall the words 'St. David Street,' in sly allusion to Hume's religious views. Hume's lass, judging that it was not meant in honour or reverence, ran into the house, much excited, to tell her master how he was made game of. 'Never mind, lassie,' he said, 'many a better man has been made a saint of before.'"

At 17 Heriot Row, in the older part of the New Town, Robert Louis Stevenson lived from 1857 until his final departure on that weary hunt for health which ended in the lonely grave at Samoa. It was in this house that he spent his boyish days; here he dreamed and read, and here some of his earliest and best essays were written. That

he was a keen lover of Edinburgh his " Picturesque Notes " bear ample testimony.

No. 6 Gloucester Place was the residence of Professor John Wilson, " Christopher North," from 1825 until his death in 1854, and here all his best work was done. Carlyle writes of him in 1827:— " a man of the most fervid temperament, fond of all stimulating things from tragic poetry down to whisky punch. He snuffed, and smoked cigars, and drank liquors, and talked in a most indescribable style. Daylight came on before we parted; indeed, it was towards three o'clock when the professor and I walked homeward, smoking as we went. He is a broad sincere man of six feet, with long dishevelled hair, and two blue eyes keen as an eagle's."

Robert Chambers, friend of Sir Walter Scott, and a writer of prodigious industry as his long list of works testifies, lived at No. 1 Doune Terrace. He was the younger of the two brothers to whom Scotland and all Scotsmen owe so much. At twenty, he wrote his brilliant " Traditions of Edinburgh," which attracted at once the aston-



ished and delighted notice of Scott, leading to a warm friendship between them. Chamber's last work, the "Book of Days," was the final great task which killed him. "Robert was so constituted that remarkably little sleep sufficed for him when in health, seldom more than five hours out of the twenty-four being so spent. Breakfast at eight, writing in his own house till one, a visit to the office, a walk of an hour or two, and retirement to his study — when not dining out or entertaining at home — to work from eight to one, appears to have been his daily routine. . . . He used to pay for two pews in different churches, and on being asked the reason, replied, 'Because when I am not in one, it will be concluded by the charitable that I am in the other.'"

No. 24 Moray Place lived for many years Francis, Lord Jeffrey, a man of many and brilliant attainments; writer, critic, reviewer, editor and famous lawyer. He founded the "Edinburgh Review" in 1802, to which Sir Walter Scott was a contributor in his earlier days of authorship. Carlyle tells in his reminiscences of a call on Jeffrey in

his study, "a roomy, not over neat apartment on the ground floor, with a big baize-covered table loaded with book rows and paper bundles . . . five pairs of candles were cheerfully burning, in the light of which sate my famous little gentleman; laid aside his work — cheerfully invited me to sit, and began talking in a perfectly human manner."

At No. 3 Randolph Crescent was the residence of John Blackwood, editor of "Blackwood's Magazine" and "discoverer" of George Eliot, whose "Scenes of Clerical Life," sent to him anonymously, first appeared in his "Magazine." John was a son of the founder of the famous firm of William Blackwood & Sons. After his death, George Eliot wrote, "He will be a heavy loss to me; he has been bound up with what I most cared for in my life for more than twenty years; and his good qualities have made many things easy to me that, without him, would often have been different." She received from him £5,000 for one of her later works.

On the northwest outskirts of the city in

one of a row of small houses in Comely Bank — No. 21 — Thomas Carlyle lived for the first eighteen months after his marriage with Jane Welsh, and gives us a sketch of his days spent here: — “ Directly after breakfast, the good wife and the doctor (his brother John, who was staying with them) retire upstairs to the drawing-room, a little place all fitted up like a lady’s workbox, where a spunk of fire is lit for the forenoon, and I meanwhile sit scribbling, and meditating and wrestling with the powers of dulness till one or two o’clock, when I sally forth into the city, or towards the seashore, taking care only to be home for the important purpose of consuming my mutton chop at four. After dinner, we all read learned languages till coffee (which we now often take at night instead of tea), and so till bedtime, only that Jane often sews, and the doctor goes up to the celestial globe, studying the fixed stars through an upshoved window, and generally comes down to his porridge about ten, with a nose dripping at its extremity. Thus we pass our days in our little cottage. Many a time on a

soft mild night, I smoke my pipe in our little flower garden, and look upon all this, and think of all absent and present friends, and feel that I have good reason to be thankful I am not in Purgatory."

Any reference to literary Edinburgh would be incomplete without some account of the Free Library founded in 1890 through the generous gift of Mr. Andrew Carnegie, a native of Dunfermline, and whose interest in the land of his birth has been displayed in so many ways. This handsome edifice in the French Renaissance style, designed by Washington Brown, was erected at a cost of £50,000 through the public-spiritedness of the American "Steel King." Under the able supervision of its committee, and its chief librarian, Dr. Morrison, it has been of the greatest value in extending to great numbers the intellectual help which otherwise had been beyond their reach. The building contains a large lending library and a fine reference library, with newspaper and magazine rooms, while branches are maintained in various parts of the city. Such an institution as this cannot help but

have wide influence on the intellectual life of the city.

The library stands on a historic site, for here once stood the house built in 1616 by Sir Thomas Hope of Hopetoun — King's Advocate to Charles I. in 1626 — who helped to frame the Solemn League and Covenant. This mansion was one of the most splendid of its day in Edinburgh, and its tapestried chambers witnessed many of the councils which led to the formation of the Army of the Covenant. The house, a large one, had a wide arched entrance and a central stair, while the rooms were elaborately oak-panelled, and had decorated ceilings. Over the door was the carved inscription "TECVM. HABITA" — from the fourth satire of Persius — and this same old lintel may be seen over an inner doorway of the Public Library. Two of the sons of Sir Thomas were raised to the Bench while he was still King's — or Lord — Advocate, and as it was thought unbecoming for a father to plead uncovered before his own children, he was permitted to wear his hat, which privilege the Lord Advocate can claim to this day.

*The University*

Edinburgh University, "Oure Tounis College" as it used to be called, sprang up on the site of Kirk-o'-Field, where Darnley met his death. Its origin was in the bequest of Robert Reid, Bishop of Orkney, who left to the town in 1558 8,000 merks for the erection of a University. Queen Mary, who strongly approved the proposal, drew up a charter for the new institution in 1566, but this was rendered void by her abdication soon after. In fact, on this very spot one year after the drafting of her charter, there happened that tragic event — the murder of Darnley — which resulted in Mary's loss of crown and kingdom.

The Town Council, left to their own resources, erected in 1582 the original quaint group of quadrangular buildings — with the royal approbation of James VI., who further gave his gracious permission in 1617 that the College might be named after himself. It does not appear that James strained his generosity beyond this point. The University owes little to royal favour, and the



THE UNIVERSITY, SOUTH BRIDGE.





annual endowment of £200 granted by Cromwell was rescinded at the Restoration. Well may Edinburgh point with pride to this noble institution, which under the control of the city fathers has grown and prospered for centuries.

The original buildings were in a ruinous condition when the present stately edifice was begun in 1789, and which was not completed until forty-five years later. The present buildings, in which the Grecian style predominates, form a perfect parallelogram 356 feet long by 225 feet wide, with a quadrangle at the west end in which is a statue of Sir David Brewster. A golden figure of "Youth" bearing the torch of "Knowledge" surmounts the majestic dome. It is to be regretted that the buildings are now so closely hemmed in by houses. The library, a most valuable one, numbering more than 250,000 volumes and 7,000 MSS., many of them of great historical interest, occupies the south side of the quadrangle. The Senate Hall, a splendid apartment on the second floor, is adorned with the busts of bygone professors, while rare books line its

walls. From the foot of the dome the view is magnificent, embracing as it does nearly all Midlothian and the coast of Fife.

There are in the University forty professors, distributed among the six Faculties of Divinity, Law, Medicine, Arts, Science, and Music, while each session sees about 3,000 students — chiefly medical — enrolled. In medicine and surgery Edinburgh has held a foremost place for nearly two hundred years, and the rapid growth of these departments necessitated in recent years the erection of the imposing pile of buildings in Teviot Place — the Edinburgh University Medical School.

This, before the completion of the magnificent new Harvard Medical School in Boston, Massachusetts, was without doubt the most fully equipped medical institution in the world. We may mention that in the Anatomical Museum of the Edinburgh Medical School is kept the skeleton of William Burke, the infamous murderer and resurrectionist whose story is told elsewhere.

The first building devoted to the study and teaching of anatomy in Edinburgh was the

old Surgeons' Hall in Surgeon Square. This institution belonged to the Incorporation of Surgeons and Barbers, who received their charter from the Town Council in 1505. Almost all the great teachers whose reputation helped to make the Edinburgh Medical School famous throughout the world, have passed part of their youth or manhood in Surgeon Square.

In the charter to the Surgeons and Barbers in 1505, a special privilege was conferred upon them to receive once a year the body of a criminal for dissection "after he was dead." This strange condition was imposed because it was said that cases were not uncommon where natural death had been anticipated by dissection. Hanging in former days was not always an effective mode of punishment, as illustrated in the case of "Half-hanged Maggie" Dickson which has been quoted.

In the middle of the seventeenth century it was found that one body in the year, in view of scientific progress, was totally inadequate for anatomical purposes, so thus came into existence in Edinburgh as elsewhere

the daring and ghoulish trade of the "resurrectionist." It must be admitted however, that repulsive as this practice was, the Medical School without it would have been many years longer in gaining her great reputation.

However, as matters then stood, professional "body-snatchers," grave-diggers, and beadles heartily co-operated with the doctors in procuring subjects from the surrounding villages and towns, as well as from the local graveyards. The authorities at Carlisle not infrequently pounced upon consignments from London, and the verdict given at the coroner's inquest was usually "found dead in a box." After this state of affairs had continued for a time, so great became the fear among the people of these "resurrection" practices, that coffins were enclosed in iron cages, or iron bars were fixed over the graves, examples of which the curious may see in Greyfriars, St. Cuthbert's and other local churchyards. If the reader is inclined for further particulars on this not particularly cheerful subject, he will find them in a short story by Robert Louis Stevenson called "The Body Snatcher," but it may be

suggested that it would be wise for an imaginative individual not to read it just before retiring.

The young Medical School had a remarkable succession of famous anatomists and physiologists in the three Munros, Barclay, Robert Knox, and Goodsir, who have been later followed by no less brilliant instructors. The present Surgeons' Hall on Nicholson Street, south of the University is a beautiful building, designed after the model of a Greek temple. It has in connection an extensive and excellent museum. In connection with this mention of the Medical School, it may be noted that at No. 52 Queen Street in the New Town, the discovery of chloroform was made by Sir James Y. Simpson, M. D., who thus tells us the story: "I had had the chloroform beside me for some days, but it seemed so unlikely a liquid to produce results of any kind, being heavy and unvolatile, that it was laid aside; and on searching for another subject among some loose papers, after coming home very late one night, my hand chanced to fall upon it, and I poured some of the fluid into

tumblers before my assistants, Dr. George Keith, Dr. Duncan, and myself. Before sitting down to supper we all inhaled the fluid, and were all under the mahogany in a trice, to my wife's consternation and alarm. On awakening, my first perception was mental, viz., that this was stronger and better than ether, my second was to note that I was prostrate on the floor among a heap of others, and that there was confusion and alarm in the room. I then saw that Dr. Duncan was snoring heavily, and that Dr. Keith was kicking violently. We made several more trials with it that evening, all being absolutely satisfactory." The memory of this benefactor to humanity is perpetuated by Brodie's statue of him in the beautiful West Princes Street Gardens, which were planned by Skene of Rubislaw, Scott's intimate friend.

We get a hint regarding the strange ideas of medical treatment long ago in the receipt for the celebrated "Powder of Sympathy" which in somewhat earlier times in England was held a sovereign specific for the cure of wounds. In 1659 a Scottish gentleman sends

the receipt to a friend: — “ Take of asphodel Romano, and set it under the sun in the canicular days till it become in white ashes, or like white powder. That done, put it in a box. Then to apply: Take the blood or matter of the wound on a clean linen, and lay on a little of the powder to the blood or matter; and keep the cloth in a box, where it may neither get cold nor much heat. This done, dress the wounded person every day once, and keep always linen cloths above the wound. But let no linen cloth which hath been used or worn by any woman come near the powder or wounded person. Observe this secret, and keep it to yourself.”

In 1677 Jon Ponthus, a German styling himself a professor of physic, visited Edinburgh, and his proceedings afford an illustration of the state of medical science in Scotland at this time as well as of the views of the public mind regarding the qualifications of a good physician. Erecting a stage on the High Street of Edinburgh, he had one person to play the fool, and another to dance on a rope, in order to attract and amuse his audience. Then he commenced selling his

drugs, which cost eighteen-pence per packet, and Nicoll allows that they “proved very good and real.” This honest chronicler seems to have been much pleased with the antics of the performers. Upon a great rope fixed from side to side of the street, a man “descended upon his breast, his hands loose and stretched out like the wings of a fowl, to the admiration of many.” Most curious of all, “the chirurgeons of the country, and also the apothecaries, finding thir drugs and recipes good and cheap, came to Edinburgh from all parts of the kingdom and bought them,” for the purpose of selling them again at a profit. “Thir plays and dancings upon the rope continued the space of many days, whose agility and nimbleness was admirable to the beholders; ane of these dancers having danced sevenscore times at a time without intermission, lifting himself and vaulting six quarter heigh above his awn head, and lighting directly upon the tow (rope) as punctually as gif he had been dancing upon the plain-stones.”



## CHAPTER VII

### OLD MANNERS AND CUSTOMS

THE manners and customs which prevailed among the inhabitants of Old Edinburgh make perhaps interesting and instructive reading.

In 1575, the General Assembly declared its mind regarding the dress fit for clergymen and their wives. "We think all kinds of broidering unseemly; all begares <sup>1</sup> of velvet, in gown, hose, or coat, and all superflous and vain cutting out, steeking with silks, all kind of costly sewing on passments <sup>2</sup> . . . all kind of costly sewing, or variant hues in sarks; all kind of light and variant hues in clothing, as red, blue, yellow, and such like, which declare the lightness of the mind; all wearing of rings, bracelets, buttons of silver, gold, or other metal; all kinds of superfluity

<sup>1</sup> Coloured stripes sewed on a garment.

<sup>2</sup> Fringes or trimmings.

of cloth in making of hose; all using of plaids in the kirk, by readers or ministers; all kind of gowning, cutting, doubletting, or breeks of velvet, satin, taffeta, or such like; all silk hats of divers and light colours." It was recommended to the clergy that "their whole habit be of grave colour, as black, russet, sad gray, or sad brown; or serges, worset, chamlet, grogram, lytes worset, or such like. . . . And their wives to be subject to the same order."

It seems strange that any such sumptuary regulations should have been required for the Presbyterian ministers or even their wives, for their incomes were most meagre. The proceedings of the General Assembly of 1576 reveal the fact that some were compelled to eke out their miserable stipends by selling ale to their parishioners. The question was formally put, "Whether a minister or reader may tap ale, beer, or wine, and keep an open tavern?" to which it was answered, "Ane minister or reader that taps ale or beer or wine, and keeps ane open tavern, sould be exhorted by the commissioners to keep decorum."



AN EMINENT JUDGE  
OF BROOM PEDDERS !!!

*Old JOHN TAIT the Broom maker who dwelt in the County  
of Edinburgh till he arrived at the age of one hundred & ten years Just in Jan. 1777  
Leaving YEUNG JOHN, and 27 other Descendants*

JOHN TAIT, THE BROOM PEDDLER. AN OLD EDINBURGH CHARACTER.



The household book of the Dowager Countess of Mar, Lady Mary Stewart, daughter of the first Duke of Lennox, which commences in 1638 and runs on for several years, throws some light on the domestic life of the aristocracy at this period. The items given are taken as they occur, without being worked up to any general effect. It may be mentioned that the moneys are Scots, and but a fraction of sterling money of the same denomination.

“Edinburgh, January 23, 1639, to my lady as she went to Lord Belhaven his burial, and to visit my Lady Hume, £5, 8s. February, to Charles (son of the countess), the night he was married, to give the poor, £5, 8s. 3d. February 23, paid for ane pound of raisins to my lady again' the fasting Sunday, 8s. June 11, to Thom Eld, sent to Alloa for horses to take my lady's children and servants to the army then lying at the Border, 2s. Paid to the Lady Glenurchy for aqua-vitae that she bought to my lady, 6s. Paid for carrying down the silver wark to the Council house, to be weighed and delivered to the town-treasurer of Edinburgh, 10s. (The lady

thus devoted her plate to the maintenance of the Covenanted cause.) August 23, paid for twa pair sweet gloves to Lord James and Mr. Will. Erskine, £3. September 9, to Lord James to play at the totum with John Hamilton, 1s. 4d. To my lady as she went to dine with my Lord Haddington (for vails to the servants), ane dollar and four shillings. Paid in contribution to Edward the fool, 12s. Paid to Gilbert Somerville, for making ane suit clothes to Lord James of red lined with satin, £7, 10s. November 29, paid to the Lady Glenurchy her man, for ane little barrel of aqua-vitae, £3.

“ May 27, 1640, to ane man who brought the parroquet her cage, 4s. June 15, to ane poor woman as my lady sat at the fishing, 6d. August, for tobacco to my lady's use, 1s. March 4, 1641, to Blind Wat the piper that day, as my lady went to the Exercise, 4s. March 6, given to John Erskine to buy a cock to fight on Fasten's Even (Shrovetide), 6s. June 8, to ane masterful beggar who did knock at the gate, my lady being at table, 2s. (It was then customary to lock the outer door during dinner.) November 15, (the

countess having visited Edinburgh to see the king), given for two torches to lighten in my lady to court, to take her leave of the king, 24s. February 21, 1642, sent to Sir Charles Erskine to buy escorse de sidrone and marmolat, £5, 6s. 8d. March 21, to ane woman clairshocher (harper) who usit the house in my lord his time, 12s. August 10, to John Erskine to buy a bladder for trying a mathematical conclusion, . . . December 7, paid for three white nightmutches (caps) to my Lord of Buchan, £3, 12s. January 13, 1643, for ane Prognostication (an almanac), 9d. February 17, for dressing ane red four-tailed coat of Mr. William's 1s. 8d. February 13, to my lady in her own chamber, when the Valentines were a-drawing, £10, 12s. 4d. April 13, to Mr. William Erskine, to go to the dwarf's marriage, 7s. 6d."

The ceremonies observed upon the death of a person of rank were both elaborate and costly, no expense being spared to indicate the importance of the one deceased. Taylor, an English traveller, tells us in his account of Edinburgh in 1705:—

“That when any one dyes out of a noble

Family, all the doores and Entryes are painted black, with some dashes of white to make it look more dismall, and an Hatchment of the persons Arms and the Marriages of his Family, hung up over the front door."

Before the middle of the eighteenth century, none of the poor wore stockings. A visiting Englishman who called at the mansion of Lord President Craigie in the Lawnmarket in 1759, gives a humourous description of his being received by a "female porter" without shoes or stockings.

Upon arriving at the entrance to a house, the visitor would announce his approach by a vigorous solo on the risp, or tirling pin, which was found attached to the door. This arrangement, which answered the purpose of a knocker, consisted of a notched iron rod fastened to the door vertically and provided with a ring, which, being drawn roughly along the serrated rod, made a very audible noise within. The tirling pin is frequently alluded to in Scottish song:—

"There came a ghost to Margaret's door,  
Wi' mony a grievous groan ;  
And aye he tirl'd at the pin,  
But answer made she none."



Most families of the higher and middle class used tea at breakfast, but among the latter it was only recently introduced or beginning to be introduced in the afternoon, and then exclusively on company occasions. At breakfast the "tea equipage" was placed on the uncovered table, and small linen napkins were handed to the guests. Wheaten bread was considered something of a luxury; cakes or "bannocks" of barley and pease-meal, and oat-cakes, forming the principal household bread in gentlemen's families. Among the middle class on ordinary occasions, no other bread was ever thought of.

Potatoes, though a part of the food of the common people, were considered a luxury, and as they were all cultivated in gardens were more expensive than meal. Potatoes were not cultivated in the open field until about 1760. In 1770, beef cost 2*d.* per lb., lamb 1½*d.*, and veal and mutton 4*d.* and 5*d.* The cooking utensils were few and clumsy. Meat was roasted on a spit turned by one of the servants, though sometimes a dog was trained to perform this service by means of a treadmill in a box attached to the spit.

These dogs, it is said, unless kept secured, would quietly go into hiding when they observed indications that there was to be a roast for dinner.

Household furnishings were simple and inexpensive; wooden plates and platters were more or less in use in every house, and in those of the farmers and of many of the clergy, exclusively. Consider, O modern housewives, the calm sense of security which would be yours were such now the fashion, and consider also the baffled fury of the kitchen deity who would attempt to wreak her vengeance on your best seasoned oak dinner plates.

Pewter ware was used in many families of the well-to-do, with a set of delft or china for the second course at table in the case of those who could afford fashionable three o'clock dinners. The ordinary hour for dinner was twelve or one o'clock, and never later than three in the most fashionable houses.

A punch-bowl, and teacups and saucers of china, were considered, however, absolute necessities, being ostentatiously arrayed in

the cupboard, which occupied a prominent place in the dining-room. The dinner-table was usually of oak, polished like a mirror by constant rubbing. Even in houses richly furnished mahogany tables were rarely seen, except for serving tea.

In families below the highest rank, the beverages offered to ordinary guests were home-brewed ale and a glass of brandy. If the occasion was one of ceremony, there were claret and brandy-punch. Carpets were found only on the principal rooms—the drawing-room and dining-room; indeed, except in houses of some pretension they were altogether unknown. Hung bells and bell-pulls were then hardly known; a hand-bell on the dining-room table summoned the servants, and very commonly the poker or heel of the shoe served the purpose, the better for the reason that few of the ceilings were deafened or plastered. Household clocks, or “knocks,” were confined to large houses, and no one below the middle class of society was distinguished by the possession of a watch.

Ladies were accustomed to travel on

horseback when going any distance, and rode on pads behind their husbands or servants. Sewing, embroidery, pastry, and cookery were then considered the most important branches of learning for a good housewife and were taught at all the female schools in Edinburgh. Young ladies of high rank only received instruction in music and drawing, and many of these favoured ones were shamefully deficient in the elementary accomplishments of writing and spelling. The musical instruments then in use were the harp and spinet, the latter being most common. The pianoforte was not known in Scotland until after 1760.

Although drinking was almost universal and carried to great excess, private families, and even taverns were scantily supplied with glasses, and a single glass would often go around a large company. A noted old-time toper, Armstrong of Sorbie, laments in his later days the degeneracy of the times, and says "that it was a better world when there were more bottles and fewer glasses."

Handball, football, ninepins, golf, and curling were the favourite games. Bowls were

a common diversion, and the public bowling-greens were great resorts in the summer evenings. All classes were represented among the players, and it was usual for persons of different ranks to play in the same game.

Hospitality was frequent among all ranks, and was usually not costly or ceremonious. People did not wait for formal invitations before paying visits, and perhaps from these casual meetings both hosts and guests derived greater enjoyment than they now do from more formal entertainments. The fashion of "pressing" or urging a guest to eat or drink was so general, that its neglect would have implied a want of kindness and hospitality. Expressions of regard were then more frank and cordial than now, and even the conventional forms of salutation indicated less distance than is now maintained in ordinary friendly intercourse. It was the custom for acquaintances of both sexes when they met after long absence, and often on the occasion of visiting, to salute with a kiss. This form of greeting was frequently seen in the streets of Edinburgh between ladies and gentlemen.

Up to 1621 the dwellers in Edinburgh were entirely dependent on the public wells and on the water peddled by the water-carriers. The "stoups," as the vessels for carrying water were called, were among the most indispensable of the household utensils. With a pair of these jugs, each holding over a gallon, the housewife would sally forth to the public well, at which generally a long line was waiting. The newcomer shouted "Wha's last?" and on being informed took a position at the "tail" and awaited her turn. It was a common occurrence to see a hundred women in a row moving forward to these square pieces of masonry foot by foot, until their turn came to fill their "stoups."

It can be imagined what the inconvenience must have been to the dwellers in these "lands," some of them even fourteen and fifteen stories high. All the water for family use had to be carried up the narrow turnpike stairs, and all household refuse had to be carried down the stairs or thrown out of the windows.

The following quaint advertisements appear in the Edinburgh Courant under the date September 9, 1709:—

“ The finest and freshest Lemmons newly come home from Spain in Captain Key’s Ship, together with the true London Gingerbread, and finest Spanish Nutts and all other fruits in season, are sold by Lucky Law, at her stand, nigh to the Cross, or at her house in the Old Post House Closs.”

“ All sorts of Dead Cloathes made after the British fashion, are made by Janet Chamers in Patrick Turnbull’s, Goldsmith, at the head of Forester’s Wynd, at as reasonable rates as elsewhere.”

In 1783 perfumers had splendid shops in every principal street. Some of them advertised the keeping of bears, to kill occasionally, “ for greasing ladies’ and gentlemens’ hair, as superior to any other animal’s fat.” Hairdressers were not only very numerous, but there was a professor who advertised a hair-dressing Academy, and gave lectures on that noble and useful art.

## CHAPTER VIII

### BELLES AND BEAUX

EDINBURGH had full share of gallant men and beautiful women, and its belles and beaux of the eighteenth century furnished a gay element in the life of the Old Town. As these butterflies of fashion flitted about the High Street in all their finery, their bright colours and stately airs and graces must have added greatly to the picturesqueness of the quaint old city.

The dresses and decorations of the ladies during this period it cannot be denied had a certain dignity and grace, but many of these "fine feathers" must have been most inconvenient to wear. Still, as we know, fair ladies in all ages have ever smilingly obeyed the decrees of the tyrant Fashion, with heroic disregard for any physical discomfort occasioned by the changes de-





A BELLE AND BEAU. CAPTAIN JAMES JUSTICE AND A LADY IN THE COSTUME OF 1790.



manded in their personal style of architecture.

An old resident writes of how fine it was to see two grand dames with their enormous hooped skirts sailing along the Lawnmarket of a summer evening, their fair and voluminous persons filling up the whole footway. It seems they might bring to mind the comparison of stately Spanish galleons, bowling along before a fair wind.

Ladies when visiting or receiving company wore silk gowns, or riding habits with gold or gilded buttons and fringes. A silk plaid wrapped loosely about the head and body was the prevailing fashion at church. Plaids were also used by ladies for street wear to cover their heads and muffle their faces. The council records of Edinburgh show frequent entries forbidding the use of this article of dress, which they said confounded decent women with those who were not. Among the other articles of feminine attire in those days were many now forgotten; stays, hoops, lappets, calashes, bongraces, capuchins, negligees, stomachers, pinneres, busks, and rumple-knots.

“As Mally Lee cam’ doun the street her *capuchin* did  
flee :

She coost a look behind her to see her *negligee*:

And we’re a’ gaun east and wast, we’re a’ gaun agee,

We’re a’ gaun east and wast, courtin’ Mally Lee.

“She had twa *lappets* at her head, that flaunted gal-  
lantlie,

And *ribbon knots* at back and breast of bonnie Mally  
Lee:

And we’re a’ gaun,” etc.

Stays were made so long that when a lady sat they touched the chair both in front and rear. So tightly did they fit, that the wearer had to cling to the bedpost while the maid was lacing them. An amusing story is told of a dame of high station, which illustrates the severity and inconvenience of this fashion. This noble lady kept her daughters on a low diet, having in mind the improvement of their shapes, but the young ladies strangely maintained a provoking and plebeian bux-omness. It seems they had enlisted the sympathy of the cook, and after their armour had been removed, and the lady mother was asleep, the hungry girls would make up for all the stinting of the day with a most satisfying meal. The savoury smell of a roast

goose which was being carried upstairs to their bedchamber one night at last betrayed them, for it happened that her ladyship was not asleep, and unluckily did not take snuff. Tradition does not say how the young ladies fared after this, but probably they diminished to more sylph-like proportions.

Tobacco in all its forms was extensively used. Many young women, and almost all of the older of both sexes carried snuff-boxes. The habit prevailed so generally, that it was common for lovers to present their sweet-hearts with pretty snuff-boxes, which were to be purchased for that purpose adorned with devices emblematical of love and constancy. Some old ladies used it in such quantity that they carried it in pouches, and abandoned for its sake the wearing of white ruffles and handkerchiefs.

In one of the monthly numbers of the "Scots Magazine" for 1745, there is a satirical poem by a swain upon the practice of snuff-taking, to which a lady replies next month, defending the habit as elegant, and of some account in coquetry.

There were various species of hoops, of

different shapes and sizes. The pocket-hoop, for morning wear, was like a pair of small panniers such as were slung across the back of a packmule. The bell-hoop was a sort of petticoat made with a framework of cane or rope, and shaped like a bell, but this was not quite full dress. There was also a straw petticoat, a species of hoop, such as we see in old French prints. The full-sized evening hoop was so enormous that people saw a vast expanse of it enter the room before the wearer became visible. When the doorways and closes were so narrow, as they were in the Old Town, ladies were obliged to tilt their hoops and carry them under their arms when they essayed the passage of a close, or mounted a turnpike stair. At these times a "show" petticoat was revealed below, and such was the attention paid to these interesting details, that the garters were embroidered, or had gold or silver tassels and fringes.

The French silks worn during this period were of most beautiful design and colour, while the quality was superb. The most expensive brocades were a guinea a yard,

that is, excepting those with gold or silver, which cost considerably more.

The lappet was a piece of point or Brussels lace, hanging in two pieces from the crown of the head, and streaming gracefully behind. The pinners, such as the Egyptian Sphinx wears, were pinned down the stomacher.

The stomacher was a triangular piece of rich silk, one corner pointing downward, and joining the fine black lace-bordered apron, while the other two angles pointed to the shoulders. Great pains were taken in the adornment of this beautiful and most attractive piece of dress. Many wore jewels upon it, and the least embellishments were strings of bugles or tinsel.

The calash was a kind of silk hood made upon a framework of cane. It could be pushed back like the hood of a carriage so as to lie folded together behind the neck. This was used as a protection to a cap or head-dress in walking out, or riding in a carriage. The bongrace was also a head covering of silk and cane, but more like a modern bonnet in shape. The capuchin was a short cloak of silk edged with lace, or velvet, reaching not below the

elbows. Gentlemen also wore capuchins. A lady's *mode tippet* was nearly the same piece of dress.

The negligee was a gown projecting in loose and ample folds in the back, and could only be worn with stays. In front it was entirely open so as to show the stomacher, across which it was laced with flat silk cords, while below it opened more widely, and displayed the petticoat. This latter, though shorter, was more splendid than the gown, and had a deep flounce. In walking, ladies generally carried the skirt of the gown over the arm, and exhibited the petticoat, but on entering a room they always came sailing in with the train sweeping at full and majestic length behind them.

Women of all degrees wore enormous busks, with a heart generally carved at the upper end. Among the lower classes this was a common present to sweethearts, and carpenter swains would adorn them with artificial veneers. Fans were very large, with sticks curiously carved, and if of leather, were artistically ornamented with paintings, being imported from Italy or Holland. The for-



tunate possessor of one of these now has it framed and hung on the wall as a most attractive decoration.

The rumple-knot was a large bunch of ribbon worn at the peak of the waist behind, and in fact, knots of ribbons were then numerous over the whole body. There were the breast-knots, two hainch-knots — which also had buttons for looping up the gown behind — a knot at the tying of the beads behind the neck, one in front and another at the back of the head-gear, and knots upon the shoes. It took about fifteen yards to make a full suit of ribbons, while a gown then required ten yards of stuff.

Minor articles of dress and adornment were the “befong” handkerchief, of a material similar to what is now called “net,” crossed upon the breast; paste ear-rings and necklace; broad black bracelets on the wrists; a “pong pong” — a jewel fixed to a wire with a long pin at the end, worn in front of the cap, and which shook dazlingly as the wearer moved. It was generally stuck in the cushion over which the hair was worn in front. Patches on the face formed a part

of the full dress of ladies. A song in the "Charmer," 1751, alludes to these two latter:

"Come all ye young ladies whose business and care  
Is contriving new dresses, and curling your hair;  
Who flirt and coquet with each coxcomb who comes  
To toy at your toilets, and strut in your rooms;  
While you're placing a patch or adjusting pong pong,  
Ye may listen and learn by the truth of my song."

Young matrons wore fly-caps encircling the head, while the old ones wore mob caps falling down over the ears. The elder ladies also wore large linen caps called "toys," encroaching on the face and tied under the chin, while their costume further included worsted short-gown and apron. The word "toy" is probably derived from the French *toque*, the hood worn by women of the lower class in France.

Young girls wore a pocket of either silk or satin over their other attire. Stockings were of silk or linen; never of cotton, which is a comparatively modern material. These were slashed with pieces of a strong contrasting colour or had gold or silver clocks woven in. Stockings of scarlet silk were the fashion in 1733, and were worn by both ladies and

gentlemen. The silk stockings were very thick, and could not be washed on account of the gold and silver interwoven. Sharply pointed high-heeled shoes, set off with fine lace or sewed work, adorned the pedal extremities of milady.

The amount expended upon the trousseau of a bride of quality was often considerable. When Margaret Rose, daughter of the Laird of Kilravock, was married in 1701, there was an account from Francis Brodie, merchant in Edinburgh, for her wedding-clothes, including seventeen and a quarter ells of flowered silk, £11, 13s.; nine and a quarter ells of green silk shagreen for lining, £2, 14s.; six and half ells of green galloon, 19s. 6d.; with the other sums for a gown and coat, for an under coat, and an undermost coat; also, for a pair of silk stockings, 12s.; a necklace and silk handcurcher, 8s.; and some thirty or forty other articles, amounting in all to £55, 8s. 9d. sterling. This young lady carried a dowry of 9,000 merks — about nine times the value of her marriage outfit — to her husband, John Mackenzie, eldest son of Sir Alexander Mackenzie of Coull.

The hats of the gentlemen were all cocked, and for full dress were fringed with gold or silver lace as were likewise their body clothes. Their dress was often gaudy; a crimson or purple coat, green plush waistcoat with black or coloured breeches, and white stockings. Thus attired, with his cocked hat at one extremity, and his buckled shoes at the other, it may be imagined that a beau made a sufficiently startling figure. Many of the gentlemen, however, wore velvet caps, and leather caps were a favourite head covering of the lower classes. Swords, which had been held at an earlier date as being an indispensable article of fashionable costume, were still worn, but not so universally as formerly.

In 1677 the celebrated Beau Fielding paid a visit to Edinburgh, while in difficulties on account of his suspected share in the murder of Robert Perceval — a young libertine found dead one morning near the Maypole in the Strand. He and two Scotch gentlemen of his own sort, being met one evening at their cups in a house in Edinburgh, were reputed to have drunk three toasts, “horrid to think on” — namely, the Trinity, their

own confusion, and the devil. The allegation is but too credible, for about this time there begins to appear an extreme form of profligacy and impiety — confined, indeed, to a few of the upper classes — such as had never before been in Scotland.

It appears that Oliver Goldsmith was quite a beau when he lodged in College Wynd and ran up tailor's bills while a medical student at the neighbouring place of learning. We may imagine, from an Edinburgh tailor's account for the year 1753, the exceedingly ornate appearance of "Goldie" in his "suit of sky-blue satin and black velvet" and a "superfine small hatt," which was adorned with "8s. worth of silver hatt lace." We find that Mr. Filby, the tailor, makes a further charge to Oliver of £3, 6s. 6d. for a "superfine high claret-coloured cloth suit." It might be added that the tailor's profit is doubtful, for the account is "carried over" and no further evidence remains.

The famous Beau Forrester, who affected to be in Edinburgh what Beau Brummel was in London, also lived for a time in College Wynd. He was dressed by his valet each

morning at an open window so that the "barbarous natives might learn how a gentleman ought to dress." His toilet occupied three hours in duration, and as he dressed twice a day, a fourth part of his time was spent before the glass.

The famous Susanna, Countess of the ninth Earl of Eglinton, was renowned as the most beautiful woman of her time. She had hosts of admirers, but her friends always predicted that she would marry the Earl of Eglinton — who was forty years her senior — for while walking one day in her father's garden at Colzean, there alighted on her shoulder a hawk with his lordship's name upon its bells, which was considered an infallible omen of her fate. Just at this time Lord Eglinton's second wife was fatally ill. When, therefore, Sir John Clerk asked the father of the fair Susanna — Sir Archibald Kennedy — for his daughter's hand in marriage, the parent consulted Lord Eglinton, as an old friend and neighbour, as to his opinion on the subject. "Bide a wee, Sir Archy," said the old lord, "my wife's unco sickly." Shortly after Lady Eglinton died,



SUSANNA, COUNTESS OF EGLINTON.





and the lovely Susanna Kennedy became the old Earl's third Countess.

The Countess was six feet in height, and had eight daughters, each one as tall and as beautiful as she. It used to be one of the sights of Edinburgh to see the Countess and her eight stalwart and handsome daughters being carried in their sedan chairs to the Assembly Rooms in Old Assembly Close. Such was the grace and bearing of the Countess Susanna, that the "Eglinton air" became proverbial. She was a warm patroness of letters, and Allan Ramsay to her dedicated his "Gentle Shepherd." Dr. Johnson, "Ursa Major," was presented to her and greatly admired her charms and affability.

In the middle of the eighteenth century, the beauty and fashion of Edinburgh resorted to the Assembly Rooms in Old Assembly Close, presided over by the famed and autocratic Miss Nicky Murray.—

"Then the Assembly Close received the fair,  
Order and elegance presided there,  
Each gay Right Honourable had her place,  
To walk a minuet with becoming grace.

No racing to the dance with rival hurry —  
Such was thy sway, O famed Miss Nicky Murray!

Miss Nicky Murray, who ruled with aristocratic severity over these Assemblies, was a sister of the Earl of Mansfield. She lived in Bailie Fyfe's Close, and there "finished" young lady cousins from the country who wished to enter society. On hearing a young lady's name pronounced for the first time she would say "Miss ——, of what?" If no territorial addition could be made she manifestly cooled. Seated on a raised throne in despotic dignity, she with a wave of her fan silenced the musicians when it became time for the festivities to cease.

Here it was that Goldsmith was so shocked at the solemnity of the ballroom. Ladies sat most demurely at one end of the hall, and the gentlemen herded disconsolately at the other; "no more intercourse between the sexes than between two countries at war," until partners were found by the lady directress. This was the era of those formal and stately dances, the "minuet," the "pavan," and the "galliard."

Robert Sym, uncle of "Christopher North,"

and the "Timothy Tickler" of the "Noctes Ambrosianæ," was one of the beaux of the town. Although a lawyer by profession, he devoted a great portion of his time to literary pursuits, and was held to be a great dandy. At the festive gatherings in Ambrose's Tavern, where the "Noctes" were held, his witty sallies were provocative of great merriment.

The last one of the old beaux was Dr. James Hamilton — familiarly known as "Cocked-Hat Hamilton" — who was noted as the last gentleman in society who wore the old-fashioned three-cornered hat, the collarless coat, ruffles, and knee-breeches of a past age, with hair queued and powdered. With the costume he retained much of the gracious courtesy and manly hardihood of the old Scottish school. Old Eben Wilson, bell-ringer of the Tron Church, was the recipient of the doctor's left-off cocked hats and enormous shoe buckles. Eben and the doctor were for years the only men to wear the old dress, which the latter consistently retained until he also died in 1835.

The witty Jane, Duchess of Gordon, was

another famous belle. It is elsewhere mentioned how in her romping, youthful days she and her sister would merrily ride about the High Street on the backs of the pigs that in those unsanitary days of free and easy manners rooted about the rubbish heaps of the town.

Then another among the noted fair ones was Miss Burnett, the beautiful daughter of the eccentric Lord Monboddo. She was one of the "toasts" of the day in Edinburgh society, and her charms and wit were celebrated by Robert Burns. The poet also wrote in praise of another young beauty, Miss Burns, "his namesake," as he called her. Among his poems are the "Lines" as having been "Written under the portrait of the celebrated Miss Burns: —"

"Cease, ye prudes, your envious railing,  
Lovely Burns has charms — confess."

Burns' "Clarinda" was one of the belles of the Old Town. "Clarinda" was the very beautiful Mrs. Maclehose, cousin of Lord Craig. She, forsaken by her husband, had met Burns but once at some social gather-

ing before he met with a carriage accident which confined him to his lodgings. Under these circumstances they began their correspondence, and "Clarinda's" letters and verses show that beauty was not her only possession. It is said that these two lines of hers first impressed Burns: —

"Talk not to me of Love ! for Love hath been my foe ;  
He bound me with an iron chain, and flung me deep in  
woe."

Poor "Clarinda" died in Edinburgh at an advanced age, with a picture of her long-dead "Sylvander" beside her.

## CHAPTER IX

### CONVIVIAL EDINBURGH

“Auld Reekie! wale o’ ilka toon  
That Scotland kens beneath the moon;  
Where coothy chields at e’enin’ meet,  
Their bizzin’ craigs and mou’s to weet,  
And blythly gar auld Care gae by,  
Wi’ blinkin’ and wi’ bleerin’ eye.”

— *Robert Fergusson.*

IN the olden time in Edinburgh, it was considered an evidence of manliness and dignity to be possessed of powers of deep potation; a “four-bottle man” — one who could at a sitting comfortably dispose of this quantity — was a man of social consequence, while if his capacity went a bottle or two further he became almost an object of veneration to his associates. It was held that persons who could not drink must have some degree of physical feebleness and imbecility of character. As a



HENRY HOME, LORD KAMES, A CELEBRATED CONVIVIAL  
JUDGE.





matter of plain fact, even at the present day there exists a firm and well-established tradition to a great number that alcoholic capacity denotes virility, as witness the conventional recital by the convivialist regarding his prowess of the night before.

Tavern excesses, now so rare among the respectable classes, formerly prevailed in Edinburgh almost universally. Professional men, scarcely excepting even the severe and dignified — no rank, class, or profession forming any exception to the rule, — passed a greater portion of their leisure hours in “High Jinks,” as their lively tavern sessions were called. It was a most common sight to meet in the morning, men of high rank and official dignity reeling home from some High Street close where they had been all night carousing. Even his majesty’s most honourable Lords of Council and Session were frequently seen mounting their benches of a forenoon in most uncertain condition from their Bacchic dalliances of the night before.

Lord Hermand, the last of the Scottish judges of the old school, believed that

drinking brought out the best and most benevolent traits of a man's character. His lordship was a great imbibor, but was also a capital lawyer and gained great distinction as a judge. Lord Cockburn says, "With Hermand drinking was a virtue; he had a sincere respect for drinking; indeed a high moral approbation, and a serious compassion for the poor wretches who could not indulge in it, and with due contempt of those who could but did not." An anecdote corroborating this opinion is related of the learned judge. A case was tried before him where the prisoner had stabbed his companion during an all-night drinking bout, and the counsel pleaded extenuation for his client in that he was drunk when he committed the offence. "Drunk!" exclaimed Lord Hermand in high indignation; "he had been all night with his friend, and they had drunk two bottles of rum together. If he would do such a thing when he was drunk, what might he not have done when he was sober!"

A story is told of a celebrated circuit where Lord Hermand was judge. The legal

party got in a condition of alcoholic elevation at Ayr, and so continued — although quite equal to their duties — until the business was concluded at Jedburgh. It is said that ever afterward at Jedburgh this circuit was referred to as the “daft circuit.” Lord Cockburn was fond of relating an experience of his when a young man at a dinner where Lord Hermand presided. After dinner, when the wine had been circulating freely for some time, young Cockburn observed vacancies at the table, but no one leaving the room. The mystery was solved when on looking under the table he saw those who had fallen in the fray curled up in unconscious negligence on the floor. He took the hint and likewise retired from the festive scene, lying quiet until the beams of the morning sun shone into the room. The judge then with his faithful followers coolly rose, washed their faces and hands, went down to breakfast, and appeared in court quite fresh and fit for work.

The diurnal of a Scottish judge of the olden time presents a striking picture of the habits of men of business in that age. There

was hardly a night that was not passed in a tavern, not always of reputable name, where his lordship's associates on the bench were his boon companions in a carouse, and it is not easy to understand how men who drugged their intellects so continually could consider or transact business efficiently, or even make a decent appearance in the hours of duty. Possibly the explanation lies in "training" for these deed of alcoholic valour, coupled with the purity of the spirits consumed.

A laird of the old school expressed great indignation at the charge brought against hard drinking that it actually killed people. "Na, na, I never knew onybody killed wi' drinkin', but I hae kend some that deed in the trainin'." But however difficult to reconcile with our modern ideas of sobriety in connection with business, there seems to be no room for doubt that deep drinking was in many instances in the old days compatible with remarkable business ability and application.

As an example of the convivial habits of the time, we give an extract from the journal



LORD NEWTON, A NOTED CONVIVALIST, ON THE BENCH.



of an English gentleman who visited Edinburgh in 1705, in company with two friends:

“ And thus we merrily spent the night, in drinking to the Success of the treaty and happy union, and next day, Colonell Ogilby and some Scotch Lords enquir'd mightily for the 3 English Gentlemen, as they call'd us, having a mind to give us a chirrupping Cup, but we went to Leith that day, being willing to avoid them; however, they look't all over the Town for us, but not finding us, says Ogilby ' If I meet with them they shall come, for I'll bring one in one hand, and another in the other, and a third in my teeth,' which expression may seem pragmaticall to those that have not been witnesses of his strength, but he having one Evening took me on his fingers and held me at Arms length, and at the same time lifting another with his other hand and holding him at arms length, we were convinced he would have been able to runn away with us all, had we not kept out of the way;” so they “ went first to Leith, to see a Dogg and a Cock fight.”

Let it here be whispered, with bated

breath, that the fair sex likewise were not exempt from the charge of over-indulgence. It was a well-known story in Edinburgh, that three fair dames of high degree had one night a merrymaking in a tavern near the Town Cross, which was prolonged until a very early hour. At last, on reaching the street in a dazed condition, all seemed strange to them, but as it was bright moonlight they found their way along until they came to the Tron Kirk. Here, however, was an obstacle in the way. The moon, which was shining high in the south, threw the shadow of the steeple straight across the street from one side to the other; and the merry ladies being no more clear-sighted than they were clear-headed, mistook this for a broad and rapid stream, which they were obliged to cross before proceeding on their way. Thus deluded, they sat down on the brink of the imaginary water, deliberately took off their shoes and stockings, tucked skirts under arms, and waded through to the opposite side. The perilous passage having been accomplished in safety, they, resuming shoes and stockings, passed on gaily as before.



To show the preference of the loyal Scot for the potent "aqua vitæ" of his native soil, and his light regard for the frothing and frivolous fluid of sunny France, the following story is told. Two canny Highland farmers once journeyed to Edinburgh together to testify as witnesses for their laird, who had some legal business in hand regarding a boundary line on his estate. Through their testimony the laird won his case, and in high elation celebrated the victory by a grand banquet to all his friends in town, not forgetting to bid his faithful tenants aforesaid, Donald M'Kinnon and Sandy M'Allister, to be present. The butler was instructed to have the champagne served without stinting, and to particularly see that Donald and Sandy were well provided. These instructions were carried out faithfully, so that finally the two farmers, each with four bottles of champagne under his belt, sat regarding one another across the table. Said Sandy, with a half-confidential air, "Donald, Ah'll be hopin' we'll get some whuskey afore we gang awa'." "Ay, mon, Sandy," was the ready reply of Donald,

who evidently thought his constitution in danger from his foaming libations and in need of a corrective, "They tell me these mineral waters is very weakenin'."

It is related that the Lord Advocate Dundas, one of the old school of hard drinking judges, after a convivial meeting which lasted from noon until nine o'clock at night, began then to dictate a most important appeal case. The task was finished at four o'clock in the morning, and when the papers were sent to London it was not necessary on revisal to correct five words.

Business and pleasure were not, however, always so successfully combined. The story is told of an eminent lawyer, who, being confined to his room by illness, sent for his clerk at a late hour to draw up a paper which was urgently required next morning. The scribe, though noted for the preservation of his faculties under great alcoholic stress, when found at his usual tavern was rather further gone than usual. He managed to get to his master's bedroom, however, and seat himself at the desk with sufficient appearance of a collected mind. The lawyer,

who by the way was quite deaf, began to dictate from behind his bed-curtains, and after continuing for two or three hours until the matter was finished, looked out to find "Jamie" sleeping peacefully on the table and the paper without a mark upon it.

A droll incident is told of a sight witnessed one Sunday morning by church-goers passing along the High Street. The house door of an eminent advocate suddenly opened, and there appeared in the broad sunlight the strange sight of the blinking host with lighted candle, which he solicitously held that his dishevelled guests might safely find their way down the steps. In their merry vigils time had passed unnoted.

It was thought necessary when a man gave an entertainment for him to press his guests to imbibe to the extreme limit. A particularly hospitable individual would lock his door in order that no guest of moderate inclinations could escape, and in an adjoining room beds would be provided for those who fell in the festive tournament. It was customary for gentlemen not to wear their

best attire to these scenes of conviviality, but something less liable to be damaged.

A story told by Dean Ramsay referring to this deep drinking among all classes during the eighteenth century, is almost too shocking to relate, but it illustrates with terrible force the extreme to which it was carried in Scottish social life, and the hardening effects of habitual drunkenness. This incident, vouched for by good authority, is as follows: "At a prolonged drinking bout one of the party remarked, 'What gars the Laird o' Garskadden luk sae gash?'"<sup>1</sup> 'Ou,' says his neighbour the Laird o' Kilmardinny, 'Garskadden's been wi' his Maker these twa hours; I saw him step awa, but didna like to disturb gude company.'"

It was not only at night that conviviality reigned, for

"O'er draughts of wine the beau would moan his love,  
 O'er draughts of wine the cit his bargain drove,  
 O'er draughts of wine the writer penned his will,  
 And legal wisdom counselled o'er a gill."

Every man took his "meridian," and this was generally indulged in at a tavern. A

<sup>1</sup> Ghastly.

bunch of raisins and a glass of brandy, called "a cauld cock and a feather," was a favourite refreshment with many, while others took a glass of whisky, and some few would lunch.

Sir Walter Scott tells us amusingly how the ceremony of the meridian was managed by the Parliament House clerks. "They might be seen to turn fidgety about the hour of noon, and exchange looks with each other, till at length some one of formal and dignified aspect assumed the honour of leading the band; when away they went, threading the crowd like a string of wild-fowl, crossed the square or close, and following each other into 'John's Coffee-House,' drank the meridian which was placed ready on the bar. This they did day by day, and though they did not speak to each other, they seemed to attach a certain degree of sociability to performing this ceremony in company."

The evening, of course, was the time for the prolonged and destructive orgies. Fergusson says:—

"Now night, that's cunzied chief for fun,  
Is with her usual rites begun.

. . . . .

Some to porter, some to punch,  
 Retire; while noisy ten-hours' drum  
 Gars a' the trades gang danderin hame.  
 Now, mony a club, jocose and free,  
 Gi'e a' to merriment and glee;  
 Wi' sang and glass they fley the power  
 O' care, that wad harass the hour."

The shops at this time closed at eight o'clock, and from that time until ten the tavern presented a lively scene. The "ten o'clock drum," beaten by the Town Guard drummer, was the warning for good citizens to seek their homes and beds, but the night was only then just beginning for the clubs.

"When big as burns the gutters rin,  
 If ye ha'e caught a droukit skin,  
 To Luckie Middlemist's loup in,  
 And sit fu' snug,  
 Owre oysters and a dram o' gin,  
 Or haddock lug."

It was the custom in olden times among high society in Edinburgh to resort to what were called "oyster-cellars" for an informal merry making. Ladies as well as gentlemen of aristocratic rank took part in these festivities, which give curious indication of the

state of manners during the eighteenth century. The principal oyster parties took place in Luckie Middlemass's tavern, in the Canongate.

Chambers says of these "frolics:" — "In winter, when the evening had set in, a party of the most fashionable people in town, collected by appointment, would adjourn in carriages to one of those abysses of darkness and comfort called in Edinburgh 'laigh shops,' where they proceeded to regale themselves with raw oysters and porter, arranged in huge dishes upon a coarse table, in a dingy room lighted by tallow candles. Both ladies and gentlemen indulged without restraint in sallies the merriest and wittiest; and a thousand remarks and jokes which would elsewhere have been suppressed as improper, were here sanctified by the oddity of the scene, and appreciated by the most dignified and refined.

"After the table was cleared of the oysters and porter, it was customary to introduce brandy or rum-punch — according to the pleasure of the ladies — after which dancing took place; and when the female part of

the assemblage thought proper to retire, the gentlemen again sat down, or adjourned to another tavern to crown the pleasures of the evening with an unlimited debauch. The ladies would sometimes have the oyster-women to dance in the ballroom, though they were known to be of the worst character."

As an indication of the French influence on the customs of the people, claret was for a long time a favourite drink of the Edinburghers, being both cheap and good. In the old days, when a cargo of claret came to Leith, the usual way of proclaiming its arrival was by sending a hogshead of it through the town on a cart. The driver blew a horn to notify the thirsty ones, and anybody who wanted a sample, or a drink under pretence of a sample, had only to go to the cart with a jug, which without much question to its size was filled for a sixpence. In the days of claret drinking, it is said that the hospitality at Culloden House, the residence of Duncan Forbes, Lord President of the Court of Session, was almost without bounds. It was the custom to take out the



head of each successive cask of claret and place it in the corner of the hall to be emptied by pailfuls. The massive oak table which bore so many carouses is still preserved as a venerable relic. The wood has received such deep saturation from the old libations of claret that it is impossible to tell its kind. The President's monthly bill for claret was £40 sterling.

The tax imposed later, aided by the horror of anything French, drove claret from almost all tables. Wine and other drinkables, however, continued to be served in profusion at all meals. It was a facetious saying that there were only two occasions when wine should be served at dinner; when you had fish, and when you had no fish.

In conclusion, we will add the advice given from his pulpit by an old Edinburgh minister, so saith tradition, on the virtue of moderation:—“Whatever ye do, brethren, do it in moderation, and aboon a', be moderate in dram-drinking. When ye get up, indeed, ye may tak a dram, and anither just before breakfast and perhaps anither after; but dinna be always dram-drinking. If ye

are out in the morning, ye may just brace yoursel' wi' anither dram, and tak anither in the forenoon, but dinna be always dram-dramming; and when the dessert is brought in, and after it's taen awa'; and perhaps ane, or it may be twa, in the course of the afternoon, just to keep ye frae drowsying and snoozling; but dinna be always drinking. Afore tea and after tea, and between tea and supper, is no more than right and gude, but let me caution ye, brethren, no' to be always dram-dramming. Just when you're gaun to bed, and when you're ready to pop into't, and perhaps when ye wake in the night, to tak a dram or twa is no more than a Christian may lawfully do, but brethren, let me caution ye no' to drink more than I've mentioned, or maybe ye may pass the bounds o' moderation."

## CHAPTER X

### OLD TIME CLUBS AND TAVERNS

FROM the general atmosphere of conviviality it is natural that many clubs should exist in Edinburgh, and of these some were witty, some were wise, while others tended to disgraceful excesses. Some trifling circumstance, or joke, or custom, gave a pretext for founding a club of a more or less political, literary, scientific or sporting nature.

The Cape Club, to which Fergusson alludes, where

“ Mirth, music, porter deepest-dyed,  
Are never here to worth denied,”

aspired to a refined and classical character, its numerous members including many men of talents, Fergusson himself being among these. The name of the club had its origin in the difficulty experienced by a bibulous

member living in " Low Calton " in doubling the " cape " of Leith Wynd, on his way homeward with a full cargo. The gentleman aforesaid generally had to exercise great seamanship in " tacking " around this corner, and this furnished material for a standing joke. The favourite meeting place of this club was the " Isle of Man Arms " tavern in Craig's Close.

The Pious Club met regularly to consume pies. The members were all " ten o'clock men " of good character and their potations were very moderate, being but a gill of toddy to each person at a sitting. One of the members, a Mr. Lund, was distinguished by his weight of 350 pounds and was a prodigious feaster. The favourite dish of this fragile being was a strange one — salmon skins. It is said that on any occasion where salmon was on the table he made no scruple of raking the skins off the plates of the rest of the guests. The facetious poet-laureate to this club a Mr. Drummond, says of this member: —

" In going to dinner, he ne'er lost his way,  
Though often when done he was carted away."

The Spendthrift Club took its name from its members being limited to the extravagant expenditure of fourpence half-penny each night. Its members were all worthy burghers, who spent twopence for supper, with twopence-halfpenny — or “tuppence ha’penny” — for half a bottle of strong ale and a dram. Afterwards, whist was the business of the evening.

The Boar Club was a society of a different nature, its members being chiefly wild young blades of fashion who met in the modern tavern of one Daniel Hogg in Shakespeare Square. The “joke” of this club consisted in the supposition that the members were “boars,” that their room was a “sty” and that their talk was “grunting.” The small piece of stoneware in which all fines were deposited was known as a “pig.” It was the name of mine host of the tavern which suggested the idea of calling their society the “Boar Club,” which flourished for many years. Many celebrated men were members, and the club sessions were of a wholly convivial character.

The Hell-Fire Club was an infamous so-

ciety of dissipated young men who met in secret places throughout the town, where they held orgies which may not be here mentioned. Their president was named the Devil, and the old inhabitants believed that the members were really in compact with the Evil One.

The Sweating Club resembled the "Mohocks" mentioned in the "Spectator." The pleasing custom of its members was to sally forth at midnight after becoming intoxicated and attack any one they met upon the street. Woe to the luckless wight who fell into their hands, for he was chased, jostled, pinched, and pulled about until he was ready to drop down and die with exhaustion. The Town Guard were unable to protect the sober citizen from these wild young blades, and even as late as the beginning of the last century it was unsafe to walk the streets of Edinburgh at night, on account of the numerous bands of drunken young men who reeled about bent on mischief at all hours.

Tearing off door knockers was an especial pastime, and these were frequently used by the bucks of the day as missile weapons

against the Town Guard. It was not infrequently the case to find many knockers strewn about the High Street in the morning after one of these encounters. An old resident tells of once hearing a drunken party making a most intolerable din at her door. In the morning she found the greater part of the knocker gone, and sticking in the fragments, to her horror, was part of a finger which had been forcibly wrenched from the hand.

Edinburgh boasted of many of the "joke" clubs, some of which we enumerate by way of illustration. The Dirty Club: no gentleman to appear in clean linen; the Black Wigs: members wore black wigs; the Odd Fellows: members wrote their names upside down; the Bonnet Lairds. members wore blue bonnets; and the Doctors of Faculty Club, whose members were regarded as physicians and so styled, their club attire being wigs and gowns. There was also a Wig Club, the president of which wore an immense wig which had belonged to the Moray family for three generations. The Wigs drank twopenny ale, on which it was possible to

get most satisfactorily drunk for a groat (four pence), and with it they ate a coarse sort of bread called "souters' (shoemakers') clods." Each new member was required to drink a quart of claret at one draught to the health of the fraternity.

The Lawnmarket Club had as its members chiefly the woollen-merchants of that street. A set of them met every morning at seven o'clock, and walked down to the Post Office, where they posted themselves on the latest news. After a discussion of this, they adjourned to a public-house and had a dram of brandy. They were always the first men in town to know the foreign news, and on Wednesday mornings, when there was no London post, they amused themselves in the absence of real news by the manufacture of what was imaginary, to the consternation often of the uninitiated.

When the Duke of Argyll was Commissioner in the Scottish Parliament in 1705, a curious kind of fashionable club composed of ladies and gentlemen was organized chiefly by the Earl of Selkirk, who was a great beau at this period. This was called the "Horn



Order," the name as usual having its origin in a passing whim. At some merrymaking a horn spoon had been used, and it was suggested that the "Order of the Horn" would be a good name for the club, as well as a good caricature of the ancient honorary dignities. The members of the "Horn Order" met and caroused for many a day, their meetings, apparently, from all accounts, having been a species of masquerade in which the sexes were mixed, and all ranks confounded. The common people, it may be added, had grave suspicion as to the propriety of these merry revels.

The famous "Crochallan Club," or "the Crochallan Fencibles" as this association was also called, is so intimately connected with the house of Dawney Douglas that it is perhaps best to include it in the account of the tavern itself.

### *Taverns*

The following signboard stood over the door of a tavern near Morningside, Edinburgh, many years ago:—

“ We hae a’ kinds o’ Whisky, frae Glenlivet sae clear,  
That ne’er gies a headache — to the five bawbee gear;  
We hae Gin, Rum, Shrub, and ither nicknackets,  
For them whom the clear stuff their brain sets in  
rackets.

We hae fine Yill frae Peebles, an Porter frae Lonnon;  
Ginger beer frae the toon, and Sma’, brisk an’ foamin’;  
We hae Teas, Bread an’ Cheese, *alias* Welsh Rabbits;  
Ham, Eggs, an’ Red Herrings for wairsh tasted  
gabbets.

If at any time aught else should be wanted,  
We’ll rather send for’t than see freen’s disappointed.”

From this announcement, it would appear that “ mine host ” was a most accommodating individual, and critical indeed would be the patron whose wants he could not satisfy.

With the restricted household accommodation in the Old Town, and when the worship of Bacchus held such sway, the taverns were places of some importance and their use was compelled more than now. In his favourite tavern the eminent physician would receive his patients, and the prominent barrister his clients, according to a custom which lasted in London until even a later day. A story is told relating to this, of a woman from the country who called on a clever

physician at his favourite shrine of Bacchus to consult him regarding the health of her daughter, when he gave shrewd hygienic advice in a pithy metaphor not to be mentioned to ears polite. However, as the result of following his prescription, the young woman recovered her health, so the mother came again to thank Dr. Pitcairn, and to give him a small present.

Seeing him in the same place and circumstances, and surrounded by the same companions as on the former visit, she lingered with a look of surprise. Upon being questioned, she said she had only one thing to speer at him (ask him) and she hoped he would not be angry. "Oh, no, my good woman." "Well, sir, have you been sitting here ever since I saw you last?" This favourite lair of the doctor's was a subterranean retreat in the Parliament Close, reached by a descending stair opposite the oriel of St. Giles, in a building called the Pillars. By the wits who there congregated, it was called the "Greping-office" because way could be found through its dark passages only by groping.

The city traditions respecting taverns do not go far back into the eighteenth century, but we get some notion of the principal houses in Queen Anne's time from the Latin lyrics of this same Dr. Pitcairn, whom we have just mentioned. In addition to their use by professional men, almost every tradesman had his special seat in his favourite tavern. Here after eight o'clock, when business was over and his booth closed, he would have his supper of sheep's head, mince collops, or rizzared haddock, and crack jokes with his friends over a bottle before going home to bed.

An Edinburgh tavern of the eighteenth century — usually situated in some obscure spot in a court or close, away from the public thoroughfare — was by no means a fine or inviting place. On the contrary, they often presented such narrow and stifling accommodations that it would seem they might repel rather than attract visitors. The fact, however, was that “a coarse and darksome snugness” was desired by the convivial spirits who haunted these resorts. Large well-lighted rooms with an outlook to the

street would not have suited them, but a cavern-like retreat in some dark alley where sunlight never penetrated, was deemed most cosy and comfortable.

Allan Ramsay mentions of the Edinburgh taverns in his day, "Cumin's, Don's, and Steil's," as places where one could be as well served as at the famous "Devil" tavern in London, of which John MacLaurin says:—

"'Tis strange, though true, he who would shun all evil,  
Cannot do better than go to the Devil."

Tradition has little to say about these more ancient resorts of Edinburgh, but in Steil's tavern was formed, in 1728, the first regular society of amateur musicians known in Scotland. It had seventy members, and met weekly, the usual entertainments consisting in playing the concertos and sonatas of Handel, then newly published, on the harpsichord and violin. Steil's name is honourably connected with the history of music in Scotland.

An Edinburgh tavern bill for 1697 gives us some hint of the taste of the "quality" at this time. It is as follows, the sums being

expressed in Scottish money. This occasion was evidently a supper given to several persons.

Sir John Swinton to Mrs. Kendall.

For broth, . . . . .	£00:03:00
For rost mutton and cutlets, . . . . .	. . 01:16:00
For ane dish of hens, . . . . .	. 03:00:00
For harenes, . . . . .	. 00:05:00
For allmonds and rasens, . . . . .	. 01:06:00
For 3 lb. of confectiones, . . . . .	. 07:16:00
For bread and ale, . . . . .	. 01:00:00
For 3 pynts of clarite, . . . . .	. 06:00:00
For sack, . . . . .	. 02:16:00
For oysters fryed and raw, . . . . .	. 03:16:00
For brandie and sugare, . . . . .	. 00:06:00
For servants, . . . . .	. 02:02:00
	<hr/>
	£30:06:00

Coming down to a later period — about 1760 — we find the tavern in highest vogue to have been Fortune's, in Stamp Office Close, in the house which the Earl of Eglinton had once occupied. This was a famous tavern. Scholars, philosophers, gay men of rank, and the worthy burghers all came hither. Here the Royal Commissioner for the General Assembly held his levees, and

hence proceeded to church with his splendid cortege, ladies in their court dresses walking in it as well as gentlemen. Here also met the Poker Club, that brilliant galaxy which comprised among many others, Hume, Robertson, Blair and Fergusson, but whose potations were comparatively of a moderate kind.

In Writers' Court was another famous old tavern, the Star and Garter, kept by one Clerihugh. This is the Clerihugh's alluded to in "Guy Mannering," where Colonel Mannering and Dandie Dinmont found Counsellor Pleydell. This was a favourite resort of the Magistrates and Town Council, who in those days combined, in pleasing manner, private enjoyment with public duties.

Dawney Douglas's, in the Anchor Close, near the Cross, was a noted house in the latter part of the eighteenth century. This "howff" was a good specimen of the profound retreats which Chambers says were valued in the inverse ratio of the amount of daylight which visited them. Going a few yards down a dark narrow alley, passing on the left hand a doorway over which was in-

scribed "THE. LORD. IS. ONLY. MY. SVPORT," then passing another door bearing the legend "O. LORD. IN. THE. IS. AL. MY. TRAIST," immediately beyond an architrave calling out "BE. MERCIFVL. TO. ME," you entered the hospitable mansion of Dawney Douglas. This was the scene of the daily and nightly orgies of the Pleydells, and Fairfords, the Hays, Erskines, Crosbies, and countless others of the bench and bar. Familiar also were the faces of all Scottish literati, from the time of Hume and Blair, and Beattie and Henry Mackenzie, downward.

The visitor of Douglas's after ascending a few steps, found himself in a capacious kitchen, in which dark and fiery pandemonium numerous culinary sprites were constantly flying about. Beside the door sat Mrs. Dawney, a large fat woman in a towering head-dress and flowered silk gown, who bowed affably to every one passing. Most likely on emerging from this fiery region, the visitor would fall into the hands of Dawney himself, and then be conducted to an apartment.



Dawney was a perfect contrast to his wife; a thin, weak, meek individual, who spoke in a whisper; never but in the way of answer, and then if possible only in monosyllables. The house was noted for suppers of tripe, rizzared haddocks, mince collops, and hashes, which never cost more than sixpence a head. On this moderate scale of charges this worthy couple became very wealthy before they died. Some wag once lent Dawney a volume of Clarendon's history to read, and each day, for some time, managed without being observed to put back the reader's mark to the same place. Finally, upon being asked how he liked the book, Dawney mildly answered, "Oh, vary weel; but dinna ye think it's gey mickle the same thing o'er again?"

The principal room in this house was a large and handsome one, which had a separate access by the second of the doorways which have been described. This was called the Crown Room, and was used only for large companies, or for guests of the first importance. Tradition says this name was so given from its once having been used by Queen Mary as a council-room, which is not

improbable. At all events the Crown Room was a fine apartment; finely panelled, with a decorated fireplace, and two tall windows facing the alley.

Dawney occasionally sang an old Gaelic song called "Cro Chalien," detailing how a sorrowing widower used to see his young wife — who had died after a brief married life — milking the cows in the gloaming, while she sang the chorus to the lay. This led to the establishment of a club at his tavern called the "Crochallan Club," a famous convivial association, which was founded by William Smellie, author of the "Philosophy of Natural History." A great deal of mirth and horse-play prevailed, and when Smellie while engaged professionally in printing the Edinburgh edition of the poems of Burns introduced that genius to the Crochallans, the bard declared afterwards that he had "never been so abominably thrashed in his life." The references by Burns to the club and to "Willie" Smellie are numerous: —

" As I came by Crochallan,  
I cannily keekit ben —

Rattlin' roarin' Willie  
Was sitting at yon board en' —  
Sitting at yon board en',  
Amang gude companie ;  
Rattlin' roarin' Willie,  
Ye're welcome hame to me."

As the printing office of Smellie was at the bottom of the close, Burns was thus enabled to make easy transition from the correction of proofs to the roaring scenes at Crochallan. An anecdote is told relating to a member of this club, "a comical gentleman, old Williamson of Cardrona, in Peeblesshire." As he emerged one night heavily primed from Anchor Close, it occurred to him that it was necessary that he should take possession of the Castle. He accordingly arrived at the outer gate and demanded immediate possession of the garrison, to which he said he was entitled. The sentinel at first laughed at him, but he became so clamorous that the commanding officer, aroused by his outcries, came down to inquire into the meaning of such an invasion. He at once recognized his friend Williamson, whom he had left at the festive board of the Crochallans but a short

time before. Accordingly humouring him in his conceit, he said, "Certainly, you have every right to the command of this garrison, and I will conduct you to your proper apartment." He then conducted him to a bedroom in his house, and Williamson, after taking formal possession of the Castle, went to bed. Next morning, when he looked out and found himself surrounded by soldiers and great guns, his feelings may be better imagined than described. When this story reached the ears of the Crochallans, Williamson said that they teased him so much about his gallant exploit that he ever afterward led the life of a dog.

Johnnie Dowie's, in Libberton's Wynd, the "Mermaid Tavern" of Burns's time, was a still more perfect specimen of these snug and darksome retreats. A great portion of this house was literally without light, consisting of a series of windowless chambers, decreasing in size until the smallest was a mere box, jocularly known as the "Coffin." This dark closet, it is said, was a favourite retreat of Burns, who here composed many of his poems. But two rooms in the house received



JOHNNIE DOWIE'S TAVERN



daylight, and as this came from a deep, narrow alley, it was but feeble illumination.

Nevertheless, this was one of the most celebrated of the Edinburgh taverns, and hither came many of the Parliament House men for their "meridian." Here nightly assembled worthy citizens, and men of wit and of fashion, to spend long convivial hours. Fergusson and Burns frequented the place in succession, and "Christopher North" met here with Tom Campbell. Many celebrated men were regular customers, and seldom allowed a night to pass without a merry session at "Johnnie Dowie's." Dowie's was celebrated for its *petits soupers*, as a patron has recorded:—

" 'Deed, gif ye please,  
Ye may get a bit toasted cheese,  
A crumb of tripe, ham, dish of peas,  
The season fitting;  
An egg, or, cauler frae the seas,  
A fleuk or whiting."

"Johnnie's" great specialty, however, was a most potent fluid—Younger's Edinburgh ale—of which it is said one bottle

was sufficient for most drinkers. "John," says Chambers, in his most interesting account of this famous tavern, "was a sleek, quiet man who dressed in a bygone fashion. He always brought in the liquor himself, decanted it carefully, drank a glass to the healths of the company, and then retired." His careful management of the bottle must have been entirely commended by old William Coke, the Leith bookseller, of whom it is said that if he saw a waiter carelessly handling a bottle, he would rush indignantly up to him, take the ale out of his hands, caress it tenderly as if to soothe and put it to rights again, and then decant it himself, saying: "You rascal, is that the way you attend to your business? Sirrah, you should handle a bottle of ale as you would a new-born babe."

A more humble style of tavern so far as appointments went, but equally comfortable in entertainment, was Lucky Fykie's in the Potterrow. This was a small, obscure place, apparently from its external appearance a "huckstry" shop. Within was a comprehensive variety of articles, as ropes, tea,





AYE WHA WIS' ON E' KNINGS LANG TO MEET AN' CRACKAN'S SINGARANG  
AN' WEEF YOUR PIPES FOR LITTLE WRANG TO PURSE OR PERSON  
GO SEE JOHNNIE DOWIE'S GANG THERE THIRUM AVERSE ON.

JOHNNIE DOWIE.



sugar, whip-stocks, porter, ale, beer, yellow sand, "calmstane"<sup>1</sup> herrings, nails, lamp-wicks, stationery, thread, needles, tapes, potatoes, lollipops (candy), onions, matches, etc. The lady who presided over this assortment was a neat, small, thin, elderly woman, who always dressed in a plain striped blue gown, and apron of the same stuff, with a black ribbon around her head, and lappets tied under her chin.

From the shop was partitioned a tiny space called the "hotel," which every forenoon was put in neatest order, and on the bunker seat in the "hotel" window were placed three bottles, containing, severally, rum, brandy and whisky. These were flanked by several glasses, and a plate of gingerbread biscuits.

About noon, the thirsty procession would begin to move. Anyone who had been in a position to watch proceedings would have seen a string of elderly gentlemen in rapid succession enter the humble shop. Each one as he entered would salute the lady with a "Hoo d' ye do, mem?" then pass into the side space, help himself from one or other

<sup>1</sup> Whiting.

of the bottles, and emerge with renewed vigour. On special occasions Lucky would set forth a "soss" (stew) which the favoured ones might partake of upon a clean napkin in a closet, which admitted but one chair at a time. Such were among the habits of old-time distinguished citizens, for these patrons were all men of importance, including among them judges, lawyers, and bankers.

The oldest house in Edinburgh known to have been used as an inn was the White Horse Inn, or White Horse Stables, in the close of the same name at the foot of the Canongate. This was conveniently situated for travellers to or from London, as it was close to the ancient exit of the town in that direction. This exit — the Water Gate — took its name from a horse-pond which belonged to the inn.

For travellers by the west road, there was the White Hart, in the Grassmarket; for the east, the White Horse Inn, in Boyd's Close, Canongate; for the south, Peter Ramsay's at the bottom of St. Mary's Wynd. These places, in fact, were mainly used for keeping horses. Unless the guests were of



WILLIAM COKE AND JOHN GUTHRIE, TWO OLD-TIME  
CITIZENS.



a very temporary character, they were usually relegated to lodging-houses, of which there were several quite pretentious ones. Mrs. Thomson, at the Cross, advertises in 1754 that "persons not bringing their silver plate, tea, china, table china, and tea linen, can be served in them all, also in wines and spirits;" likewise, that persons boarding with her "may expect everything in a very genteel manner."

The unflattering Arnot writes, however, "He (the stranger) is probably conducted to the third or fourth floor, up dark and dirty stairs, and there shewn into apartments meanly filled up and poorly furnished. In Edinburgh, letting of lodgings is a business by itself, and thereby the prices are very extravagant; and every article of furniture, far from wearing the appearance of having been purchased for a happy owner, seems to be scraped together with a penurious hand, to pass muster before a stranger who will never wish to return." At the inns, he says, "the stranger will be shewn into a room by a dirty sunburnt wench, without shoes or stockings."

In West Register Street, which is directly opposite the fine hotel of the North British Railway Company, was situated "Ambrose's Tavern," which Christopher North made the scene of his "Noctes Ambrosianae."



## CHAPTER XI

### THE EDINBURGH STAGE

THEATRICAL performances as a part of Court festivities were given very early in Edinburgh. John English, an actor or "histrion" attached to the household of Henry VII., was one of the retinue of the Princess Margaret, daughter of that monarch, when she came to Scotland in 1503 to marry James IV. The northwestern wing of Holyrood Palace had just then been completed, and in the adjacent Tennis Court, near where Queen Mary's Bath still stands, several "Interludes" were performed. "Mystery" and "Morality" plays had of course been given for many years before this time.

Sir David Lyndsay's "Plesant Satyre of the Three Estaitis," which so effectually prepared the way for the Reformers, was "playit besyde Edinburgh in 1544 in presence of the Queen Regent," so Henry Charteris the

bookseller tells us, who sat patiently on the bank at Greenside for nine hours to witness the play.

The Treasurer's Accounts give us a hint of the theatrical diversions of the Court in the reign of James IV. "January 1, 1503 — Item, ye samyn nycht to ye gysaris<sup>t</sup> that playit to ye Kynge, £4 4s. February 8th. — To ye mene yat brocht in ye Morice Dance, and to ye menstralis in Strevelin (Stirling) 42s. February 18th. — To ye Quene of ye Canongait, 14s." This character seems to have been a favourite masker, and is frequently mentioned. "1504, January 1, — To Hog ye tale-tellar, 14s. January 3 — Yat daye to Maister Johne to by beltis for ye Morise Danse, 28s. Yat samyne nycht to ye Gysaris of Ye Toune of Edinburgh, 8 fr. cr. (French crowns). June 10 — Payit to James Dog yat he layd doune for girse<sup>2</sup> one Corpus Christi day, at ye playe to ye Kingis and Quenis chamemis, 35s. 4d."

The Stuarts were all patrons of the drama, James VI. being the most liberal. In 1599 and 1601 Lawrence Fletcher and his English

<sup>t</sup> Players.      <sup>2</sup> Grass.



A MORRIS DANCER.

*From a carved oak medallion formerly in "The King's Room,"  
Sterling Castle.*



company, of which Shakespeare is said to have been a member, played in Edinburgh at the Royal Tennis Court, and also in a "Playhouse" erected for them in Blackfriars Wynd by order of the King. It is said that Shakespeare sketched the plan for his great Scottish tragedy "Macbeth" during his visits on these occasions. The performances in the town aroused the clergy to high indignation against King James, and an act of the "kirk-sessions" forbade the people to attend such profane amusements. James, however, stood severely on his kingly dignity, and the preachers were compelled to apologize to him.

In 1603, a comedy entitled "Philotus" was published in Edinburgh, which is a curiosity in its way since it is the first known effort of the Scottish muse in this direction. The plot involves the fate of a young woman whom Philotus, a rich old man, wishes as his second wife. A "Macrell," or go-between, endeavours to bring her to his wishes, and addresses her in a long speech which illustrates interestingly the life of a fine lady of this period:—

“ Ye neither mell with lad or loon,  
 But with the best in all this toun ;  
 His wife may ay sit foremost doun,  
     At either buird or bink,  
 Gang foremost in at door or yett,  
 And ay the first guid-day wald get,  
 With all men honourit and weel-tret,  
     As ony heart wald think

“ See what a woman’s mind may meese,<sup>1</sup>  
 And hear what honour, wealth, and ease,  
 Ye may get with him, an ye please  
     To do as I devise :  
 Your fire sall first be burning clear,  
 Your maidens then sall have your geir <sup>2</sup>  
 Put in guid order and effer,<sup>3</sup>  
     Ilk morning or <sup>4</sup> you rise.

“ And say : ‘ Lo, mistress, here your muils ;<sup>5</sup>  
 Put on your wyliecoat<sup>6</sup> or it cuils ;<sup>7</sup>  
 Lo, here ane of your velvet stuils,<sup>8</sup>  
     Whereon ye sall sit doun :  
 Then twasome<sup>9</sup> come to kame your hair,  
 Put on your head-geir soft and fair ;  
 Tak there your glass — see all be clair ;  
     And sae gaes on your gown.

“ Then tak, to stanch your morning drouth,  
 Ane cup of Malvoisie, for your mouth ;

<sup>1</sup> Calm, gratify.   <sup>2</sup> Apparel.   <sup>3</sup> Condition.

<sup>4</sup> Ere.   <sup>5</sup> Slippers.   <sup>6</sup> A flannel vest.   <sup>7</sup> Cools.

<sup>8</sup> Stools.   <sup>9</sup> Two.



*That's Your Fiction  
The Best Wile in, and the lightest part  
Wife's in the same with the best*

MR. AND MRS. LEE LEWES IN THE CHARACTERS OF  
"GOLDFINCH" AND "WIDOW WARREN," THEATRE  
ROYAL, 1792.





For fume<sup>1</sup> cast succar<sup>2</sup> in a fouth,<sup>3</sup>  
 Together with a toast.

Three garden gowps<sup>4</sup> tak of the air,  
 And bid your page in haste prepare,  
 For your disjune,<sup>5</sup> some dainty fair,  
 And care not for nae cost.

“ Ane pair of plovers piping het,  
 Ane partrick and ane quailie get,  
 Ane cup of sack, sweet and weel set,  
     May for ane breakfast gain.<sup>6</sup>  
 Your cater he may care for syne,<sup>7</sup>  
 Some delicate, again' you dine;  
 Your cook to season all sae fine,  
     Then does employ his pain.

. . . . .

“ And for your back, I dare be bold,  
 That ye sall wear even as ye wold,  
 With double garnishings of gold,  
     And crape above your hair.  
 Your velvet hat, your hood of state,  
 Your missle<sup>8</sup> when ye gang the gait,  
 Frae sun and wind, baith air and late,  
     To keep that face sae fair.

“ Of Paris wark, wrought by the lave,<sup>9</sup>  
 Your fine half-cheinyies ye sall have;

<sup>1</sup> Foam.      <sup>2</sup> Sugar.      <sup>3</sup> A quantity.  
<sup>4</sup> Mouthfuls.      <sup>5</sup> Breakfast.      <sup>6</sup> Serve.  
<sup>7</sup> Later.      <sup>8</sup> Mask.      <sup>9</sup> Best.

For to decore, ane carkat<sup>1</sup> crave,  
 That comely collar-bane.  
 Your great gold cheinyie for your neck,  
 Be bowsome<sup>2</sup> to the carle, and beck,  
 For he has gold eneuch, what-reck?  
 It will stand on nane.

“ And for your gouns, ay the new guise  
 Ye with your tailors may devise,  
 To have them loose, with plaits and plies,  
 Or claspit close behind.  
 The stuff, my heart, ye need not hain,<sup>3</sup>  
 Pan velvet raised, figurit or plain,  
 Silk, satin, damask, or grograin,  
 The finest ye can find.

“ Your claiths on colours cuttit out,  
 And all pasmented<sup>4</sup> round about,  
 My blessing on that seemly snout,  
 Sae weel, I trow, sall set them!  
 Your shanks<sup>5</sup> of silk, your velvet shoon,  
 Your broidered wyliccoat aboon,  
 As ye devise, all sall be done,  
 Uncraipit,<sup>6</sup> when ye get them.

“ Your tablet, by your halse<sup>7</sup> that hings,  
 Gold bracelets, and all other things,  
 And all your fingers full of rings,  
 With pearls and precious stanes.

<sup>1</sup> Necklace.      <sup>2</sup> Civil.      <sup>3</sup> Want.

<sup>4</sup> Decorated with lace.      <sup>5</sup> Stockings.

<sup>6</sup> Unspotted, perfect.      <sup>7</sup> Throat.



MR. CLINCH AND MRS. YATES IN THE CHARACTERS OF THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF BRAGANZA, THEATRE ROYAL, 1785.



Ye sall have ay while ye cry ho,  
Rickles <sup>1</sup> of gold, and jewels too,  
What reck to tak the bogle-go,<sup>2</sup>  
My bonny bird, for anes."<sup>3</sup>

After 1603, the drama had a hard time in Edinburgh. The War of the Reformation, and the great changes that ensued, completely put a stop to all theatrical performances. As a substitute for these, curious exhibitions of the following character were given.

In 1659, "thair wes brocht to this nation," says Nicoll, "ane heigh greit beist, callit ane Drommodrary, quhilk being keipit clos in ye Cannogate, nane haid a syght of it without thrie pence ye persone, quhilk producit much gayne to ye keipar, in respect of ye greit numberis of pepill yat resortit to it, for ye syght thairof. It wes very bigge, and of greit height, and clovin futed lyke unto ane kow, and on ye bak ane saitt, as it were a sadill to sit on. Thair wes brocht in with it ane lytill baboun, faced lyke unto a naip."

<sup>1</sup> Heaps.

<sup>2</sup> Why not take the old hobgoblin?

<sup>3</sup> At once.

After the Duke of York's arrival in Edinburgh in 1680, and during his residence at Holyrood, plays were again given in the Royal Tennis Court. The actors came from London, and from Dryden's sly allusions were not the most eminent in their profession. Apparently some of the members of the company had gone to Oxford to assist in performances there, according to annual custom. Dryden, in his "Miscellanies," makes one of the players apologize to the University of Oxford for the meagre ranks of the company. He at the same time insinuates that only the lesser lights have gone north, leaving the talent at the service of the University: —

" Our brethren have from Thames to Tweed departed,  
To Edinborough gone, or coached or carted ;  
With bonny blue cap there they act all night  
For Scotch half-crowns, in English, threepence hight,  
One nymph, to whom fat Sir John Falstaff's lean,  
There with her single person fills the scene."

About 1736, Allan Ramsay, who was strongly attached to the drama, built his playhouse at the foot of Carrubber's Close. This was the first specially built and equipped



OLD PLAYHOUSE CLOSE.





theatre in Scotland, but it was almost immediately closed by the Act of 1737 for licensing the stage. Tony Aston, however, previously had used the Tailors' Hall, still standing in the Cowgate, under the pretence of giving "Concerts of music, after which the tragedy of 'Hamlet' would be given gratis."

In 1746, the foundation stone of the first regular theatre in Edinburgh was laid by John Ryan, a London actor of considerable repute, within the Playhouse Close, Canon-gate. Some portions of this theatre still remain as a part of the Edinburgh and Leith Brewery.

In December, 1756, the famous play of "Douglas," by the Rev. John Home, a minister of the Church of Scotland, was produced in this theatre. This brought down on Home's devoted head the united wrath of the clergy, who compelled his resignation from the Church. Douglas had a rare "run" both in Edinburgh and London. When it was first produced in London, so great was the enthusiasm that an excited Scot shouted, "Whaur's your Wullie Shakespeare noo?"

In 1767, in consequence of a dispute between the public and the management, a band of rioters, mostly students, completely wrecked the building, finally setting it on fire.

The Town Guard was called out, but on arriving at the scene of disturbance, these veterans, many of whom had fought at Blenheim and Dettingen, faltered at the thought of entering this domain of the Evil One. When their commander, therefore, ordered them to enter the theatre and cross the stage, they stopped short amidst the scenery, the glaring colours of which surprised and terrified them. Their timidity filled the gallant captain with great indignation, so seizing a musket, and striking an attitude equal to anything that had ever been on those boards, he exclaimed, "Now, my lads, follow me!" At the same moment the trap-door on which he stood gave way, and in an instant, as if by magic, the hero disappeared.

This was proof to the excited warriors that the Devil had snatched their leader by the heels, so they fled in complete disorder.

They received the captain when he appeared later, as a gentleman from the lower regions, and were hardly convinced of his human identity even when he cursed them most artistically in picturesque Gaelic for a pack of cowardly scoundrels.

No recourse was possible for the proprietors against the ringleaders, for by the Act of 1737, the playhouse was both illegal and immoral. A "Royal Letters Patent" was secured, and the old theatre reopened December, 1767. Among other famous actors connected with this theatre were the elder Sheridan, Mrs. Ward, Lampe (the composer), Signor Pasquali, Samuel Foote, John Lee, West Digges, Tate Wilkinson, John Jackson, Mrs. Bellamy, and Stayley, an eccentric.

On December 9th, 1769, the manager, David Ross, opened his new Theatre Royal in Shakespeare Square, where the General Post Office now stands. During a period of forty years the Theatre Royal passed through many vicissitudes. Among its managers were Ross, Samuel Foote, Tate Wilkinson, Stephen Kemble and John Jackson. Nearly all the great stars of the day ap-

peared here, including Mrs. Siddons and John Kemble, and Sir Walter, then plain Mr. Scott, was a frequent visitor.

In 1808, Henry, son of the famous Mrs. Siddons, became manager of the Theatre Royal, but fortune went steadily against him and doubtless hastened his death in 1815. His wife, Mrs. Harriet Siddons, however, under the able management of W. H. Murray, her brother, set about the production of the Waverley dramas, and in 1818 "Rob Roy" was a tremendous success.

George IV. visited the theatre in 1822 when Edmund Kean was "starring" there, and much to the great tragedian's chagrin, His Majesty commanded Murray to perform "Rob Roy." In 1830, Murray took entire possession both of the Royal and of the smaller theatre (which stood on the site of the present Royal), which latter he rechristened the Adelphi.

Murray was himself a fine actor, and his management continued most successfully until 1851. Many "stars" owed their success to the training of Murray, and of Wyndham, who followed him, for the Edinburgh

Royal was considered one of the best training schools for young actors. Among their "graduates" may be mentioned Barry Sullivan, R. Wyndham, William Howard, Mr. and Mrs. Leigh Murray, and many others. The celebrated Scots comedian, Mackay, was with Murray for many years, while few London actresses equalled Miss Nicol as an impersonator of old women.

Wyndham took the Adelphi after Murray's retirement, but this house was burned down two years later. Wyndham then took the Royal, and engaged John Toole as his principal low comedian, who remained with him for three years, only leaving just before Henry Irving came as "second utility." Irving made his first appearance on February 9th, 1857, as Gaston, in "Richelieu," and remained two and a half years. Since then, there is nothing to record of especial interest to the reader of this volume.

## CHAPTER XII

### ANCIENT TRADES

“ Kirkmen, courtmen, and craftsmen fyne ;  
Doctouris in <sup>1</sup> jure, and medycyne ;  
Divinouris,<sup>2</sup> rethoris,<sup>3</sup> and philosophouris,  
Astrologis, artistis, and oratouris ;  
Men of armes, and vailyeand knychtis,  
And mony vther gudlie wightis ;  
Musicianis, menstrualis, and mirrie singlaris :  
Chevalouris, callandar<sup>4</sup>, and flingar<sup>5</sup> ;  
Cunyeouris,<sup>6</sup> carvouris,<sup>7</sup> and carpentaris,  
Beildaris <sup>8</sup> of barkis<sup>9</sup> and ballingar<sup>10</sup> ;  
Masounis,<sup>11</sup> lyand vpon the land,  
And schip-wrightis hewand vpon the strand ;  
Glasing wrightis, goldsmythis and lapidar<sup>12</sup>,  
Pryntouris, payntouris, and potingar<sup>12</sup>.” <sup>12</sup>

THUS Dunbar enumerates some of the craftsmen, among others of the throng which the varied interests of James IV.

<sup>1</sup> Doctors of law.      <sup>2</sup> Fortune tellers.

<sup>3</sup> Eloquent writers or speakers.

<sup>4</sup> Registers of documents.      <sup>5</sup> Dancers.

<sup>6</sup> Coiners.      <sup>7</sup> Carvers.

<sup>8</sup> Builders.      <sup>9</sup> Merchant vessels.      <sup>10</sup> Ships of war.

<sup>11</sup> Masons.      <sup>12</sup> Apothecaries.

brought about him. It is curious to observe how, with the change in manners and customs, one trade becomes extinct while another arises in its place, and some mention of the Trade, or Craft-Gilds, which exercised such important influence in the affairs of Edinburgh, may be of passing interest.

In ancient times, before government had become fairly established, in Scotland, as elsewhere, the dwellers in populous places, villages, or hamlets, were almost always under the protection of some royal or baronial castle. Scotland was a feudal kingdom, divided into numerous small principalities which were almost independent, and the country was held together by the feeblest ties. The authority of the Sovereign was not only curtailed, but a large part of his revenues went into the greedy hands of the feudal nobility. The division of the country into clans, and the lack of great cities, greatly strengthened the power of baronial authority, and weakened the Throne.

Most of the people in those times existed in a state of absolute serfdom or slavery, being entirely dependent on the will or whim

of the lord of the soil. They had not only no property of their own, but even the product of the greatest industry on their part, or any profit in such trade or barter as came their way, was often subjected to heavy demands by either the Crown or their overlord. It was simply a case of the strong plundering the weaker. At length these extortions became so oppressive that their very severity tended to bring about a cure, and paradoxical as it may seem, the very point which rectified all these wrongs was what may be called the exercise of exclusive privilege. The Crown, and many of the feudal lords, began, even from a purely selfish point of view, to take a greater interest in the growing prosperity of their vassals, for they saw that this meant their own greater welfare.

Professor Cosmo Innes says: — “ With the twelfth century rose the general desire, through France and over Europe, to shake off the oppression of the feudal lords, and to restore or establish some municipal rights and freedom in towns — a share at least in the choice of their own magistrates, and



in administering their property and affairs. The people of the cities entered vehemently into the struggle for independence; swore mutual support and alliance; and within each town established for their common affairs "guilds," or associations." These fraternities for the protection of trade were eventually recognized, and directly sanctioned by the Crown, who fostered them by granting protection from outside injury or oppression. They alone were recognized as having the right to trade within a certain district, subject to certain regulations, tolls, duties, maills, or customs, which were to be mutually agreed upon.

These associations, which became known as "hanses" or "gilds," represented a privileged class of dealers within the limit of their respective communities. They were the beginning of that important system of municipal control and power, which the Gilds or Gildry of large towns exercised so long for the good of the Scottish people.

But with emancipation from the grasping clutches of the feudal nobility, the spirit of caste began in course of time to show

itself among the members of the Gilds. In Edinburgh, as was the case in Continental towns, the Gild, though consisting originally of the Merchant or Burgensic class, had, in the course of time, admitted to its privileges members of the Craftsmen class, provided they held full rights of citizenship by owning estates of a certain recognized value within the town. But as the merchants amassed wealth, they became more exclusive in their association.

An ancient statute of the Belgian, Danish, and German Gilds forbids the admittance of any one "with dirty hands" or "with blue nails," or "who hawked his wares on the streets," and further states that craftsmen must have foresworn their trade for a year and a day before being admitted to the Gild.

It was soon evident, therefore, in the contest for municipal control, and in the regulation of town affairs, that the Merchant class, and the various Arts or Trades became as distinctly separated as were the Patricians and Plebeians in early Roman days.

They not only differed in opinion, but their frequent hostile collisions occasioned much turmoil in Edinburgh. The Merchant class, as the wealthiest and most influential members, considered themselves the trade aristocracy. They, therefore, assumed the leading part in municipal affairs, and not only excluded the Craftsmen from the brethren of the Guild, but instituted a system of oppression against them.

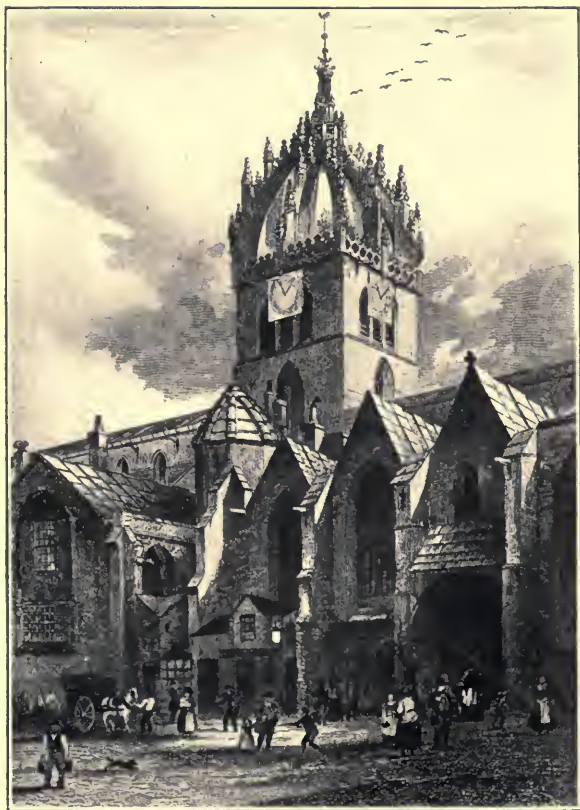
This explanation is necessary to show the origin of Trade or Craft-Gilds — Guilds as later known — which it will be seen were occasioned by the necessities of the period. Combination was the only means by which the Crafts could oppose the oppression of the Mercantile Guild, and they eventually succeeded in obtaining a share in the civic administration.

These Trades Crafts were close corporations, and admission was not easily obtained. It was not desired to increase their numbers, for by so doing they lessened the profits of their trade. If the applicant was not connected with some of the craftsmen, he was almost certain to be refused. Each craft

elected a " Deakon or Kirkmaister " according to an Act of James I. in 1424:—

" That yn ilk toune of ye realme, of ilk sindry craft usyt tharin, thar be chosyn ane wise man of thar Craft be ye layff (members) of ye Craft and be ye counsel of ye officiaris of ye toune, ye quhilk sall be haldyn Dekyn or Maister-man owre ye layff for ye tyme till (to) hym assignyt, till assay and govern (examine and judge) all werkis that beis maid be ye werkmen of hys Craft, sua that ye Kingis lieges be nocht defraudyt and scathyt (harmed) yn tyme to come, as thai have bene yn tyme bygane thorow untrew men of craftis."

The original constitution of these Trade Societies, later better known as Trade Incorporations, seems to have been inspired by a desire for union, mutual help, and self-protection. They not only tried to maintain a high standard of good and substantial workmanship, but had also in pre-Reformation times strict religious duties to fulfil. Each trade society had a patron saint to whom they dedicated an altar in the Church of St. Giles. Members were bound to pay,



ST. GILES FROM THE NORTHWEST.  
*Before alteration in 1827.*



in addition to other benefactions, the "ouk lie penny" (weekly payment) for the maintenance of their altar, and the sustenance of the priest attached thereto.

In 1483 the famous Incorporation of Hammermen, next to the Baxters the most ancient of the civic corporations, was granted a "Seal" or charter from the Town Council of Edinburgh, the terms of which gives curious information on the trade customs of the time. Some of the strict rules binding the members are as follows, rendered in modern style:— "No one was to be allowed to practise more arts than one, to prevent damage or hurt to each other; no goods were to be exposed for sale in the streets but on the market day; certain judicious persons of the corporation were employed to search and inspect the goods made by the members of the craft, and if found bad and insufficient to forbid the sale thereof under the pain of forfeiture."

About this period the manufacture of offensive weapons predominated over all other trades in Edinburgh, and an Edinburgh armourer was held to be the equal of

any in Europe. The Corporation of Hammermen included armourers, cutlers, blacksmiths, saddlers, and lorimers. A lorimer made the iron-work used in saddlery. A gaird-maker was a manufacturer of sword-handles only. Dag-makers made hackbuts (short guns) and dags (pistols); while dalmascars gilded swords. We find also belt-makers, whose business it was to furnish belts for swords; and "beltons" to keep the body firm while they provided also for the side pistols. Each applicant for admission was required to perform a task or "essay" as his entrance examination. The cutler's essay in 1584 was "ane plain finished quhanzear," or sword.

It is interesting to note how when the wearing of arms went into disuse, other arts which tended to provide the comforts and luxuries of civilized life arose. About 1586 we find notice of the first locksmith in Edinburgh. Then came shearsmiths, tinklers (tinkers), coppersmiths, pewterers, white-iron smiths (tin workers), makers of knocks (clocks) and watches; edge-tool makers, pin-makers and a fishhook maker. In 1691,



Paul Martin, a distressed French Protestant, was the first maker of surgical instruments in Edinburgh.

This enumeration may be rather tedious, but it is indicative of the progress of society. For example, in the latter part of the seventeenth century, no period in the history of Edinburgh was more remarkable for the making of handcuffs, gallow-stocks, spikes, chains, axes, cleavers, "thumbkins," "boots," and other instruments "of torture, death and demembration." This was the "Killing Time," when so many of the Covenanters, to use the ribald words of one of their judges, the Duke of Rothes, "glorified God in the Grassmarket," while the torture and execution of witches and warlocks was a matter of daily routine.

Of the ancient Incorporated Trades of the Old Town, were the Chirurgeons and Barbouris (barbers). The symbol of the barber, who in olden times was an important personage, still holds its place at the door of those who follow the trade. The pole with the ribbon around it, with the brass plate at the end, signified bleeding and bandaging,

or binding up. The barber has fallen from his old-time high estate and can now command but a lowly stipend, while his former twin brother, the surgeon, has mounted to lofty heights with corresponding fees.

The Goldsmiths, or Goldsmiths, were a wealthy and important body. George Heriot ("Jingling Geordie") was their Deacon-Convener in 1590, 1593-4, 1606, and 1607. "Geordie" must have been a very magnificent being, to judge from the description of his attire by Sir Walter Scott in the "Fortunes of Nigel." "His hose were of black velvet, lined with purple silk, which garniture appeared at the slashes. His doublet was of purple cloth, and his short cloak to correspond with his hose, and both were adorned with a great number of small silver buttons, richly wrought in filigree. A triple chain of gold hung round his neck, and in place of sword or dagger he wore at his belt an ordinary knife for the purpose of the table, with a small silver case which appeared to contain writing materials."

The Incorporation of Baxters, or Bakers, was the most ancient civic incorporation



GEORGE HERIOT (" JINGLING GEORDIE ").



of Edinburgh, as it received its charter half a century before the Hammermen were incorporated in 1483. The Baxters were at one time a very wealthy fraternity, and owned their own flour mills on the Water of Leith.

The Fleschouris, or Fleshers, as their name indicates, were the butchers and dealers in meat. There was a curious prohibition against a flesher selling fish, but it was his duty to cut them up, or dress them, for a fee: "Item — That na fleschour bye na fische to sell and regrait agane, bot to brek thame allanerlie for thair fie as said is, and handell thame honestlie." The fee for dressing a salmon was 2*d.* Scots, and these were regarded as such a common fish until about 1700, that it was a customary stipulation by servants that they should not be fed on salmon more than twice a week. An official called the "serjand" inspected the fish and flesh market, and if any foul beef or salmon was found it was his duty to seize it and "send it to the puire (poor) or leprose folk (lepers)," or otherwise dispose of it as he saw fit.

The Skinners and Furriers manufactured

various skins into leather or furs, and as this occupation called for a location by a running stream, their workhouses were at the Water of Leith. The Glover Craft was included in this corporation, it being their business to manufacture the leather or furs into gloves, breeches, muffs, and the like.

The Cordwainers or Cordiners, a very ancient craft, were the Shoemakers, their name being derived from the word *Cordovan*, a leather made of goat skins in the city of Cordova, Spain. Their charter stipulates that all "Buits or Schone (shoes)" must be made of "gude ledder."

The Talzouris, or Taylors, fitted the male Edinburgh person to "guid Galashiels grey" or silk, satins, or velvets according to requirements. This former fabric was once the staple manufacture of that prosperous burgh, and is thus described by an aged resident: "Galashiels grey was a maist durable claith, made o' sound woo', wi' a guid twined thread, and wairpit and weftit wi' conscience." The Tailors had the privilege of exacting certain fees from all "Mantua-makers," or makers of women's apparel, within the city.

The Wobstaris, or Websters, were the Weavers, of which craft the good "Bailie Nicol Jarvie" was a member. In former days the weaving business was extensively carried on within the city and suburbs of Edinburgh, chiefly by Quakers. The far-famed Paisley shawls were originally designed and manufactured in the suburbs of Sciennes. At first they were called "Edinburgh shawls," and were known throughout the world. This district derived its name from the Convent of St. Catherine of Sienna, erected here by the pious Janet, Lady Seton, after the fatal day of Flodden had left her a widow. The weaver's motto, "My life is as a weaver's shuttle," was carved on the front of an old factory which formerly stood in the West Port of Edinburgh.

The business of the Waekeris, or Waulkers, was the dressing of cloth and the making of felt. The Sheermen (Scissorsmen), and later the Hatters, were branches of this craft. Then there were the Bonnet-makers, and the Litsters, or Dyers.

The Trades Maiden Hospital, founded in 1695 for the maintenance and education of

poor maidens, is perhaps the most benevolent outcome of the Incorporated Trades of Edinburgh. This hospital, now removed to the southern side of the Meadows, originally stood on the site now occupied by the Museum of Science and Art.

In conclusion we must not forget the ancient and important Corporation of Candlemakers, whose hall still stands at the head of Candlemaker Row. Over the doorway, boldly cut, stand the arms of the craft with the motto "OMNIA MANIFESTA LUCE," and the date 1722. In olden times, an illumination of the town was a glorious harvest for the candlemakers. The penalty for not lighting up the windows was the breaking of the glass by the mob. The householder could obtain no redress from the town authorities, for his omission was a gross act of disobedience to the Magistrates' order. Proclamations for a "General Illumination" were quite frequent in those days, and were ordered on many occasions when the general public did not quite see the necessity for such. This was the origin of the old rhyme:—



“ There nae Illumination,  
It's a' big lees ;  
It's naething but the Caunel-makers  
Makin' bawbees.”

*The Blue Blanket*

The full story of the Blue Blanket, the Trades Banner of Edinburgh, is given in a curious old volume written in 1722 by Alexander Pennicuik, Guild brother of Edinburgh.

The Order of the Blue Blanket or “ Banner of the Holy Ghost,” is stated by tradition to have been instituted by Pope Urban about the year 1200, and so, says Pennicuik, is older than any order of knighthood in Europe, save that of St. Andrew, or the Thistle, and of the Star, or Blessed Virgin. According to this author, vast numbers of Scottish craftsmen followed Allan, Lord High Steward of Scotland, to the Holy Land in the Crusade, when Richard Cœur de Lion, the hero of Christendom, was matched against Saladin, the champion of Moslem chivalry.

This Scottish banner bore the legend, “ In

bona voluntate tua edificenter muri Jerusalem." ("In thy good pleasure let the walls of Jerusalem be built"), and from its colour was familiarly known as the Blue Blanket. This, on their return, the craftsmen dedicated to St. Eloi's altar in the Church of St. Giles. Whatever ground there may be for this story of its more ancient origin, it is true that in 1482 James III. in recognition of signal services of the craftsmen gave them many privileges, and bestowed upon them this ensign; his Queen, Margaret, embroidering their heraldic bearings upon it with her own hands.

Every loyal tradesman, not only of Edinburgh, but of all Scotland, is held bound to rally at the summons when it is unfurled, "weil bodin in feir of weir," to fight for king and country. The United Incorporation of Hammermen, an ancient body of twenty trades corporations, were the guardians of the Blue Blanket. It was carried by the Edinburghers at the battle of Flodden in 1513, and is still to be seen in the Council Chamber of the Trades Maiden Corporation.

## CHAPTER XIII

### THE OLD TOLBOOTH, AND ROGUES AND CRIMINALS

THIS ancient jail, which Sir Walter Scott has immortalized in his "Heart of Midlothian," was a dismal looking edifice five stories high and occupying half the width of the High Street, which until the year 1817 stood at the northwest corner of St. Giles Church. At the western end was a projecting ground floor formed of shops, the roof which covered them forming a platform on which executions took place. The building consisted of two parts, one more antique and massive than the other, and resembling, with its turret staircase, one of those tall, narrow fortalices which are so common in the Border countries.

Without doubt the house, or a portion of it, was of great antiquity, for it was old and ruinous in the reign of Mary, and nar-

rowly escaped destruction at that time. Chambers says in his interesting account, that in all probability the older portion of the Tolbooth was in early times a sort of peel tower or house of defence, built by the townspeople when they were so liable to predatory invasions.

This probably is the *pretorium burgi de Edinburgi*, where a Parliament met in 1438, after the assassination of the Poet-King James I., to deliberate on the proceedings which then became necessary. Here the Court of Session met in its earliest years, and it was here also the Parliaments of Mary assembled. It was on the Tolbooth door at night that the citizens fastened libels charging the Earl of Bothwell with Darnley's murder. "In those simple days great and humble things came close together, and the house which contained Parliaments upstairs, presented shops in the lower story, and thus drew in a little revenue to the magistrates."

But long before this, all greatness had departed from the old building and it was devoted to the purposes of a jail alone, with



THE OLD TOLBOOTH ("THE HEART OF MIDLOTHIAN").



the shops still remaining underneath. The main entrance to the Tolbooth, and the only one used in later years, was at the bottom of the turret next the church. The gateway was of carved stone-work, while the door, of massive construction, was secured by an immense lock and besides this by a flap padlock. It was this door that the leaders of the Porteous Mob had to destroy by fire in order to get at their prey. A private of the Town Guard clad in rusty red, with Lochaber axe or musket, always loitered about in front of the door.

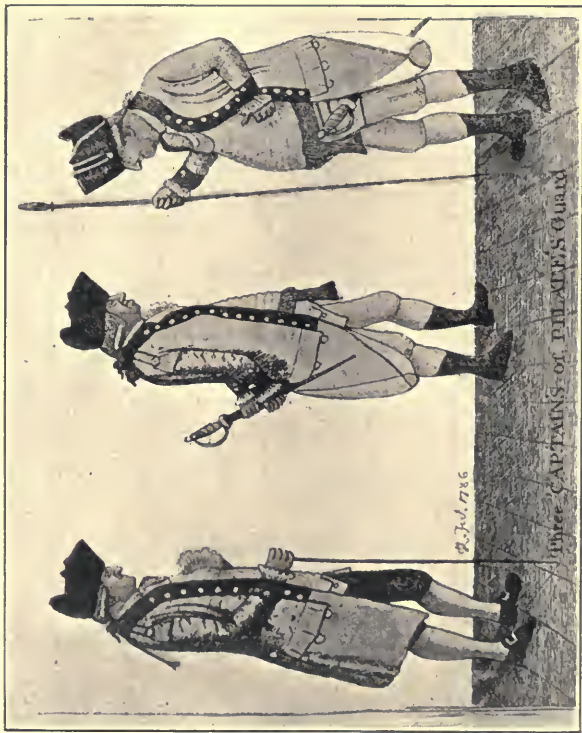
The door next to the gateway led into "Michael Ketten's Shoe Shop," which had formerly been the "Thieves' Hole," where these gentry were confined. The turnkey's residence was the next door westward to that; a dismal den, where the gray old official was always to be found when not engaged in locking or unlocking the jail door. The next door westward was a "lock-up," but in later times was not used. The Town Guard, in the last days of the Tolbooth, had their quarters in that part of the ground-floor on the north fronting the streets, where

had once been shops. Any communication between these ground-floor apartments and the jail above was effectually prevented by the massive arches upon which the superstructure was reared.

When the ponderous outer door was passed, the keeper shut this instantly, thereby involving everything in darkness. An ascent of twenty steps led to the inner door, which, being duly knocked upon, was opened by a bottle-nosed personage named Peter, "who like his sainted namesake always carried two or three large keys." The visitor then entered the "Hall," which being free to all the prisoners — excepting those confined for serious offences — was generally filled with a shabby but very merry crowd.

Here a sentinel of the Town Guard was constantly patrolling, with either a bayonet or ramrod in his hand. The "Hall" was also used as the chapel of the jail, and contained a singular old pulpit which tradition stated John Knox had preached from. A large turnpike stair led up to the rooms occupied by the criminals, one of which was of plate-iron. At the west end of the "Hall"





CAPTAINS OF THE TOWN GUARD. GEORGE PITCAIRN, GEORGE  
ROBERTSON, ROBERT PILLANS.



hung a board on which were inscribed these lines: —

“ A prison is a house of care,  
A place where none can thrive,  
A touchstone true to try a friend,  
A grave for men alive —

“ Sometimes a place for men of right,  
Sometimes a place of wrong,  
Sometimes a place for jades and thieves,  
And honest men among.”

On the north side of the hall were partitioned off two small rooms, one of which was the captain's pantry, the other his office. An old musket or two, a pair of obsolete bandoleers or powder cases, and a bayonet sheath hung in this official lair as fancied protection against a mutiny of the prisoners. The “ Hall,” including the captain's quarters, was about twenty-seven feet long by twenty wide, and twelve feet in height.

Within the captain's two rooms was a singular double window, which “ tradition, supported by appearances ” pointed out as having been formerly a door by which royalty entered the hall in the days when it was the House of Parliament. It is said that a sort

of bridge was placed between this aperture and a house across the street. The sovereign, having donned his robes of state in that house, at the proper time walked across the bridge into the Parliament Hall. This arrangement was not at all improbable in those days of limited accommodation.

A large window close to the entrance door of the hall was strongly barred. On the south side of the hall was a window overlooking the outer gateway, and employed by the inner turnkey as a means of communication with his outer brother when any visitor was going out. He would cry from this window in the tone of a military order upon parade, "Turn your hand," upon which the outer turnkey on the pavement below would open the door to let the visitor out. Immediately above the hall was the room for felons, and to an iron bar running along part of the floor condemned criminals were chained. In the centre of this room was a square box of plate-iron called "The Cage," which was said to have been made for the purpose of securing some extraordinary criminal who had broken half the jails in the kingdom.

Another room of the same size above this was also used as a felon's prison.

The western part of the Tolbooth, the larger and apparently more modern portion, had four floors, all of which were used as a place of confinement for debtors, except a part of the lowest one, where there was a tavern for the sale of malt liquors, kept by an elderly dame. A steep and dark turnpike stair wound up to the different floors, in the ascent of which the visitor was assisted by a hand rail of greasy rope. This, he was sure to be pleasingly informed, had been used in hanging a criminal. In one of the rooms on the second floor was a door leading out to the platform where criminals were executed, and in the wall of the room above was a roughly plastered spot marking the aperture through which the gallows beam was projected.

There was something about the Old Tolbooth, says Chambers, which would have enabled a blindfolded person led into it to say that it was a jail. It was not merely the odour from imperfect drainage that assailed you, but there was mingled with this

the indescribable smell of poverty, making a combination almost overpowering to the stranger. The story is told of a dashing young blade who had been confined in the Tolbooth for debt, who, on his release, went with a party of friends to the neighbouring fishing-village of Newhaven to celebrate his freedom by a fish dinner, for which entertainments the place was, and still is, famous. His dainty lordship professed to be highly indignant at the odoriferousness of the quarters they had honoured for this occasion, which immediately aroused the ire of Meggy Ramsay, fishwife and proprietress. "Smell!" wrathfully shouted honest Meggy, "smell! De'il scrape the partan face o' ye; the last time I saw ye was in the Auld Towbuith, and ony smell's sweet efter that. Eh, sirs, it aften gars *me* fent when I gang in wi' oysters." After this very terse remark, the young laird was discreetly silent upon the subject of smells.

The promenaders in the hall were apparently generally not greatly depressed by their situation, and chatted with their friends, or cracked jokes on Peter's nose. If any mes-

senger were sent out for a bottle of whisky, Peter never expressed any official curiosity as to the state of pockets when the messenger returned, but it might be noticed shortly after this that his nose had increased in brilliancy. Mistress Laing's little tavern underneath was very convenient, and did a thriving trade. New arrivals were greeted with the cheery chorus: —

“ Welcome, welcome, brother debtor,  
To this poor but merry place ;  
Here no bailiff, dun, nor fetter,  
Dares to show his gloomy face.”

It was remarkable how soon in most cases all became familiar, easy, and even to appearance in good spirits. Each one had his story to tell, and was sure of sympathy. As far as the regulations permitted, the administration of the place seems to have been of a good-natured kind. It was not at all impossible that a debtor could share his lodging with some even more destitute friend for the night, or even for many nights. This was done in some noted instances, and strange as it may appear, the Old Tolbooth had been the means of escapes from justice.

When the "Rye-House Plot" in the reign of Charles II. was discovered, the notorious Robert Fergusson, called the "Plotter," was searched for in Edinburgh with a view of subjecting him to the extreme penalty of the law. When it was known to a certainty that he was in the town, the gates were closed, and the authorities congratulated themselves that he was surely in their toils. The ingenious "Plotter," however, hied him to the Tolbooth, where a friend chanced to be confined at the time, and there found perfect concealment. At his leisure he emerged from his retirement, and escaped to the Continent. The same device in 1746 enabled a gentleman who had been concerned in the Rebellion to save his head.

One of the most remarkable peculiarities of the Tolbooth was its inability to retain any influential persons committed to its care, and it was notorious that almost every criminal of rank confined in it escaped. Lord Burleigh, an insane peer who was imprisoned here about the year 1700 for murder, escaped by changing clothes with his sister.

The Scottish people were greatly excited in



1766 by the case of Katherine Nairne. This young woman, who was allied by blood and marriage to families of distinction, had committed the double crime of poisoning her husband, and having an intrigue with his brother, who was her accomplice in the murder. Her whole bearing when arrested showed so much levity that she was with difficulty rescued from an indignant mob. She was lodged in the Tolbooth, which as usual was found incapable of restraining an offender of condition.

The judges delayed sentence on account of the lady's pregnancy, and the child was born in prison. Through the midwife who attended her, she arranged an escape. For several days the midwife pretended to be afflicted with a terrific toothache, and went in and out with her head wrapped in shawls, groaning prodigiously. At length, when the turnkeys had become accustomed to the sight of this apparition, Katherine Nairne came down one evening in her stead, with her head wrapped in shawls, holding down her face upon her hands as if in agony, and groaning dismally, in exact imitation of the

midwife. The inner turnkey, probably not quite unconscious of the trick, gave her a hearty thump on the back as she went out, calling her at the same time a howling old Jezebel, and wishing she might never come back again.

Once outside, a coach in waiting carried her swiftly to a place of concealment. The coachman, it is said, had orders from her relations in case of pursuit to drive into the sea, that she might drown herself, which fate was considered preferable to the ignominy of a public execution. She escaped to France, married, was the exemplary mother of a large family, and died at a good old age. Her accomplice, Patrick Ogilvie, was executed in the Grassmarket.

The following anecdote was related to a friend by Sir Walter Scott. It was arranged that a certain prisoner of rank should be smuggled out of the Tolbooth in a chest, and carried by a porter to Leith, where a vessel lay ready to sail from Scotland once the nobleman was on board. The escape from jail was made successfully, but the final step in the plot failed through an unlucky

accident. It so happened that the porter, who was not in the plot, in hoisting the chest to his back placed the end which corresponded to the feet of the prisoner *uppermost*. The head of the unfortunate man was thus pressed against the lower end of the box, and had to sustain the whole weight of his body. The position was most painful, but life was precious, and he kept silent.

The porter trudged away innocently with the chest, until he met a friend at the Nether-Bow, who asked him where he was going with his large burden. "To Leith," was the reply. The thirsty friend thereupon inquired if the job was good enough to afford some liquid refreshment before proceeding on so long a journey. This being answered in the affirmative by the carrier of the box, who readily appreciated the philosophy of his friend's inquiry, they at once adjourned to a tavern near by. Meanwhile, the victim in the chest was wishing that his sufferings might be at once well over with in the Grass-market. But this was not the worst, for the porter in depositing his burden upon the causeway dropped the end of the chest

so heavily, that, unable to bear it any longer, the prisoner screamed out, and immediately became unconscious. The porter, in consternation, burst open the chest, and the unlucky nobleman was found in a sad condition. A crowd gathered, the town-guard approached, and all chance of escape was then hopeless. Later, however, he managed to gain his freedom in another way.

Deacon William Brodie, that artful individual, was one of the most remarkable criminals ever confined in the Old Tolbooth. His first step on the downward path came from his habit of attending cockfights, at one time a favourite diversion among the sporting fraternity of Edinburgh. He became through his mechanical ingenuity a most accomplished burglar, and for many years carried on his malpractices without being suspected. Finally, however, he was convicted of a daring robbery of the Excise Office in the Canongate, and executed. At his trial he appeared in a full-dress black silk suit, and conducted himself in "a most gentlemanly and composed manner." A gentleman of his acquaintance, calling upon him in the



GEORGE SMITH AND DEACON WILLIAM BRODIE.



condemned room, was surprised to hear him singing cheerily the song from the "Beggars' Opera," "'Tis woman seduces all mankind." He managed to cut the figure of a check-board on the stone floor of his dungeon, and amused himself by playing his right hand against his left. This diagram remained on the floor until the jail was demolished.

William Brodie was the Deacon of the Incorporation of Wrights and Masons; a man of wealth, of high repute, and a skilled mechanic. Specimens of his beautiful work, easily recognized by craftsmen, are still to be found about the city. Brodie gradually drifted into evil ways, and became a frequenter of a club in Fishmarket Close, managed by one Clark, a tavern-keeper. Here he spent his nights cockfighting, gambling and in high revelry with kindred spirits; by day, however, still outwardly a most respectable and worthy citizen industriously pursuing his trade.

In the winter of 1786, a series of mysterious burglaries filled the citizens with terror and consternation. The crimes are said to have been so daring, and so ingeniously planned,

as to baffle all attempts at detection. The shopkeepers, it appears, had a habit of confidingly hanging their keys on a nail behind the shop door. Brodie also had a habit, not so guileless however, of going about his work during the day with a piece of wax in the palm of his hand, ready to take the impression of any key he desired. This he accomplished without raising any suspicion, and, being a skilled workman, with the impression in his possession the rest was easy. After the robbery of the Excise Office in Chessel's Court, Canongate, one of his confederates betrayed the gang, but Brodie escaped to Amsterdam. He was brought back however, and hanged at the Tolbooth, October 1st, 1788, together with his accomplice, George Smith, on the same gallows he himself had ingeniously perfected during his career as a reputable craftsman.

The Deacon went to his fate with remarkable composure, due to the facts — afterwards learned — that a bargain had been made with the hangman for a “short drop,” and a certain French surgeon had been engaged to resuscitate him, actually going so



far as to mark on his body points where he was to be bled after being cut down. It may be here remarked that resuscitations at this time after hanging were not uncommon, the hangman being sometimes bribed to help the criminal escape the full penalty of the law.

An unintentional revival, however, is quoted in the case of Margaret Dickson, "Half-hangit Maggie," as she was ever afterward known, who was sentenced to be hanged for child murder in the Grassmarket, and apparently was duly executed. Her friends placed the body in a coffin, and started on their journey to Inveresk. The heavy jolting of the cart over the rough road, it appears, restored suspended animation, and her friends were terrified to hear a knocking on the coffin lid. After a glass of whisky at Musselburgh she declared she never felt better in her life. She lived for many years after, and peddled salt in the Edinburgh streets as late as 1770. When the Magistrates heard of her resuscitation, they endeavoured to bring her to certain execution, but her death certificate had already been signed, and the highest legal authorities decided that the law

had no "rights" over a woman who had been officially certified as dead.

When the body of the Deacon was taken down, it was placed in a cart by some friends and driven furiously over the rough cobblestones to the house of the French surgeon, with the idea that the violent motion would stimulate the currents of circulation. All efforts at resuscitation, however, were unavailing; the Deacon had passed beyond recall, and he was buried in the graveyard of the Buccleuch Parish Church.

The escape of young James Hay, a youth of sixteen under sentence of death for robbery, is an example of the simple and lax system of managing public affairs in the olden time. This incident happened during the later years of the Old Tolbooth. A few days before that appointed for the execution, the father went up to the condemned room with the apparent purpose of condoling with his unfortunate son. By the aid of files, the boy had succeeded previously in freeing himself from the shackles which bound him to the floor.

After nightfall, when most visitors had

left the jail, old Hay invited the inner turnkey to come into the room and partake of some liquor he had brought with him. The official readily assented, and became mellow at just about the hour for locking up the jail — ten o'clock at that period — by which time the bottle was empty. Hay expressed a great unwillingness to part just as they were beginning to enjoy themselves, which sentiment the turnkey heartily reciprocated. Taking a crown from his pocket, Hay proposed that his friend go out and purchase a bottle of good rum at a neighbouring shop.

The man readily assented, and, staggering away, neglected to lock the inner door behind him. The expected opportunity was realized, and young Hay followed close behind as had been planned. When the man had gone out, and the outer turnkey had locked the outer door, the boy stood just within, ready to run for his life. After allowing time for the drunken turnkey to get started on his way, old Hay cried out of the great window of the hall, "Turn your hand," the usual drawling cry which summoned the outer turnkey to open the door. The turnkey

came mechanically at the call, and opened the outer door, when the young criminal sprang out and sped down Beth's Wynd — a lane opposite the jail — to the Greyfriars Churchyard.

The boy had been provided with a key which would open Sir George Mackenzie's mausoleum, a place looked upon with peculiar horror, as it was supposed to be haunted by the spirit of that bloody persecutor of the Covenanters. Here young Hay remained concealed for six weeks, a few faithful confidants supplying him with food in the meantime. At length, when the vigour of the search for him had somewhat subsided, he ventured forth and escaped abroad.

When the "Heart of Midlothian" was torn down in 1817, Sir Walter Scott, ever eager to obtain souvenirs of "mine own romantic town," secured the ancient door for preservation at Abbotsford. His faithful servant, Tom Purdie, it seems had scruples about this relic being made part of his master's beautiful mansion. His objection was that "it had been grippit ower aften by the hangman," and if it was to be made use

of, it should be "an outside gate to nae place in pairteeklar." His suggestion was appreciated, for the door ever since has swung in the wall of a stair which leads to the kitchen courtyard. In 1829, Sir Walter tells us, "a tom-tit was pleased to build her nest within the lock of the Tolbooth, a strong temptation to have committed a sonnet."

This ends a very sketchy account of a building which, says our authority, "contained the meetings of the Scottish Parliament in the romantic days of the Jameses; which held the first fixed court of law established in the country; which was looked upon by the citizens in a rude age as a fortified place for defence against external danger to their lives and goods; which has immured within its gloomy walls persons of all kinds liable to law, from the gallant Montrose and the faithful Guthrie and Argyll, down to the humblest malefactor in the modern style of crime; and which finally has been embalmed in the imperishable pages of the greatest writer of fiction our country has produced."

Of the punishments inflicted on minor offenders against the laws in early days, the

following are examples. Under the date October 30, 1567, it is recorded that:—

“ Bessie Tailiefeir, in the Canongate, Edinburgh, having slandered Bailie Thomas Hunter, by saying ‘ he had in his house ane false stoup (measure),’ which was found not to be true, she was sentenced to be brankit, and set on the Cross for an hour.” The punishment of branking, which was a customary one for scolds, slanderers, and other offenders of a secondary class, consisted in having the head enclosed in an iron frame, from which projected a kind of spike so as to enter the mouth and prevent speech.

During the time of Cromwell, when any expression favourable to the King was deemed a criminal offence, the Diary of Nicoll tells us that: “ Last day of September, 1652. — Twa Englisches, for drinking the Kingis helth, war takin and bund to the gallous at Edinburgh Croce, quhair ather of thame resavit threttie-nyne quhipes upone thair naiked bakes and shoulderis, thaireftir thair luggis wer naillit to the gallous. The ane haid his lug cuttit from the ruitt with a resoure; the uther being also naillit to the

gibbet, haid his mouth 'skobit,' and his tong being drawn out the full lenth, was bund togidder betuix twa stickes hard togidder with ane skainzie threid, the space of half ane hour or thairby."

Coming down to a later period, the Edinburgh Courant, under the date of November 7, 1728, tells of the curious punishment of a female thief:—

"Yesterday, one Margaret Gibson, for the crime of theft, was drummed through the city in a very disgraceful manner. Over her neck was fixed a board with spring and bells, which rung as she walked. At some inches distant from her face was fixed a false-face, over which was hung a fox's tail. In short she was a very odd spectacle."

### *Burke and Hare Murders*

The discovery of the Burke and Hare murders in 1828 horrified the whole civilized world, and the mode employed by these two Thugs in killing the unfortunates who fell into their murderous clutches, led to the origin of the word "Burking," mean-

ing to strangle. The story of these two men and their victims is such a curiosity in the annals of criminology, that a brief account of it may be here admissible.

In the year 1828 there lived in Tanner's Close, in the West Port of Edinburgh, an Irishman, by name William Burke, and with him his paramour, Helen M'Dougal, a woman of Scotch birth. Not far from them lived another couple, William Hare, an Irishman, and his companion, Margaret Log, also a native of Ireland. All four belonged to the lowest class of humanity, but up to the year 1827 appear to have committed nothing more serious than the petty outrages on society peculiar to persons of their class. Hare and the woman Log kept a lodging house for tramps, "Log's Lodging," so called, and a certain circumstance determined their following atrocious career.

About Christmas, 1827, an old pensioner named Donald died a short time before his quarter's pension was due, owing Hare £4. Instead of burying the body, Hare, with the aid of Burke, filled the coffin with tanbark, and sold the body to the assistants



of that eminent anatomist, Dr. Knox. Those were the days of the resurrectionists, but the accomplices saw an easier way to obtain bodies to sell to anatomists, for the dens in which they lived were excellently adapted for decoying waifs and strays, who might with a minimum of risk and trouble, be converted into "subjects" and become a profitable source of revenue. Early in the spring of 1828 their first victim was secured in the person of an old woman from Gilmerton, and from that date until their detection in November of the same year, they followed their horrible trade with a boldness and success which was astounding.

Burke, in his confession, admitted the killing of sixteen persons during that period, but circumstantial evidence showed that the number must have been much greater. Their last victim was an old Irishwoman, the accidental discovery of whose body led to the disclosure of the system. The four criminals were arrested, but Hare and his paramour turned king's evidence and escaped justice. Burke was convicted, but the charge against the woman M'Dougal was found not

proven. In the indictment three specific crimes were charged. The first was the murder of Mary Paterson, the second of "Daft Jamie," a well known local character of feeble mind, and the third of a Mrs. Docherty. The last was that on which the prosecution was mainly founded, and in regard to which evidence was led at the trial.

The mode followed in disposing of their victims was first intoxication, and then suffocation. In the words of the indictment, "you, the said William Burke, did place or lay your body over the breast and face of Mary Paterson, when she was lying in a state of intoxication, did by the pressure thereof, and by covering her mouth and nose with your person, and forcibly compressing her throat with your hands, and forcibly keeping her down notwithstanding her resistance, preventing her from breathing, did suffocate or strangle her." The sums, varying from £7 to £12, were the sole inducements which led these monsters to commit their crimes.

"Bonny Mary Paterson," a woman of the town, who was one of their victims, was for her class in life a well-educated girl,

and remarkable for her beauty of face and figure. Knox, the anatomist, struck with her beautiful form, and unsuspecting foul play, preserved the body in spirits for three months, and then engaged an artist to make a drawing of it. The sad death of this beautiful woman has been made the subject of a story by Robert Louis Stevenson.

Burke's execution is popularly linked with the death of "Daft Jamie," a great favourite with the Edinburgh townspeople, whose fate was the talk of the whole country. Burke was publicly hanged on a gallows erected at the head of Libberton's Wynd, the cross stones in the roadway still marking the spot where the gallows stood. To appease the excited mob who witnessed the execution, the magistrates allowed the people to view Burke's body as it lay on a black marble slab in the dissecting room, and from ten in the morning until dusk, the crowd poured through the theatre in Surgeon Square. Burke's skeleton is now in the University Anatomical Museum.

## CHAPTER XIV

### THE PLAGUE

EDINBURGH did not escape the visitations of that frightful scourge, the Plague, or Pest, which so ravaged Europe during the Middle Ages. This dreaded disease was a malignant and fatal contagious sickness, resembling in its nature typhus fever. It was characterized by buboes, or swelling of certain lymphatic glands, and frequently attended by purpuric spots, due to a rupture of the blood vessels under the skin. These marks were the so-called "plague spots," and were always considered a fatal sign. During the various epidemics throughout Europe, the mortality ranged from 50 to 90 per cent.

This disease, which in olden times was considered to be a visitation of God to punish the wickedness of the people, we now know to have its origin in a specific germ. The

conditions most favourable for the development of the plague are poor nutrition, overcrowding, bad ventilation, uncleanness, and the saturation of the soil with filth. We thus see that all these conditions were realized in the Old Town when we remember its sanitary state.

In the year 1513 — the date of the frightful disaster at Flodden — the terror and mourning in the stricken city was intensified by the presence of the plague within its walls. It was the old superstition that the pest always portended or accompanied some great general calamity.

The plague again in 1530 laid its fell hand upon Edinburgh, and a curious entry exists in the Burgh records, where Marione Clerk is convicted by the magistrates of concealing her infection, and of having “ past amongis ye nychtbouris of this toune to ye chapell of Sant Mary Wynd on Sunday to ye mess, and to hir sisteris hous and vther placis, doand quhat wes in hir till haif infekkit alle ye toune.” This unfortunate woman for going to church during her illness was convicted and drowned in the “ Quarell Holes.”

Hanging was not at all uncommon for this offence of concealment, and the case below quoted is recorded under August 2d of this same year:—“The quhilk day forsamekle as it wes perfytlie vnderstand and kend that Daid Duly, tailyour, has haldin his wife seyke in ye contagious seiknes of pestilens ij dayis in his houss, and wald nocht revele ye samyn to ye officiaris of ye toune quhill scho (she) wes deid in ye said seiknes. And in ye meyn tyme ye sayde Daid past to Sanct Gelis Kirk quhill wes Sunday, and thair said mess amangis ye cleyne pepill, his wife beand *in extremis* in ye said seiknes, doand quhat wes in him till haif infekkit all ye toune. For the quhilk causis he wes adjudgit to be hangit on ane gebat befor his awin durr, and that wes gevin for dome.”

It appears, however, that in this case David miraculously escaped by reason of the breaking of the rope when he was swung from the gibbet, for the record says later:—“becaus at ye will of God he has eschapit and ye raip brokin, and fallin of ye gibbat, and is ane pure (poor) man with small barnis,



GREYFRIARS' CHURCHYARD, WHERE IN 1568 THE PLAGUE VICTIMS WERE BURIED  
IN "ANE MUCKLE PIT."





and for pete of him, ye prouest, ballies and counsall, bannasis ye said Dauid this toune for all ye dais of his lyf, and nocht to cum thairintill in ye meyn tyme, vnder ye pain of deid."

The "Diurnal of Occurrents" notes under the date of Sept. 8, 1568, that "Ane callit James Dalgleish, merchant, brought the pest to Edinburgh." The pestilence prevailed until February, and is said to have carried off 2,500 persons in Edinburgh, or about one-tenth of the population. The public policy was directed rather to the preservation of the untainted than to the care of the sick. Selfishness ruled the day, and the inhumanity towards the humbler classes was beyond belief. "Maister Gilbert Skeyne, Doctour in Medicine," remarks in his little tract on the pest printed in Edinburgh at this time, that "Every ane is become sae detestable to the other (whilk is to be lamentit) and specially the puir in the sight of the rich, as gif they were not equal with them touching their creation, but rather without saul or spirit, as beasts degenerate fra mankind."

Dr. Skeyne's treatise gives us an idea of the views of the medical profession of those days regarding the pest. It proceeds, in his opinion, from a corruption of the air, which he traces to the wrath of the just God at the sins of mankind. But to show that even in the old days medical observation and judgment were not wanting, even if treatment was inefficient, he states that there are inferior causes. These he mentions as corrupting animal matters and filth, unwholesome food and bad water. He gives a variety of curious recipes and rules of treatment, expressed partly in Latin, and partly in English.

Again, under October 14, 1574, it is recorded that the plague entered Edinburgh, "brought in by ane dochter (daughter) of Malvis Curll, out of Kirkaldy." The Court of Session abstained from sitting in consequence, and the kirk-session later appointed "ane public fast and humiliation to last for eight days" to remove the scourge. Apparently the disease did not claim many victims at this time.

King James VI. tells us, in his "Basilicon

Doron," that "the pest always smites the sickarest such as flies it furthest and apprehends deepliest the peril thereof." It is to be noted, however, that whenever the plague appeared in "Jamie's" vicinity, the royal person was removed to more salubrious parts with great and exceeding celerity. When he was hunting at Ruthven, in September, 1584, "word came that there were five or six houses affected with the plague in Perth, where his Majesty's servants were for the time. Whereupon his Majesty *departed the same night* with a very small train to Tullibardine, and next day to Stirling, leaving his whole household servants enclosed in the place of Ruthven, with express command not to follow, nor remove forth of the same, until they saw what became of them on the suspicion."

In May, 1585, the pest was brought by a servant-woman to the Fish-market in Edinburgh, where it "was first knawn to be in Simon Mercerbank's house." On the very day the disease appeared in Edinburgh, King "Jamie" suddenly remembered an important engagement at Dirleton with the

Earl of Arran, and departed so swiftly, that to quote an old saying, "you could not see his heels for dust." The pest raged in the city until the following January, and many died, the total number being about 2,000. All those who were able to do so fled from the city. The people attributed the severity of this pestilence to the infamous life of the Earl of Arran and his lady, then the ruling power of Scotland.

The plague, which continued to appear from time to time in Edinburgh, made its last and most fatal visitation in 1645. So fiercely did it rage that it is said there were scarcely sixty men left capable of defending the city. When the Marquis of Montrose, therefore, wrote to the Magistrates and Council after his victory over the Covenanters at Kilsyth, demanding the immediate liberation, under threats of fire and sword, of the Earl of Crawford, with other political prisoners who had been confined in the Tolbooth, the Magistrates had no alternative but to obey. Montrose was prevented solely by the plague from advancing and taking the city.

Sir Thomas Hope's diary tells us that on the 12th May in this year "a daughter of Sir William Gray is departit off the plaig, quhilk put us all in greit feir." The old mansion of Sir William Gray still stands in Lady Stair's Close, which we have previously noted. The "Statuts for the Bailies of the Muir, and ordering the Pest" which were first enacted in 1567, were renewed at this time with additional regulations for sealing up the houses in which the pestilence had lodged. These "Bailies of the Muir," as the officials so appointed were designated, enforced their rule sternly. All bodies of the plague victims were buried under their direction in the Boroughmuir, and all the occupants of the infected houses, with their household goods, were here quarantined according to the law:— "For ordouring of the said muir, and pepill infectit thairupoun, for clenging of houssis within the toun etc. — That the Thesaurer causs mak for everie ane of the Bailies, Clengers, and Berears of the deid, ane gown of gray with Sanct Androiss Cross, quhite behind and before; and to everie ane of thame, ane staff, with ane quhite

clayth on the end, quhairby thay may be knawin quhairevir thay pass. That thair be maid twa clois beris, with foure feet, colorit over with blak, and ane quhite cross, with ane bell to be hung in upoun the side of the said beir, quilk sall mak warning to the pepill. . . . That with all deligence possible sa sone as ony houss sall be infectit, the hail houshald, with thair gudds, be depescit towert the muir, the deid buriet, and with like deligence the houss clengit."

At this time a gentleman sends to a friend the following specific for the plague, the invention of Dr. Burgess:—"Take three mutchkins of Malvoysie, and ane handfull of red sage, and ane handfull of rue, and boil them till ane mutchkin be wasted. Then strain it, and set it over the fire again: then put thereinto ane pennyworth of lang pepper, half ane of ginger, and ane quarter of ane unce of nutmegs, all beaten together; then let it boil a little, and put thereto five pennyworth of Mithridate and two of treacle, and ane quarter of ane mutchkin of the best Angelic water. Keep this all your life above all bodily treasures. Tak it always warm,

baith morning and evening, ane half spoonful if ye be in health, and ane or two if ye be infectit; and sweat thereupon. In all your plague time under God trust to this; for there was never man, woman nor child that this deceived. This is not only for the common plague which is callit the Sickness, but also for the Small-pox, Missles, Surfeat, and divers other diseases."

On this occasion the pest lingered for a considerable time, but it is remarkable that it appears not to have visited Scotland again after this date. Even in 1665, that deadly year of the "Great Plague" in London, Scotland escaped. This seems the more extraordinary as the plague invaded Ireland, proving highly destructive in Dublin.

An anecdote illustrating the terror inspired by the plague is related with reference to the visitation of 1645. "Sir Thomas Stewart and a friend, James Denham, a merchant apprentice, both young men, went into a public house in Edinburgh, and received change of some money. Next day that house was shut up as infected with the plague, and this at once caused strong alarm

at home. Both Denham and Stewart were strictly examined as to all circumstances. Young Stewart had received the money in change, and so frightened were all that none would touch the pocket where the money was, but at a distance. Finally the pocket was cut out and with tongs cast into a fire. Both boys were shut up in a bedchamber and supplied with food, but kept from all communication with others. While they thus stood their quarantine, by strength of imagination, or power of fancy, some fiery spots broke out on their arms and thighs, and they lamented no less than unavoidable death. They mutually lamented; Thomas had more courage and Christian resignation than his companion. 'James,' said he, 'let us trust in God and the family prayers for Jesus' sake, who, as he cures the plague of the heart can if we are infected cure the most noisome disease of the body.' They both went to their knees, and joined in solemn prayer, had much spiritual comfort, and in a fortnight were set at liberty, and the family retired to the country."





FACSIMILE OF A PLATE IN A RARE BLACK-LETTER TRACT ON WITCHCRAFT, PRINTED IN 1591, ENTITLED "NEWES FROM SCOTLAND."



## CHAPTER XV

### WITCHCRAFT

**I**N olden times the Scots not only shared in the general belief in witchcraft, but perhaps were remarkable for a greater credulity than was common. Many examples are shown by the repeated executions and "worryings" of "witches and warlocks." Of the earlier cases was that of the Earl of Mar, accused of plotting with witches and sorcerers the death of his brother, James III. Mar was bled to death in his lodgings without trial or conviction, and sixteen witches and wizards — four men and twelve women — were burnt at the stake in Edinburgh. We have already mentioned the cruel fate of the beautiful Janet Douglas, Lady Glamis, who was burnt in chains on Castle Hill in 1537 for an alleged attempt on the King's life by sorcery. She is said to have been a victim of the King's hate for the Douglasses,

of which her brother the Earl of Angus was the head.

Trials for sorcery were very numerous during Mary's reign, and James VI., by his extreme curiosity to investigate these mysteries, attracted great attention to them. The witches as a rule were poor and insignificant persons, and the methods of judicial procedure, together with the nature of admissible evidence, promised little chance of acquittal to the accused.

Tales of witchcraft have a certain monotony, but as the witches we speak of were countrywomen of the weird sisters in "Macbeth," perhaps some account of their practices may be interesting. During the reign of James VI. the general spite of Satan and his followers was supposed to be directed against him on account of his marriage to Anne of Denmark — the union of Protestant princess and Protestant prince. The clergy considered in those days that their principal enemies, the Roman Catholics, were equally devoted to the devil, the mass, and witchcraft.

It is curious now to read of the implicit

general belief in the powers of witchcraft, and of the "spells" by which the witches sought to destroy those who offended them. The following is an illustration: "They used to hash the flesh of an unchristened child mixed with that of dogs or sheep, and place it in the house of those whom they devoted to destruction in body or goods, saying or singing:—

"We put this untill this hame  
In our Lord the Devil's name;  
The first hands that handle thee,  
Burn'd and scalded may they be;  
We will destroy houses and hald,  
With the sheep and nolt into the fauld,  
And little sall come to the fore,  
Of all the rest of the little store!"

In one of the celebrated Scottish witchcraft trials, Isobel Gowdie, one of the most active of the witches, gave minute testimony regarding their uncanny practices. She stated that they wandered through the country in the likeness of cats, hares and other animals. In order to take the shape of a hare the witch would say:—

“ I sall go untill a hare,  
With sorrow, sich, and mickle care;  
And I sall go in the devil's name,  
Aye while I come hame again.”

Isobel said that once while in the likeness of a hare she was pursued by hounds. Being hard pressed, she ran into a house and took refuge behind a chest, in order to gain time to say the disenchanting rhyme which transformed her again into a woman: —

“ Hare, hare, God send thee care,  
I am in a hare's likeness now;  
But I sall be a woman even now;  
Hare, hare, God send thee care.”

Such accidents she said sometimes happened, and when the witches were bitten by dogs, the marks remained after they had resumed human shape.

By bestriding bean-stalks or rushes, and calling the elfin signal for mounting, “ Horse and haddock in the devil's name,” the witches flew swiftly through the air to any place they wished. Very strict ceremonial was observed at the meetings on the “ Devil's Sabbath.” The Foul Fiend exacted the

greatest deference from his votaries, and the title of Lord when addressed by them. Sometimes when whispering among themselves the weird sisters would speak of their master as "Black John," whereupon the Fiend rushed furiously at them and buffeted them without mercy, saying (being a Scottish devil), "I ken weel enough what ye are sayin' about me."

There were attendant devils and imps who waited upon the witches. These were called Thomas the Feary, Robert the Rule, Thief of Hell, Wait-upon-Herself, and others. Matthew Hopkins, the English witchfinder, discovered some of these spirits who rejoiced in the names of Pyewacket, Peck-in-the-Crown, and Vinegar-Tom.

The fair sisterhood were rebaptized by the devil in their own blood, as he was said to be fond of mimicking the forms of the Christian Church. Margaret Wilson was called Pickle-nearest-the-Wind; Bessie Wilson was Throw-the-Cornyard; Bessie Hay was called Able-and-Stout; while Jane Mairten, the Maiden of the Covine — or the devil's favourite — was known as Ower-the-Dike-with-it.

As we read the stories of these trials, it is hard to realize that so dense a mist of ignorance and superstition surrounded the most common and natural events in ancient times. This great credulity of the people regarding the supernatural was doubtless often taken advantage of by shrewder minds for the purpose of profit or revenge, but many of the cases noted had their origin, without question, in insanity.

A witch was detected by various tests, one being called "pricking," where a pin was thrust into various parts of the body to see if blood followed the puncture. If thrust into certain spots called "witch marks" there was no pain or sign of blood, which was an infallible sign of a witch. It is stated that the professional witch-finders, whose business was a profitable one, used a pin of ingenious construction in which the point receded into a hollow upper part when it was pressed against the skin. These were pins three inches in length, and, while appearing to penetrate to a great depth, in reality did not enter the skin at all. We read elsewhere that a suspected witch was



kept for twenty-eight days and nights on bread and water, stripped stark naked, and laid upon a cold stone with only a hair-cloth over her. Others had hair shirts soaked in vinegar to put on them to take off the skin. These gentle methods were surely adapted to bring about confession.

Another test to discover a witch was to tie the thumbs and great toes of the suspected person together, who was then thrown into a pool, or pond. If a witch, the woman floated about, being sustained by the power of the Evil One, and was thereafter burnt at the stake. If innocent, being unable to help herself, she sank and was often drowned before help could reach her. Thus this sagacious proceeding was sure to furnish excitement to the spectators in either case.

In 1591 there were a series of remarkable trials in Edinburgh for witchcraft. David Seaton, a Tranent farmer, suspected his servant-maid, Geilie Duncan, of being a witch, from her great skill in curing the diseases of man and beast. He obtained from her by torture of the pilniewinks (finger screws) not only a confession that the devil

had given her the power of a witch, but information likewise incriminating other persons. Among these were John Fian, schoolmaster at Prestonpans; Agnes Sampson, midwife of Keith; Barbara Napier, wife of a citizen of Edinburgh; and Euphame M'Calyeen of Edinburgh, a lady of rank, and daughter of a judge of the Court of Session. There were about thirty other persons of the lowest condition, among the rest an old ploughman called as his nickname, Graymeal, who said the devil had cuffed him for simply saying, "God bless the king."

King James VI., deeply interested always in the occult, personally presided at these trials, and even assisted with his own hands in the examination by torture. There can be little doubt but that his experience at this time formed the groundwork of his tract on "Dæmonologie."

John Fian admitted under torture that he had attended several meetings, or "Devil's Parliaments," in North Berwick Kirk, where the Fiend presided as a "muckle" black man, with horns and tail. On these occasions

he had acted as the devil's scribe or clerk. He confessed that he had been one of a party of witches in a frolic, when they set to sea in sieves with much mirth and jollity, the devil rolling himself before them upon the waves and resembling in size and appearance an immense haystack. Invisible to the crew, they boarded a foreign ship with a rich cargo of wines, and after feasting until the sport became tiresome, Satan sunk the vessel with all on board.

Fian afterwards denied his confession, and although repeatedly tortured by James to bring him back to it would say no more. The sagacious "Jamie" then was convinced that he had made a new compact with the Prince of Darkness, and Fian was condemned, strangled, and burnt on Castle Hill. His torture to bring about confession was as follows: "His nails were torn away with pincers, needles were thrust up to the head in his fingers, while his legs were crushed in the 'boots' until the blood and marrow spouted forth."

In the indictment drawn up by King James it was laid to his charge that:—

“ Passing to Tranent on horseback, and ane man with him, he by his devilish craft raisit up four candles upon the horse’s twa lugs (ears), and ane other candle upon the staff whilk the man had in his hand, and gave sic light as gif it had been daylight: like as the said candles returnit with the said man at his hame-coming, and causit him fall dead at the entry within the house.”

The cases were the more remarkable on account of the character and station of some of the accused. Agnes Sampson was a grave elderly matron, and called from her skill in treating disease “ the Wise Wife of Keith.” It was alleged that for her cures she repeated incantations in rhyme, one of which was:—

“ All kinds of ills that ever may be,  
 In Christ’s name I conjure ye ;  
 I conjure ye baith mair and less,  
 With all the vertues of the Mess;  
 And richt sae, by the nailis sae,  
 That nailit Jesus and nae mae ;  
 And richt sae, by the samen blude,  
 That reekit o’er the ruthful rood :  
 Furth of the flesh and of the bane,  
 And in the erd and in the stane,  
 I conjure ye in God’s name ! ”

Among the testimony given against the Wise Wife of Keith, in proof of her supernatural powers, this curious story was related as taking place at a gentleman's house near Edinburgh:— "When she was sent for to heal the auld Lady Edmestone, when she lay sick, before the said Agnes departit she tauld to the gentlewomen that she should tell them that night whether the lady wald heal or nocht; and appointit them to be in the garden after supper, betwix five and sax at even. She passit to the garden to devise upon her prayer, on what time she chargit the Devil, calling him Elva, to come and speak to her; wha came in ower the dyke, in likeness of ane dogg, and came sae near her, that she was affrayit, and chargit him 'on the law that he lived on,' to come nae nearer, but to answer her; and she demandit 'whether the lady wald live or not.' He said 'Her days were gane.' When he demandit 'Gif the gentlewomen her dochters, where they were?' And she said 'That the gentlewomen said, that they were to be there.' He answerit 'Ane of them sould be in peril, and that he sould have ane of

them.' She answerit ' It sould not be sae ' and sae (he) departit frae her yowling. Frae this time till after supper, he remainit in the well.

" When the gentlewomen came in, the dogg came out of the well, and appearit to them; whereat they were affrayit. In the meantime, ane of the said gentlewomen, the Lady Torsonce, ran to the well, being forcit and drawn by the Devil, wha wald have drownit her, were not the said Agnes and the rest of the gentlewomen gat ane grip of her, and with all their forces drew her back again, whilk made them all affrayit. The dogg passit away thereafter with ane yowl. Then she said to the gentlewomen that she could not help the lady, in respect that her prayer stoppit, and that she was sorry for it. . . ."

Her confession before the King, which was obtained by the torture of a twisted cord around her head, according to the custom of the Spanish buccaneers, was as follows:—

" The Devil in man's likeness met her going out into the fields from her awn house in Keith, betwix five and sax at even, being

her alane, and commandit her to be at North Berwick Kirk the next nicht. She passit there on horseback, and lichtit down at the kirkyard. A little before she came to it, about eleven hours at even, she and others dancit alangs the kirkyard; Geilie Duncan playit to them on ane trump. John Fian missalit (masked) led all the rest, the said Agnes and her daughter followit next, and some others, in all above ane hundred persons, whereof sax were men, and all the rest women. The women first made their homage, then the men. The men turned nine times *withershins about* (i. e., contrary to the course of the sun), and the women sax times. The witches then took hands and dancit a reel to the music of Geilie Duncan's Jew's trump, singing the while: —

“Cummer, gang ye before, Cummer gang ye,  
Gif ye will not gang before, Cummers let me.”

Geilie Duncan, at this stage of the proceedings, was sent for, and played the very tune over again upon a Jew's harp, greatly to James's edification. According to Sir Walter Scott, another witch tune which

was popular on such occasions had the following words:—

“ The silly bit chicken, gar cast her a pickle,  
And she will grow mickle,  
And she will do good.”

“ John Fian blew in the doors with his breath, and they openit; he then with his breath blew in the lights, whilk were like muckle black candles sticking round about the pulpit. The Devil started up in the pulpit, like ane muckle black man, and callit everyane by his or her name, and they answerit ‘ Here, Master.’ . . . On his command they openit up the graves, two within and ane without the kirk, and cut off the joints of the fingers, taes, and knees of the dead, and partit them amang them, so that having ground them to ane powder they might do evil therewith.”

The devil then ordered them to perform an act of homage towards himself which does not admit of description, but which may be said to have been at least very unconventional. It is stated that on this occasion the devil “ had on him ane gown and ane hatt,



whilk were baith blak. John Fian sat nearest the Devil at his left elbock, and Graymeal keptit the door.

“ They also put to sea on the day James was expected back from Denmark with his bride, and threw a cat into the water, pronouncing at the same time an invocation to the Devil. This was intended to raise such a storm that the vessel would be wrecked, and the King drowned. (James stated that he could vouch for the truth of this, for his vessel had been greatly troubled by storms and contrary winds, while the other vessels of the fleet were bowling along before a favourable wind.) The witches added that they asked the Devil why they could not work the King any evil. And the Prince of Darkness replied, ‘ Because he is such a good man, I have no power over him. He is my greatest enemy.’ ”

It is said that this compliment from his Satanic Majesty pleased James exceedingly. His gratification, however, did not influence him to any leniency towards these victims of ignorance and cruelty, who, all unquestionably insane, were burned at the stake on the Castle Hill.

Under the year 1658, Nicoll says in his Diary:—

“ Burning of witches and warlocks were maist frequent. In Februar twa women and ane man were prisoners for this crime in the Tolbooth of Edinburgh. Ane of the women died in the prison, the warlock was worryit at the stake on the Castlehill. The other woman, Jonet Anderson, wha had only been married three months before, confessit that she had given hersel bodie and soul to the Devil, and that at her wedding she saw Satan standing in the kirk ahint the pulpit.”

In 1670, Major Weir, the famous Scottish wizard, was executed for impiety and immorality. He lived with his sister Grizel in the “ sanctified bends of the Bow,” as the picturesque West Bow was then called, from its being a nest of religious fanatics known as “ Bowhead Saints.” Of these the Major was one: “ a tall black man, and ordinarily looked down to the ground; a grim countenance and a big nose.” His ordinary garb was a long black cloak, and he carried a long staff; so tradition further states. Our imagination tops his figure with a tall, conical,

black hat, for this article of apparel is not specified.

The Major outwardly was a pattern of sanctity. Among his brethren of the Presbyterian strict sect he was looked upon as a leading light, and "at private meetings he prayed to admiration." Many resorted to his house to hear him pray; but it was observed that he could not officiate in any holy duty without his black staff in his hand. Leaning upon this, his eloquence in prayer was so great, and his gestures so inspired, that he was thought more angel than man. Among the holy sisters of the Bow he was known as "Angelical Thomas."

But alas! "Angelical Thomas" was but a whited sepulchre. He fell into a severe sickness which so affected his mind that he made a voluntary confession of a long list of peculiarly horrible crimes. So incredible was his tale deemed at first, that the provost, Sir Andrew Ramsay, refused for some time to take him into custody. Finally, however, the Major, his sister, and his staff, were imprisoned. He made full confession of all his crimes, but refused to appeal to the

Almighty for pardon. The Major's staff, which had a curiously carved head, was held to be his familiar, and was said to have been seen on many occasions going about alone on its master's errands. Its further useful offices were to answer the door when anyone called, and to run before the Major at night as link-boy, when he walked down the Lawnmarket.

The Major was strangled, and burnt at the stake, but his sister Grizel, partner in his crimes, was out of consideration for her sex deferentially hanged in the Grassmarket. The magic staff was cast into the fire after the Major had perished, and it is said that "it gave rare turnings, and was long a-burning."

The popular imagination wove a hundred fearsome legends about the names of Major Weir and his sister. For more than a century after his death, "fearfu' sights" were seen in the West Bow. The Major was seen at night flitting about the street, and his house, though deserted, was often observed to be brilliantly lighted at midnight. From it issued sounds of dancing, howling, and strange to say, of spinning. Sometimes the Major

came out of the close at midnight, mounted on a headless black horse, and galloped off in a sheet of flame.

Again, sometimes all the dwellers in the Bow would be aroused at an early morning hour by the sound as of a coach and six rattling up the Lawnmarket, and thundering down the Bow. After stopping at the head of the terrible close for a short time, it would rattle and thunder back again. This was Satan in his state coach shaped like a hearse, drawn by six headless black horses and driven by a headless coachman, come to take home at cockcrow the Major and his sister, after they had spent a night's leave of absence in their former earthly abode.

For more than a century the house remained uninhabited, for none could be found courageous enough to face the "ghaists and bogles" that held high carnival therein. Finally, a poor but bold man was induced to rent the house at very low terms. He is stated to have been a retired soldier of very dissipated habits. Perhaps he felt that his eyes could behold no stranger visions than those they were already familiar with.

At all events, he and his spouse were lying awake in their bed on their very first night in the house, not altogether easy in their minds — a dim uncertain light proceeding from the gathered embers of their fire, and all being silent around them — when *Something* approached the bed. It had a form like a calf, and, raising its forefeet, placed them on the bed-rail. After looking steadily at the unfortunate pair for several minutes, to their great relief it slowly retired, and gradually vanished. On the following morning there was a hurried flitting from this uncanny abode, and for another half century it had no tenants — of this world at least.

## CHAPTER XVI

### THE NEW TOWN

THE Edinburgh of to-day presents the curious spectacle of two distinct divisions; separated topographically, as well as historically and socially — Old Edinburgh and New Edinburgh. Across the valley from the ancient city lies Princes Street and the New Town: —

“Auld Reekie — and Reekie new beside,  
Like a chieftain grim and grey, wi’ a young bonny  
bride.”

It was a patriarchal Fife laird, Durham of Largo, who had the honour of giving to Edinburgh the *sobriquet* of “Auld Reekie.” It appears that this old gentleman was in the habit of regulating the time of evening worship by the appearance of the smoke of Edinburgh, which he could easily see through the clear summer twilight from his own door. When he observed the smoke increase in

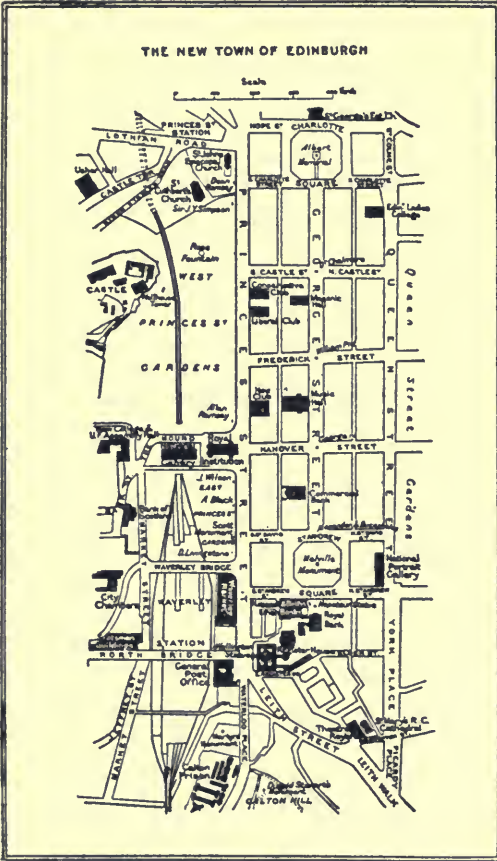
density, in consequence of the good folks of the capital preparing their supper, he would call all the family into the house, saying, —

“It’s time, noo, bairns, to tak the buiks, and gang to our beds, for yonder’s Auld Reekie, I see, putting on her nightcap.”

In the olden time, between the Old Town and the fair open country to the northward, lay a wide sheet of water with reedy margins — the Nor’ Loch — the haunt of water-fowl, and the home of mammoth eels — Nor’ Loch eels were famed for their size and excellence. Along its northern bank, between two low stone walls, ran a long straight highway, called the “Lang Gait.” Beyond this, as far as the Water of Leith and the rural village of Canonmills, were to be seen only farmhouses, fields, and braes.

About the middle of the eighteenth century, Edinburgh — described as “a picturesque, odorous, inconvenient, old-fashioned town” — had become so packed and crammed with humanity, that the citizens, as Dunbar says, were “hampered in a honeycaim of their own making.” The city





was a veritable human beehive, and even at the present day it is stated that no equal area in Europe is so thickly populated. In the tall old houses which lined the sides of the High Street and the closes, some being even crowded into the middle of the street, the people fairly swarmed. Some of these tenements, or "lands," were sixteen stories high, and all were filled to overflowing. Citizens of dignity and means were compelled to live in most restricted quarters. An eminent lawyer lived with his wife, children, and servants, in three rooms and a kitchen. A wealthy goldsmith had a dwelling of two small rooms above his booth, the nursery and kitchen being placed in a cellar under the level of the street, where the children are said to have "rotted off like sheep." With families of the well-to-do and respectable so closely confined, it is a matter of wonder how the families of artisans and small tradesmen, not to mention the poorest classes, managed to exist at all.

That the attempts at cleanliness by the town authorities were not effective, is not strange. When we realize the limited area

of the Old Town, and its teeming population, it is not a difficult matter to imagine what the state of affairs must have been from a sanitary point of view. The conditions of the old days were altogether unfavourable, and the habits of the people opposed to all principles of sanitary science, which was then little thought of. Now, let us consider for a moment the causes for this condition of overcrowding, and we can see how naturally it came about.

For a thousand years the Old Town had perched upon this hill. The Nor' Loch, the deep ravines, and the wall — defences against the English — were restrictions against her growth; so the nature of the site, and the necessities of defence, demanded that the town should ever build higher and closer on its narrow and confined space.

At length the condition of the citizens became so intolerable, and the desire for more air and light so irresistible, that it became imperative to seek an outlet, and several schemes were advanced for the building of a "New Town" on the opposite bank of the Nor' Loch. The North Bridge, which

had always been considered essential in any such scheme, had several times been planned, once by the architect of Charles II., Sir William Bruce of Kinross, and afterward by others. The plan which the Mylnes proposed, however, was finally adopted. A design was accepted in 1752, but the open country beyond the Nor' Loch and the "Lang Gait" — or "Lang Dykes" — was not available until the Town Council had received from Parliament a Bill granting authority to extend the "royalty" of the city over the ground where the New Town now stands.

The application for this Bill was made in 1759, but pending the tardy action of Parliament, which followed the usual course of all large bodies, the Town Council, encouraged by George Drummond — then Lord Provost — commenced the bridge without a Bill to authorize the work. A part of the Nor' Loch — which had degenerated to a swamp, offensive both to eyes and nose — was drained, foundations were built, and in 1763, amid great rejoicing, the first stone was placed.

The solid front of towering houses which

lined the highway on either side from Castle Hill down to Holyrood, pierced only by innumerable closes, remained almost intact until the gap was made for the North Bridge through the Green Market and the old Cap-and-Feather and Hart's Closes. This magnificent thoroughfare was the wonder and admiration of all who passed along it. The solid rows of these tall old houses must have given a great impression of height and strength and stateliness. Some old traveller says Edinburgh resembled nothing so much as one vast fortification, and compared the High Street to a passage through some huge stronghold cut through the solid rock.

In 1772, the North Bridge was completed, and then, as if by magic, sprang up the beginnings of the New Town: broad streets that surpassed the thoroughfares of London; stately buildings, and sightly squares: all of the dignified gray stone so dear to the hearts of the Edinburghers. Says Robert Louis Stevenson: "When the great exodus was made across the valley, and the New Town began to spread abroad its draughty parallelograms, and rear its long frontage

on the opposing hill, there was such a flitting, such a change of domicile and dweller, as was never excelled in the history of cities; the cobbler succeeded the earl; the baker ensconced himself by the judge's chimney; what had been a palace was used as a pauper refuge; and great mansions were so parcelled out among the least and lowest in society, that the hearth-stone of the old proprietor was thought large enough to be partitioned off into a bedroom by the new."

After its desertion by the aristocratic part of the population, the historic High Street was soon opened up to sun and air. Its lofty houses were pierced by streets, and bridges were thrown across the Cowgate in two places to serve the traffic between the Old and New Towns. The Old Tolbooth — "the Heart of Midlothian" — together with the Krames and Luckenbooths surrounding St. Giles, although adding greatly to the general picturesqueness of the High Street, were removed as obstructions, and the Church for the first time in centuries stood unveiled to the public gaze. Roads were built around the Calton Hill and the

Castle Rock; and the Nor' Loch, which had long been an offence to the citizens, became a beautiful garden.

With the completion of the bridge came the question of plans for the New Town. James Craig, an Edinburgh architect of note, and nephew of Thomson the poet, who wrote the "Seasons," prepared a set of plans, which with some modifications satisfied the Town Council. His arrangement was to have the main thoroughfares form with those intersecting them a series of parallelograms, the streets being named chiefly from the royal family, and Scotland's patron saints. The name originally proposed for Princes Street was "St. Giles' Street," but George III., when he saw the plan, would not listen to this, as to a Londoner it was too suggestive of the slums. The royal objection of course led to a new appellation, and Princes Street it became, in honour to the younger members of the royal family.

John Neale, a silk mercer, built the first house in Princes Street, and in reward for his enterprise was freed from the payment of burghal taxes. This building, No. 10,

was afterwards used as a place of business by Archibald Constable, the great publisher. At first, except at its extreme eastern end, Princes Street was lined with residences, but gradually these were replaced by business premises, until now it is lined by the finest shops in the city. As the result of its architecture being under the watchful eye of the Dean of Guild Court, it is generally admitted that this magnificent thoroughfare is not surpassed in beauty by any street in Europe.

Princes Street and its beautiful Gardens, with the looming background of the Old Town and Castle, form a remarkable setting to the Scott Monument, "the finest monument that has yet been raised anywhere on the earth to the memory of a man of letters." This work of art, from its graceful beauty and harmonious proportions, has ever been a charm to the eye, and cannot fail to delight generations to come. Pilgrims from every land have gazed upon it, and in all corners of the earth may imprints of it be found.

The stately memorial is 200 feet in height,



and beneath its Gothic arches is Steell's marble statue of Scott with a shepherd's plaid about him, while Maida, his favourite staghound, lies at his feet. The centre Gothic pinnacle rests on four arches which form a canopy over the figure of the great author, and in the niches above their centres are small statues. That on the north is the Young Chevalier, Prince Charles Edward; on the south appears the Lady of the Lake; on the east, Meg Merrilies; and on the west, the Last Minstrel. All over the monument are niches which hold figures of prominent characters in the "Waverley Novels," while the capitals of the pilasters which support the vaulted roof bear likenesses of famous Scottish authors.

The monument was erected in 1844 from the design of George Meikle Kemp, a self-taught artist, and son of a shepherd on the Pentland Hills. When a boy, his artistic spirit was roused by a visit to Roslin Chapel, and he afterwards devoted many years of his life to the study of Gothic architecture. While travelling through Europe in order to pursue his studies, he paid his way by work-

ing as a common mason. Unfortunately he did not live to see the completed work, the design for which was born of his genius combined with love and admiration for the works and character of Sir Walter. He was accidentally drowned before the work had far advanced. The total cost of the monument was £15,500.

Lord Jeffrey, early friend of Scott, wrote the following remarkable inscription for the plate to be deposited under the foundation stone: —

“ This graven plate, deposited in the base of a votive building on the fifteenth day of August, in the year of Christ, 1840, and never likely to see the light again until all the surrounding structures are crumbled to dust by the decay of time, or by human or elemental violence, may then testify to a distant posterity that his countrymen began on that day to raise an effigy and architectural monument to the memory of Sir Walter Scott, whose admirable writings were then allowed to have given more delight and to have suggested better feelings to a larger class of readers in every rank of society

than those of any other author with the exception of Shakespeare alone, and which were therefore thought likely to be remembered long after this act of gratitude on the part of the first generation of his admirers should be forgotten. He was born at Edinburgh, August 15th, 1771, and died at Abbotsford, September 21st, 1832."

At the east end of Princes Street — opposite the Post Office — is the Register House, erected in 1774 as a place of deposit for the public records. From the twelfth to the sixteenth century, the "Register House" was located in one of the towers of the Castle. Later, a vault below Parliament House was used as a place of deposit, but dampness and vermin caused great damage to the documents.

The present repository was built in the Palladian style from Robert Adam's design, and contains upwards of 100 vaulted rooms devoted to the preservation of the historical legal documents of Scotland. Many of these, it is needless to say, are of great value and interest. Among them is the Act of Settlement of the Crown on the House of Stuart,

a document which represents the right of the present royal family to the Throne of England. In front of the building is an equestrian statue of the Duke of Wellington, by Sir John Steell. Wits of the day called this "the Iron Duke, in bronze, by Steell."

At the east end of Queen Street is the Scottish National Portrait Gallery and Museum of Antiquities. The Gallery is well filled with an interesting collection of portraits of men and women prominent in Scottish history, while in the Museum are countless relics which will fill the soul of the antiquarian with delight. This great collection of the "material documents" of Scotland's past contains many interesting memorials of the Old Edinburgh we have endeavoured to portray; among them John Knox's pulpit, Jenny Geddes' stool, and the ancient Scottish guillotine — "the Maiden" — which among its grim harvest numbers the head of the Regent Morton, and those of the gallant Argylls.

Dividing the East and West Princes Street Gardens, and connecting the Old Town with the New, is the Mound, a vast accumulation

formed between 1781 and 1830 with about two million cartloads of earth from the foundation in the New Town. At its lower end is the Royal Institution with its gallery of sculptures, and here also is housed the Edinburgh School of Design. The Art Galleries near by, while their contents cannot of course be compared with the great collections in London or Continental cities, are well worth a visit.

The eastern section is open from February to May, when the annual exhibition of the Royal Scottish Academy of works by living artists is held. The western portion, called the National Gallery, contains permanently, in addition to some fine examples of English and foreign and notably old French masters, a comprehensive and valuable collection of the Scottish school, in landscape and in portraiture.

On the canvases, among others, are the names of George Jamesone, the "Scottish Van Dyck;" Allan Ramsay, royal portrait painter to George II., and son of Allan Ramsay the poet; Norrie, the landscape painter, whose beautiful decorations graced so many

of the old mansions in Edinburgh; Runciman, David Allan, Sir William Allan, Sir David Wilkie, and Sir Henry Raeburn. Two pictures by Sir Noel Paton, the "Quarrel of Oberon and Titania," and the "Reconciliation of Oberon and Titania," will linger long in the mind's eye. These are simply superb examples of delicate drawing and rare beauty of colouring.

Some mention should be made of the grand St. Mary's Cathedral, which stands in Manor Place, westward of the Castle. This noble structure is the most beautiful ecclesiastical building raised in Scotland since the time of the Reformation. The Cathedral is in the Early Pointed style, designed by the late Sir Gilbert Scott, and its cost — over £120,000 — was defrayed by the Misses Walker of Coates, representatives of an old Episcopal family. The length of the building — erected in 1874 — is 279 feet by 98 in width, and its lofty spire can be seen all over Edinburgh. The interior is planned and finished in harmonious accordance with the whole design, with all the details expressing a most artistic sense of the fitting and proper.

Under the shadow of the Cathedral is the old manor-house of Easter Coates, the only old Scottish mansion to be found in the New Town. Erected in the seventeenth century by Sir John Byres of Coates, whose initials with the date 1615 appear on one of the dormer windows, it forms with its quaint turrets and carvings a curious contrast to the surrounding buildings. The lintels and other stones, bearing ancient legends, figures, and lettering of still older date, are said to have been removed from the old town residence of the family in Byre's Close in the High Street. With its crow-stepped gables, the heavily corbelled corner turrets, and the tall dormers, with thistles and fleur-de-lys finials, this is a perfect representation of the typical Scottish country house of three centuries ago. Though carefully preserved, it now serves only as accommodation for the driving mechanism of the great Cathedral organ.

Space and subject forbid the writer in this history of "Old Edinburgh" to enter into a detailed description of the New Town. His effort has been, perhaps with indifferent

success, to depict that portion of the city wherein the greatest historical interest is centred, and to present to the reader some record of the life of the Old Town in its most picturesque and interesting periods.

There is much to see about the vicinity of Edinburgh to interest the traveller. Leith, with its historic "Shore" and great harbour, is scarcely two miles distant, and among its quaint old buildings are the "Old Ship Hotel" and the "New Ship Inn," both famous old houses dating back to the seventeenth century. Robert Fergusson, the poet, mentions them, and they have been referred to by many travellers and writers for the last two centuries. The town of Leith has a historic past, as perhaps may be remembered from our many references to it.

If the visitor wishes to cultivate an appetite for a fish dinner, for which Newhaven is famous, let him first take a stroll down Leith Walk to Leith, about two miles. Should he chance to be a bookworm, it may be mentioned that along Leith Walk are many shops with fascinating store of old volumes. If it is his lucky day he may happen on a



bargain or two, as was the writer's fortune, and a Newhaven fish dinner at the old hotel on the "Whale Brae" will be all the more enjoyable afterwards.

A short distance down the "Walk," near Pilrig, was the site of the "Gallowlee" where often from the gibbet in the olden times swung the form of a criminal in chains. This was the place of execution for the Burgh of Canongate, which, as previously stated, had its own municipality entirely distinct from that of Edinburgh.

"The boat rocks at the pier o' Leith,  
Fu' loud the wind blaws frae the Ferry ;  
The ship rides by the Berwick Law,  
And I maun leave my bonnie Mary."

Much might be said about the old Burgh of Leith, which has a most interesting history, but that is another story which would take too long to tell. Suffice it to say that an hour or two can be pleasantly spent here. Around the "Shore" are still some quaint old houses, among them the ancient taverns we have mentioned, which are of interest both internally and externally. In the old

“Water Lane,” now Water Street, Mary of Guise lived while her palace on the Castle Hill was building. In the Kirkgate is the Trinity House, with the legend on its wall in antique ornamental letters, “IN YE NAME OF YE LORD, YE MASTERIS AND MARINERIS BYLDIS THIS HOVS TO YE POVR. ANNO. DOM. 1555.” In the Trinity Hall, where the “Trinity Masters” meet, are some remarkable paintings, among them a portrait of Mary of Guise. There is also a model of “La Belle Esperance,” the vessel in which she came to Scotland.

To the westward, along the shore from Leith, lies the little fishing village of Newhaven, with its picturesque fishwives, and its quaint main street and closes. This settlement is a very ancient one, arising, so tradition says, from the Dutch or Frisian survivors of a shipwreck on this shore. Its inhabitants for centuries formed an isolated community, all being related by intermarriages. Charles Reade found here his “Christie Johnstone,” and the descendants of her prototype may still be seen, along with those of “Stenie Mucklebackit.”

If the pedestrian after his fish dinner still feels ambitious enough to push onward to Granton along the shore road, a fine view of the islands of Inchkeith and Inchcolm is obtained. Further on, we pass the ruins of Royston Castle, and then start on a shore walk of two miles, amid scenery as beautiful as any in Scotland, until we come to Cra-mond, rich in historic interest. This village was a maritime station of the Romans, and many traces of them are hereabout. The "Cobble Ferry" will take us across the Almond Water, and some little distance up the bank of the beautiful Almond, which winds its silvery way through the rich meadows, is the famous scene of the "Twa Brigs."

It was upon the old bridge that Jock Howieson, a farm labourer, rescued James V. from the clutches of the irate father and brothers of a pretty country maiden. James had been wandering about in disguise in search of adventures, under the name of the "Gudeman of Ballangeich," and while flirting with the fair one had been discovered. Jock saw the unequal contest, and rushing

to the rescue with a shout of "What, sax agin ane, thot's no fair," he whirled his flail so skilfully that James's opponents were put to rout. The king, thereupon, in his gratitude asked him to come to Holyrood and ask for the "Gudeman of Ballangeich." Jock went, and was given the farm of Braehead on the curious condition that he or his descendants should present a basin of water and a towel for the king to wash his hands whenever he passed the farm. This ceremony was performed to Queen Victoria in 1842 by Howieson's descendants.

From Cramond Brig to Queensferry is about five miles, which can be made by coach, or by a further tramp along the shore line, passing Barnbogle Castle, the seat of the Earl of Rosebery, on the way. This stands in Dalmeny Park on a point jutting into the Forth. South Queensferry, further on, is an interesting old village with many quaint red-tiled houses. This royal burgh dates back to the days of the saintly Queen Margaret and here was her ferry — the "Queen's Ferry" — by which she went on her way to Dunfermline. The "Old



ROSEBURN HOUSE.



Hawes Inn " mentioned by Robert Louis Stevenson in "Kidnapped," and by Sir Walter Scott in "The Antiquary" still exists. That great marvel of engineering, the Forth Bridge, may be viewed from the pier.

There are many other excursions of equal or greater interest to be made from Edinburgh. Its many suburbs are both historic and picturesque. At the west side of the city near Coltbridge, on the Water of Leith, where the tramcar stops, is the old manor house of Roseburn, formerly the seat of the Russells of Roseburn, whose arms are over the doorway. This curious old house, which possesses traditions of Queen Mary and of Cromwell, has probably the most elaborately carved lintel stones in Edinburgh.

On one of these are two tablets which read:—

QVEN VOU  
VIL ENTER  
AT CHRYST  
IS DVRE  
1562.

IE MINE  
YI TI RVM  
TO YE PVRE

This is read as follows:

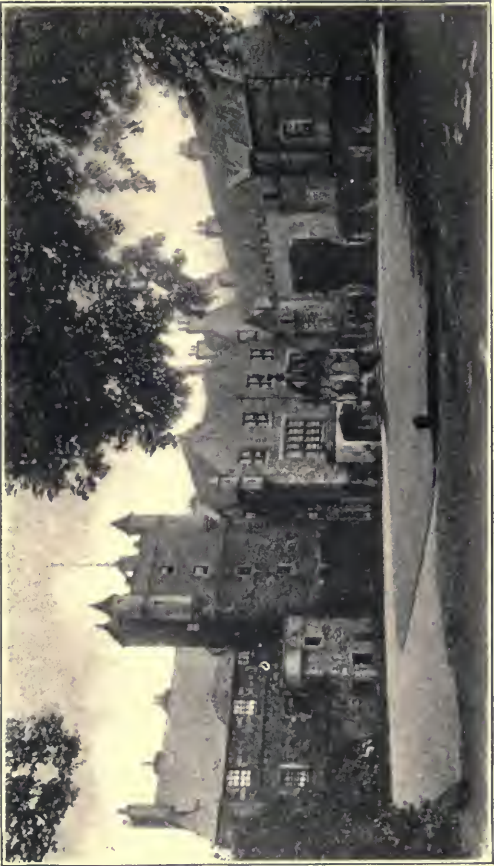
“ When you will enter at Christ his door,  
Aye mind you the room to the poor.”

Murrayfield, near the foot of Corstorphine Hill, is another charming suburb. About here are many fine old mansions; notably Ravelston, whose form suggested the Castle of Tullyveolan in “Waverley.” Not far off — a short walk — is Lauriston Castle, where resided John Law of Lauriston, whose famous Mississippi scheme set all Paris mad with the fever of speculation.

In the southern suburbs are the beautiful Braid Hills — the golfer’s paradise — and Blackford Hill, beloved by Sir Walter Scott and by Stevenson. The latter has introduced the scenery about his father’s summer home at Swanston in his “Weir of Hermiston.” The views all about here are superb.

Craigmillar Castle, favourite residence of Queen Mary, and the place where Darnley’s murder was plotted, is but a pleasant walk from Edinburgh, or is easily reached by rail to Craigmillar Station. Near here also is old Peffermill House, the “House of Dumbiedykes” in the “Heart of Midlo-





PINKIE HOUSE.



thian." In the village of Gilmerton, further south, is the cave which is said to have furnished Sir Walter Scott with the idea of Wayland Smith's underground forge in "Kenilworth."

To the eastward lie Portobello, a popular seaside resort, and Fisherrow, a fishing village much like Newhaven. The fisher folk of both these latter are most conservative in their manners and dress, clinging tenaciously to old usages, and intermarrying only among themselves. Across the river Esk, at its mouth, lies the old town of Musselburgh, with its Roman bridge and its many quaint houses. Pinkie House, at the east end of the town, with its secret passage to the beach, afforded shelter to Prince Charles Edward.

The walk from Musselburgh to Dalkeith along the bank of the Esk is a most delightful one. Dalkeith itself, with its old-world quaintness, is perhaps more interesting than any of the places so far mentioned. At the upper end of the town is Dalkeith Palace, where James IV. paid his first visit to young Margaret of England when she came to

Scotland to marry him. Newbattle Abbey, founded by David I. in 1140 for the Cistercian Order, is about a mile distant from Dalkeith.

But of all excursions, the traveller should not omit the one to picturesque Hawthornden and the beautiful Roslin Chapel. On the way by train to Hawthornden we pass by Bonnyrigg, the station for Lasswade. The thatched cottage in which Sir Walter lived in the early days of his married life, and which is said to have been the prototype of "Gandercleugh" in "Tales of My Landlord," is still to be seen. Near here also, at Polton, is Mavisbush, where Thomas De Quincey lived.

On the bank of the Esk, in one of the most beautiful glens in all Scotland, is the romantically situated Hawthornden House, once the residence of the poet Drummond. Hither walked Ben Jonson in 1618 all the way from London, to visit his friend and view fair Scotland. Tradition says that Drummond greeted the great dramatist with the words,

"Welcome, welcome, royal Ben ;"



HAWTHORNDEN HOUSE.



to which the visitor made the rhyming response,

“Thank ye, thank ye, Hawthornden.”

The modern mansion, with the venerable remains of the older structure, much of it 600 years old, stands on a cliff overlooking the Esk, which, far below, murmurs along its rocky bed. From some points of view, the quaint irregular structure, with its turrets and towers, its groups of chimneys, its crow-stepped gables and richly ornamented dormer windows, seems to rise from an emerald sea of foliage. Below the house, in the cliff, are some artificial caves used as hiding-places in times gone by. One of these, with its shelves, is called the “Library,” and another is known as “Bruce’s bedchamber.”

The walk to Roslin Chapel through the glen will linger long in the memory. Here are rugged cliff and mossy rock, green banks starred with blossoms of varied hues, and dark mysterious forest depths, with the rushing stream below half hidden by the thick overhanging foliage.

Roslin Chapel is said to have the most elaborate and beautiful decorations of any sacred edifice of its size in the world. Among them is a quaint example which illustrates the influence of nationality upon art, for in a concert of angels is one performing with great determination upon the Highland bagpipes.

In the vaults of the Chapel were buried the proud barons of Roslin in their full armour, and without coffins. The mouldering walls of their Castle near by overhang the river. In the romantic little village of Roslin is an old inn which has known Johnson and Boswell, and Burns has also visited there.

The return to Edinburgh can be made by rail or coach, or if you choose to walk the distance of seven miles, your way lies through a pleasant country. If one comes along the road by Morningside, he may see the "Bore Stone," in which the standard of James IV. was fixed when his army was gathering on the Boroughmuir before the fatal day of Flodden.

Let the chronicle of Old Edinburgh be





VALE OF ROSLIN.



ended with the hope that when the visitor turns his face towards other scenes, he may be able to say, in the words of the old poet, Sir David Lyndsay of the Mount,

“ Adew Edinburgh, thou heich triumphand toun,  
Within quhose boundis, richt blythful have I bene.”

THE END.



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